

CARMINA DESVNT



SONGS

And other

POEMS

By ALEX. BROME Gent.

*Dixero quid si forte jocosius, hoc mihi juris
Cum Venia dabis — Hor. I. Sat. 4.*

The Third Edition enlarged.



LONDON,
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April 28.
1665.

W. Forsyth



FORSYTH (William), an horticulturist, was born at Old Meldrum in the county of Aberdeen, in 1737. In 1763 he became a pupil of Philip Miller, and succeeded him in the garden at Chelsea; where he remained till 1784, when he was appointed superintendant of the royal gardens at Kensington and St. James's. He died in 1804. His works are — 1. "Observations on the Diseases, Defects, and Injuries of Fruit and Forest Trees." 2. A Treatise on the Culture and Management of Fruit Trees, 4to. For his discovery of a composition to remedy the diseases in trees, he received a grant from parliament. — *Gent. Mag.*



To the Honourable,

SR. JOHN ROBINSON

Knight and Baronet, His Majesties

Lieutenant of the Tower of

L O N D O N.



He many great obligations which your nobleness hath from time to time laid upon me, do merit a more serious acknowledgement then this rude and toyish address can pretend to; whose design

The Epistle

design is only to beg pardon and protection, for that I being seduced to print these youthful vanities, have thus audaciously shelter'd them under your celebrated Name. I should not have done it, but that I well know the greatness of your soul, and the Kindness you have for me, are a sufficient screen to keep off any offence that I can commit against you: and I have considered also, that there are four great things committed to your custody; the Soldiers, the Lyons, the Guns, and (which is more powerful) the

Dedictory.

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the Money. So that if any
should have an itch to snarle at
me, they will not dare to open
their mouths, least they should
be thought to bark at you ;
In whose Regiment I desire to
list this Volunteer, being en-
couraged by this considerati-
on ; that, together with those
great and serious Emblems
and instruments of Power, with
which you are entrusted, the
Apes, and Catamountains,
and other properties of di-
version, doe there find safety
and subsistence ; That those
priviledges may extend to this
Brat

The Epistle, &c.

Brat of mine, which is no
less ridiculous, is the ambi-
on of,

SIR,

Your grateful Servant

and great Honourer

ALEX. BROME.

no
biti-
101
To the Reader.



O the Collection of these Papers two accidents have concurr'd; a *lazie disease*, and a *long vacation*: the one inclining me to do nothing else, and the other forbidding me nothing else to do.

er
ME.
To their publication I might alledge several reasons; namely, *gratification of friends importunity*, *prevention of spurious Impressions*. But these are in vogue already in many grave Authors. I have not exact *formula's* to express the bashfulness of the Author, and the badness of the work, &c.

There are another sort of *reasons*, not express'd but impli'd; as, an *ambition* to be in *Print*, to have a *Face* cut in *Copper*, with a *Laurel* about my head, a *Motto* and *Verses* underneath; made by my self

To the Reader.

in my own commendation, and to be accounted a *Wit*, and call'd a *Poet*.

But to say the truth, none of all these prevailed with me; for I made few of my Friends acquainted with the design; and these few told me, I should expose my self to the censure of the new Generation of *JUDGE-WITS*; who, like *Committee-men*, or *black-Witches* in *Poetry*, are created only to doe mischief. Nor did I fear any illegitimate Impression hereof, conceiving that no body would be at the charge of it. And to gratify friends this way, were instead of quitting old obligations, to create new.

Now as to the honour of being in print, with its priviledges, 'tis much like being a *Parliament-man*; those that deserve it need not court it, but will be so, whether they desire it or not; those that merit it not, may come in by purchase; such *Authors*, like Men that beget *Daughters*, must give portions to be rid of their issue.

These

To the Reader.

These *reasons* being laid aside, as deficient, it will be expected that I should present you with better; but indeed I have them not about me; and for that reason, I am bold to affirm, that I am not bound in strictness, to give any man a *reason* for doing this. For why I made these *rambles*, I can give no other account than a poor man does, why he feeds *Children*; that is his *pleasure*, and this is mine. And as with him in his case, 'tis with me in mine; having brought our *Orats* into the World, 'tis our duty to provide for their preservation.

I dare not say these *Poems* are good, nor do I certainly know whether they are or not; for the *Wits* are not yet agreed of a *standard*: nor shall I declare them good, lest others out of respect to me, should be of the same opinion.

But this I assure you, that I have been told to my face, that they are good, and was such a fond fool to believe it; else

To the Reader.

you may be confident, they had ne're been expos'd to view; for upon my credit, I have no ambition to be laugh'd at. And 'twere a great *disingenuity* to offer that to my Friends which I my self should dislike.

All that is terrible in this case, is that the *Author* may be laugh'd at, and the *Stationer* begger'd by the Books vendibility. It concerns him to look to the one, I am provided against the other. For 'tis as unkind and unmanly to abuse me for being a bad *Poet*, as it is to rail at a *Dwarf* for being little and weak: it being my desire to be as good as any that can jeer me; and if I come short by the Head, who can help it? yet I desire to be thus far *ingenuous*, to let the World know, though they may esteem me or call me a *Poet*, by this they may see I am none, or at least so mean a one, that 'twere better I were none.

To beg acceptance of this, upon the old

To the Reader.

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old promise of never Writing more,
were to make the publishing this a wil-
ful *sin*, which I shan't commit. And
though at present I resolve against in-
cumbring my thoughts with such un-
profitable meditations; yet I will ne're
abjure them; being no more able to
perform vowes never to Write again,
then *Widows* theirs never to Marry a-
gain.

And now, being taught by custome,
to beg something of the *Reader*, it shall
be this; that in *reading* and *judging* these
poems, he will consider his own frailty,
and fallibility; and read with the same
temper and *apprehension*, as if himself had
written, and I were to *judge*: and if he
cannot find matter here to please him-
self and love me, let him pity my disa-
storous *fate*, that threw me into this sad
distemper of *rythming*.

But as to the men of a *severer brow*,
who may be scandaliz'd at this free way
(a 3) of

To the Reader.

of writing, I desire them to conceive those Odes which may seem wild and extravagant, not to be *Idea's* of my own mind, but *Characters* of divers humours set out in their own persons. And what reflected on the *Times*, to be but expressions of what was thought and designed by the persons represented; there being no safe way to reprove vices then raging among us, but to lash them smilingly.

Perhaps it may be expected I should have interlarded this address with ends of *Latine*, to declare my self a *Scholar*. But the reason why I do not, is, because by this late happy change I shall have occasion to employ that little *Latine* I have to a better use, and make it more advantageous to me.

Farewel.

conceive to his honoured Friend Mr. ALB
wild and BROME, on the publishing his Poems.

my own
umours
SIR,

Y Our ingenious Book you were pleased to trust with
me, had before this time come to your hands, had
I had sooner known of your return to London, or found
any opportunity of conveying it thither with
me. Though your modesty is pleased to invite Cen-
sure, I find it is more then your great felicity in this way
of writing can be liable to: Nor should I have thought
of two or three slight Animadversions here inclosed,
if they had been worth the mentioning, were it not that I would
not believe I use such freedom with you, as to have
more if I had found occasion: though I doubt not
you have or will communicate these Papers to some o-
ther friends of more refined judgment then I can pretend
to. This I am sure, that by publishing of them you will
please, not only all Men, but some of the Gods; especially
the name sake Bacchus (called also Bromius) whose
power your wit hath so much advanced, that, though Ex-
cess should cease, we should in pure conscience think we
could not purchase him at two dear a rate. Cupid him-
self who hath hitherto exercised chief dominion in Poetry,
avails Bonnet to him; were it not, that, whilst you so
nobly magnifie the power of Wine, your Readers are
ready to fall in Love with your Muse: and, amongst them,
I am more affectionately, then

SIR,

Your most obliged hum-
ble Servant

R. B.

On my Friend
Mr. ALEXANDER BROME

When a Republic looses in the Field
A Captain, who, whilst living, was their shield
Or when, cut off by Age, within their walls
Some prudent Senator, some good Patriot falls;
The widow'd State her mourning then puts on,
As all her Counsels, and Defence were gone,
And weeps, and mourns, as she foresaw she must
Be subject to the first Invaders Lust,
Despising all her off-spring that remain,
That Citizen dead, and that old Souldier slain:
But to advance their Names, no cost is spar'd,
Medals are cast, and Obeliskes are rear'd;
The Marble Quarry is torn up, the Mine
Is search't, and rob'd to make their Triumphs shine
But the neglected Poet when he dies,
Or with obscure, or with no Obsequies
Is lay'd aside; and though by living Verse,
Strew'd on this Hero's and that States man's Hearse
His Pen graves Characters, by which they live
A longer life, than Brass or Marble give;
Yet has this generous Poet no returne,
None to weep ore his Urne, nay scarce an Urne.
O undiscerning World! the Souldier's brave
Either for what he wants, or thirsts to have,
His breast opposing against fire, and flame
Either for Riches, or a glorious name:
Reward, and honour make the Souldiers trade,
And if he either win, the man's well pay'd.

OME
The Statesman, on the other side, takes pains,
To smooth that Warr to Peace, and works his brain,
Or to appease an Enemy, or make
Such Friends, as may at need make good the state,
Nor is his reverend care, when all is done,
More for his Countrey's safety, than his own;
And that which makes his Cities freedom dear,
Is that himself, and his inhabit there.
Whereas the Poet by more generous wayes,
Distributes boughs of Oake, and shoots of Bayes.
According to due merit, nor does take,
Thought of Reward, but all for Vertues sake:
It were in vain to write on other score,
The Poet knows his lot is to be Poor:
For whatsoer's well Done, well Writ, well Said,
The Bard is ever the last man that's pay'd;
The wary World has wisely taken time,
Till the Greek Kalends do account for Rhythm.
Nor do I here intend the Gold that's hurl'd
Like flaming brands thorough the peaceful world,
To make whole Kingdoms into Faction split,
Should be suppos'd the recompence of wit:
The Poet scorns that sordid seed of Earth,
The World's alluring, but unhappy birth.
All he desires, all that he would demand,
Is only that some amicable hand,
Wou'd but irriguate his fading bayes
With Due, and only with deserved Praise;
Yet even this so modest a request,
The Age denies. Alas! what interest,
Has vertue upon Earth, when Brome could dye,
And be lamented with no Elegie?
No friendly hand t'enforme the Passenger,
That gentle Brome, the Muses joy, lies here.

More

More had not needed to have been express't,
Himself has made provision for the rest.
Whilst Pindar's Bayes grows green amongst the dead,
Whilst Horace, or Anacreon are read,
My Brome shall live, and Travellers that come
From distant shores, transport his Verses home.
Nor needs he other, than his own great Name,
To recommend him to immortal Fame;
His merits lustre of it self will doo't,
Shine to the Pole's and put those sparklets out.

And yet we had our gratitude express't,
Thave given our Testimonies, at the least,
Of his great worth, and publish't our esteem,
That we all lov'd, and all lamented him:
But men were strook at his untimely Fate,
Which makes us pay our Fun'ral tears thus late.
And, as a tender Mother when she hears,
Her only Childe is lost, lets fall no tears,
But at the horror of the first sad sound,
Falls, as if strook with Thander in a wound,
Till by the help of unkind remedies,
To ease her soul, she opes her weeping eyes;
So wit overcome, and cast into a trance,
At this so unexpected a mischance,
Must through that night of grief, and horror break,
Before it could get article to speak;
And this de ferr'd these honours to his Tomb,
They're little griefs that speak, deep sorrow's dumb.

CHARLES COTTON

On the Death of Mr. ALEXANDER BROME,
who dyed the 30th. of June, 1666.

D Ardon (dear Saint!) If (though so late) I mourn,
And drop some Tears o're thy neglected Urne;
Or my sad Muse too long hath waiting been
To see some solemn, but yet pompous Scene.
Here those great wits, which thy Companions were,
Might like themselves Mourning for thee appear,
Elegies worthy themselves and thee.
A noble Task for them, too great for Me.
I thought e're this I have seen whole Volumes writ,
Such a style as might become thy wit,
acquainting the dull world, not what thou wert,
How much thou hadst Improv'd Poetick Art;
Or that thy works (beyond Amendment) shew,
Ages to come, as well as he, will know
By them thy Lofty, yet familiar strain,
Highly learned, yet so humbly plain;
How much thou wert by the Muses lov'd,
How much thy Death their wits and passions mov'd,
How unborn Poets might in times to come,
How lov'd, and how bewail'd was Brome.
But finding none of these that could to do
These friendly Rites to thee so justly due
My Muse impatient grows by their delay,
And Can't but must thus her last duty pay.
Which as she can, not would, she must express
Adores thy Tomb, but can't adorn thy Hearse.

RICH. NEWCOURT.

On Mr. ALEXANDER BROME'S Poems

I.

How long had Poetry a captive been
To such as basely made
Their Jaylor-ship a Trade,
That shew'd her with a cautious secrecy,
Through mysterious vails
Of dark Allegory,
And most prodigious tales?
(Which for the Layety to disbelieve was sin,)
Till thou Defender of the Faith cam'st in?

2.

The knots, that they so cunningly had ty'd
With superstitious Charms;
Like Alexander thou cam'st to divide
If not by Art, by Armes:
In vain oppos'd the Legions of the Dead,
The Roman Veterans,
Alas! they long had been misled,
Through politick Tradition;
Now, as their Gods, amaz'd they fled,
And left their riding Fanes
At the true Prophets mission.

3.

Thus freed, to thee, (as if to one
Who had untty'd her Virgin Zone;)
She most affectionately came,
Shew'd thee her purest excell'nce
Was not confin'd to words, but sence;
And that so naturally free,
As was the worlds first Infancy,

When she was thought a Deity,
Though now, she and her Art had lost a name.

4.

Her Ru'es exactly thou dost imitate
In every thing thou dost express;
Whether thou piously dost celebrate
The Birth or Martyrdom of Kings,
Or shew'st in subtle turns of State,
Or strange Vicissitude of things,
How is it done without affectation?
Thou labour'st for no far-fetch't Metaphors,
Nor does thy judgment stray,
After Phantastick Meteors,
Made to misguide the way;
But by a certain calculation knows
Its lowest Elbs and highest flows.

5.

Cæreon be thy Judge whose heats Divine,
Thou dost not starve but feed,
As inspir'd with his own wine
Thou giv'st fuel when is need,
Grace, Apoll's truest Son
Shall vouch his Odes as sweetly run,
If they had been made all, as Blanditium:
Thou never make'st his shortnesses obscure
Nor cool'st the rigor of his Ire,
But let'st his Satyrs fly with their own flame and fire:
For which thy name shall as Mæcenas's indure.
Lucretius should have witness'd to, how he
Admir'd his Father Epicures's Philosophy.
Explained by thy new Organum of Poetry:
But Jealous Heav'n did grutch
Th' ungrateful Earth should know too much;

Least being so by thee displaid,
Men might new Gods and other worlds have made.

6.

Alas! Why fillily do I pretend,
Thus to describe the History
That's better annaliz'd by thee.
And shall outdare Eternity; to discommend
Thy Book, now (Cæsar like) thou'rt gone
Into a Constellation;
Like Cæsar's shall be ever read,
Till Earth and Seas gives up their Dead.
Thy name, like his (shall worship'd be; (although
Thou hadst no Brutus here below.)
Absolute Prince, thou kept'st competitors in Art,
In time of War, by Wit, in Peace, by Law.

R.Th. Jun.

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To the Ingenious Author Mr. A. Brome.

Praise is the shade of Vertue, and ne're fell
Into contempt, till Men ceas'd to do well.
'Twas profit spoil'd the world. Till then (we know it,)
The Usurer strook Sayles unto the Poet.
Kings Envied them their bayes; for though the Crown
Had more of lustre, it had less renown.

Then be thou (Brome) my Subject; Thou whose mind
Large as the bounds of Nature, hath calcin'd
Things high and low, and drawn conceptions thence,
Which Adam scarcely knew in's Innocence,
T' adorn thy stile, and feed Poetick fire,
And make thy high-flown Raptures to fly higher:
What can be thought or said to set thee forth?
Or what Embellishment can guild thy worth?
Great Merits (like good Claret) need no sign
(Who ere proclaimed that the Sun did shine?)
'Tis easie to begin, and hard to end;
When but to speak thy Name, is to commend.

But leave I thee the Fountain; for the stream,
Thy Book, is now my more peculiar Theam,
The Scene of Wine and Women. Thy smart pen
Refines our Loves, and liquors a're agen,
And teaches us new lessons. Shall I rhyme
To a coy Mistrefs, swear, and lye, and pine,
And dye, and live again, and change more shapes,
Then Proteus did, or four and forty Apes,
To win my loss of Liberty, when I,
Enthron'd by fancy in true Sovereignty,
Can out of nothing, whensoever I please,
Create a million of such Mistresses?
And write a Sonnet, to my Aiery she,
Or steal a better Sonnet (Brome) from Thee?
No, No, for know my loves best bill of Dyet
Is first free thoughts, the next is to be quiet.

B

Hence

*Hence too I'll quit the Taverns, for I find
No Wine is like the Nectar of the Mind.
Conceit is a good Cellar; Here we may
Drink without sin, and spend without Decay,
And frolick and be merry; Or else we
May read thy Book, and tipple Poetry;
And sing the praises of the nobler Vine,
And send a health to the great God of Wine.
This, This, is pleasure, and cheap too, that's better,
For know the Muse is apt to be a debtor.*

*All this we learn from thee; go on, and be
A miracle in future Historie.
Thou skew'st us mirth, and nobler wayes to woe;
And Vindicatest thy profession too.
If Law and Business can produce such strains,
We'll owe no Wit to leisure, but to Brains.*

W. Paulet E medio Templo.

To the Ingenious Author Mr. A. B.

HOW! how! what Miracles in print?
A Poem with the Politicks in't?
'Tis strange, but I will not rehearse
All the Probatums of thy verse.
This only; when the Nose and Bum
Had frighted all our miseries dumb,
When force hag-rid our Land and Seas,
Had made laws truths Antipodes;
When Treason, (like the blood) was found
To circulate all England round;
Thou (Brome) to cure the Kingdoms wrong
Didst hatch new loyalty with a song.
Musick (as once Saul's eldest Devil)
Fetter'd Rebellious rampant evil;
Rhime oft-times over-reaches reason;
A verse will counter-charms a Treason.

Had

*Had Cromwel learn't the grace to sing,
H' had fled to Heaven for his King.*

Rob. Napier E medio Templo

To my ingenious Friend Mr. Brome, on his various
and excellent Poems: An humble Eglog. *Writ-*
ten the 29. of May, 1660.

Daman and Dorus.

Daman.

Hail happy day! Dorus sit down:
Now let no sigh, nor let a frown
Lodge near thy heart, or on thy brow.
The King! the King's return'd! and now
Let's banish all sad thoughts and sing
We have our Laws, and have our King.

Dorus.

*Tis true, and I would sing, but oh!
These wars have sunk my heart so low
I will not be rais'd.*

Daman.

What not this day?

*Why 'tis the twenty ninth of May:
Let Rebels spirits sink; let those
That like the Goths and Vandals rose
To ruine families, and bring
Contempt upon our Church, our King,
And all that's dear to us, be sad;
But be not thou, let us be glad.*

*And Dorus, to invite thee, look,
Here's a Collection in this Book,
Of all those chearful Songs, that we
Have sung so oft and and merilie
As we have march'd to fight the cause
Of Gods Anointed, and our Laws:
Such Songs as make not the least ods
Betwixt us mortals and the Gods:*

B 2

Such

Such songs as *Virgins* need not fear
To sing, or a grave *Matron* hear.
Here's love drest neat, and chaste, and gay
As gardens in the month of *May*;
Here's harmony, and *Wit*, and *Art*,
To raise thy thoughts, and chear thy heart.

Dorus.

Written by whom?

Daman.

A friend of mine,
And one that's worthy to be thine:
A Civil *Swain*, that know his times
For business, and that done makes Rhymes;
But not till then: my Friends a man
Lov'd by the Muses; dear to *Pan*:
He blest him with a chearful heart:
And they with this sharp wit and Art,
Which he so tempers, as no *Swain*,
That's loyal, does or should complain.

Dorus.

I wou'd fain see him:

Daman.

Go with me

Dorus, to yonder broad Beech-tree,
There we shall meet him and *Phillis*,
Perrigor, and *Amaryllis*,
Tityrus, and his dear *Clora*,
Tom and *Will*, and their *Pastora*:
There wee'l dance, shake hands and sing,
We have our Laws,

God blest the King.

Iz. Walton

To my worthy Friend Mr. *A. Bromie*.

Wine ne're to run more clear through quill wa
Then through thine is the praise of it convey'd
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An

And as by Xeuix grapes so painted were,
 That even birds to peck at them drew near ;
 So, who thy lively Poems see, will think
 That as they read of Grapes the juice, they drink :
 Thou dost not treat us with short Epigrams,
 Like Usurers glasses, only holding drams ;
 But in thy Songs thy wit is copious found,
 As Wine in Conduits when a King is crown'd.
 There strength of fancy, to it sweetness joynes,
 Unmixt with water, nor stum'd with strong lines.
 The lover who in many a frosty night,
 Did Serenade, his Mistress out of sight,
 And to his Gitthar-songs most doleful howl
 In consort with the Bell-man and the Owl,
 Now takes his Brimmer off, and to her flies,
 Singing thy Rhymes, and straight she is his prize.
 She doth no more her Red-nos'd lover scorn,
 But fairer thinks than blushes of the morn ;
 And would have Hymens torches lighted by
 By th' nose, that's a Linck-boy compar'd by thee.
 He tells her no part of a woman ought
 Outo Starrs, Sun, Globes, Roses like be thought ;
 But that those names which raise so high a pride,
 Are but to Taverns fit to be apply'd.
 A Countrey Parson i'th' Rumps reign did see
 His auditory Honestly to do,
 And wear brave souls, which he enforc'd by those
 Thy songs only reform'd by him to prose,
 Which he had heard at market over night :
 Thus do thy fancies profit and delight.
 Carry the cause then for this man is black,
 That he may have from Vintners Tithes of Sack ;
 Wherein he will not crave so much, as did
 The Levite who some of his Parish bid ;
 That sail'd to Green-land that they should not fail
 Hence of their prey to bring him the tenth Whale.

*But to reward him higher, let him get
 Tithes of thy Muse, and so be out of's debt.
 And now me thinks, while thou abroad dost shew
 Thy self in print, to the Worlds open view,
 From all that wear brave souls no voice doth stir,
 But welcome Sir, y' are kindly welcome Sir.
 Yet if the 'envious at thee do repine,
 They shall be but like Elies drown'd in thy Wine.*

C. W.

To his dear friend Mr. A. Brome, upon the pub-
 lishing his Poems.

M*R kind Affections will shew forth thy wit,
 Although't be by a simple opposite;
 For thou preventest all Ingenuous Proems,
 Ingrossing all the wit within thy Poems;
 But yet there's something left for me to do,
 Which would be folly if perform'd by you:
 And that's to praise both thee, and them, whose glory
 Shall reign with thy loyal Congratulatory
 And daring Speech, made in Clothworkers-Hall,
 Which overcame, and made the General,
 Who made us all, by making all his men,
 Rank as they were, to bring our Kings agen,
 By being subject to our Lawful Prince,
 Whose damned Exile, made us Slaves e're since:
 And so confin'd thy fancy, that thy Fame
 (Till his return was) kept without a Name.
 Though thou hast been Libellish all these times,
 Against the changing Powers; yet some Crimes
 Thou didst conceal, which did thy prudence shew,
 To keep their vices for their overthrow;
 Reserving still some strength as a redoubt,
 Fearing the Rumpish rear might face about;
 And made our Kings de facto, and of right
 In Charles the Second justly to unite;*

*Who soon enlarg'd thy range, untill free,
Hath bound us to our Laws for liberty :
To whom I do subscribe, (since our Commander,
In name's as good as is Great Alexander).*
Cha. Steynings.

To his Ingenious Friend Mr. A. B. upon his most
excellent Poems.

I*N our late Chaos, when the giddy world
Was to th' Abyſſe of curs'd Rebellion hurl'd :
And its distemper'd Pilots did advance
Nothing but dull and sordid Ignorance ;
When to be either learn'd, or witty, gave
Occasion to make this or t' other slave :*

*Then Atlas-like thou didst that world sustain,
Destin'd to thrive by thy Poetick-brain.*

*Divinity we there saw stifled, and
The Law was only practis'd under-hand :
The Glory of our School eclips'd ; a shade,
No Life, nor Beauty gave ; but Horrour had
All Modes and Methods Ravish'd from our eye,
To cancel Name of King and Loyalty ;
For each of which, thou mad'st a fit supply,
As some instruct their Boyes by Poelie.*

*Nay Millions more had driven with that stream,
Had not thy sense and light diverted them,
Those who droop'd in despair, had drop'd away,
But Thy Prophetick Numbers made them stay ;
And did re-animate their spirits here ,
Fore-telling them their Sun would once appear.*

*Most of the younger Fry, that never saw
A Crown or Gospel flourish with the Law,
Had been deprav'd in soul, but that the Starre
(Thy Lines put forth) directed how and where*

*They ought to worship, so they were kept free
From the Times guilt, others Apostacie.*

*The puisne Law-wrights too may spare to look
On this grave Sirs Reports, or t'others Book
For what's Authentique, but (at will) from thee,
May freight their Skuls with Law's Epitomie:
And henceforth we shall have them cease to Bawl
Cook upon Littleton, but Brome on all.*

*The Brethren of the Crowd throughout the Town,
Who lost their time to keep't, were out of Tune
More than their Instruments; as if their Arts
Were meerly but to play, not play their parts,
Till furnish'd with a Song or two from you;
Then they grew proud upon't, and wealthy too;
Nor was't ill husbandry, or either's wrong,
To give, or get their money for a Song.*

*We find in every Science, Art, or Trade,
Ambition some Competitors has made;
But here THOU art particular, and like,
For Poesie, as Painting was Vandyke.*

*Such reputation hast thou gain'd, that when
A piece of Wit, has by some other Men
Been richly cloath'd, and spoken; Hear their dooms,
Upon our lives, 'Tis Alexander Brome's.
But —————*

*As Pictures by their soyles seems better drest,
I can but be, Thy Blackamore at Best.*

Valentine Oldis.

For his much honoured Friend Mr. A. Brome.

Honoured Sir,

YOur ingenious Letter which came to my hands
long after its date, had sooner received an Answer,
if my frequent absence, and many hæsitations between

Wil-

Willingness and Inability to serve you, had not caused this respite. And now let me tell you my opinion; that, though Elogies upon Authors are at no time necessary, yet I think them never more superfluous, than when Verses are commended with more Verses; which if they be better, disparage their Friend; if worse themselves. We know it is against a Rule of Art to lay Metal upon Metal, and that Cook who besprinkles the borders of his dish with the same meat which it contains, will be thought rather to dawb than garnish it. I am sure it will be so here, with your curious entertainment, unto which the Reader must needs come with such an eager Appetite, as to reproach, or at least neglect, all that stands in his way. And I should much wonder why you would be such a Mezentius to your self, as to bind my dead Muse to your own living one; but that I suppose, being secure of immortality, you are proof against all contagion. Had you laid this command upon me, when you favoured me with the perusal of your Book, those brisk and frolick airs might have so volatiliz'd my thoughts, that it had been as easie for me to write, as for the beasts to dance when they heard Orpheus's Harp. But now you bid me be warm, when you have long since withdrawn the fire: and call me to a work unto which my pen is so much a stranger, that it is now many years since I made a verse in English. Believe it Sir, 'tis to me as great a Metamorphosis, as when a City was turn'd into a Bird, on a sudden, to lay by all that is solid and severe, and soar aloft in the airy wayes of Fancy, led only by the tinkling of Rhymes, as Bees by the noyse of a Candlestick: At present, I am sure, whilst business is much upon me, I am charm'd against such transmutations. You that are a wonder your self in this kind, would be less so, if any were like you; that can reconcile Poetry with Westminster-Hall, where nothing of a fine spinning (not so much as Cobwebs, they say)

can

can make a place: that can swallow down the ram-
phrases of our Law, like so many heads of Garlick, next
your heart in a morning; and before night breath forth
soft and Jovial airs, surpassing the most captivated vota-
ries of Love or Wine: these are tess'ls about like the
Sibylls prophetick leaves, and at length you find them
crowning every Feast, and dancing on the lips of every
Lady. But for mine own part, if perhaps I have been
found of late amongst our Academical Versifiers, it
was but as Cleaveland's Presbyterian danced, only
— in obedience to the Ordinance. For you must
know, that Doctors appear in Verse, as old men some-
times have done in a Morris, not so much for ostentation
of Ability, as for uncouthness of the sight, and to shew
how ready they are to be laught at for his Majesties ser-
vice. And I could tell some who would censure me for
levity, should they see me play the Poet in such good com-
pany as yours, who yet call upon me to do the same here,
where I am to be dull by my place. In short Sir, if it
be necessary that such a Champion as you should not
come forth into the field without your Dwarf, I heartily
wish I were able to serve you in that condition: How-
ever, give me leave I pray you to remain in downright
Prose

Sir,

Your assured Friend and most

humble Servant,

R. B.

P O E M S.

SONG I. Plain Dealing.

I.



Ell, well, 'tis true,

I am now fal'n in Love,

And 'tis with You :

And now I plainly see,

While you're *enthron'd* by me above,

You all your *arts* and *pow'rs* improve

To *Tyrant* over me ;

And make *my flames* th' Incentives of your *Scorn*,

While you *rejoyce*, and *feast* your Eyes to see me thus
(forlorn.

2.

But yet be wise,

And don't believe, that I

Did think your *Eyes*

More bright than *Stars* can be ;

Or that your *Face Angels* out-vies

In their *Cælestial* Liveries

'Twas all but *Poëtrie*.

I could have said as much by any *She*, (by *me*.
You are not *leanteous* of your *self*, but are made so

3.

Though we like Fools,

Fathom the *Earth* and *Skie*,

And drein the *Schools*

For names t'express you by

Out-rant the lowd't *Hyperboles*

To dub the *Saints*, and *Deities*,

By *Cupid's* Heraldry :

We

We know you're *Flesh* and *Blond* as well as *Men*,
And when we will can *mortalize*, and make you so
(agen.

4.

Yet, since my *Fate*
Has drawn me to *this Sin*,
Which I did *hate*,
I'll not my labour lose :
But will *love on*, as I begin,
To th' purpose, now my hand is in,
'Spite of those *Arts* you use ;
And let you know, the *World* is not so bare,
There's Things enough to love, besides such *Toyes* as
(*Ladies* are.

5.

I'll love good *Wine* ;
I'll love my *Book* and *Muse*,
Nay all the *Nine* ;
I'll Love my *real Friend* ;
I'll Love my *Horse* ; and, could I chuse,
One, that would not my *Love* abuse,
To her my Heart should bend.
I'll love all those, that *laugh*, and those, that *sing* ;
I'll love my *Cowntrey*, *Prince*, and *Laws* ; and those,
(that love the *King*.

S O N G II. *The Indifferent*.

I.

Mistake me not, I am not of that mind
To hate all *woman kind* ;
Nor can you so my *patience* vex ;
To make my *Muse* blaspheme your sex,
Nor with my *Satyrs* bite you ;

Though

Though there are some in your free-*State* ,
 Some things in you, who 're *Candidate*,
 That he who *is*, or *loves* himself, must hate ;
 Yet I'll not therefore *sight* you ;
 For I'm a *Schismatick* in Love,
 And what makes *most* abhor it,
 In me does more *affection* move,
 And I *love* the better for it.

2.

I vow, I am so far from loving *none*,
 That I *love* every one ;
 If *fair* I must, if *brown* she be,
 She's *lovely*, and for *Sympathy*,
 'Cause we're alike, I love her ;
 If *tall*, she's *proper* ; and if *short*,
 She's *humble*, and I love her for't :
Small's pretty, *fat* is pleasant, every sort
 Some graceful *good* discover ;
 If *young*, she's pliant to the sport ;
 And if her *visage* carry
Gray hairs and *wrinkles*, yet I'll court,
 And so turn *Antiquary*.

3.

Be her hair *red*, be her lips *gray* or *blew*,
 Or any other *hew*,
 Or has she but the *ruins* of a *nose*,
 Or but *eye-sockets*, I'll love those ;
 Though *scales*, not *skin*, does *clothe* her,
 Though from her *lungs*, the *scent* that comes
 Does *Royt* her *teeth* out of her *gums* ;
 I'll count all these for high *Encomiums*,
 Nor will I therefore *loath* her.
 There are no *rules* for beauty, but
 'Tis as our *fancies* make it :

Be you but *kind*, I'll think you *fair*,
And all for truth shall take it.

S O N G. III. *The Resolve.*

I.

T ELL me not of a *face* that's *fair*,
Nor *lip* and *cheek* that's *red*,
Nor of the *treffes* of her *hair*,
Nor *curls* in order laid ;
Nor of a rare *seraphick* voice,
That like an *Angel* sings ;
Though if I were to take my *choice*,
I would have all these things :
But if thou wilt have me *love*
And it must be a *she*,
The only *argument* can move
Is, that she will love me.

2.

The glories of your *Ladies* be
But *Metaphors* of things ;
And but resemble what we see
Each common *object* brings.
Roses out-red their *lips* and *cheeks*,
Lillies their *whiteness* stain :
What fool is he that *shadows* seeks
And may the *substance* gain ?
Then if thou'lt have me love a *Lass*
Let it be one that's *kind*,
Else I'm a *servant* to the *glass*
That's with *Canary* lin'd.

S O N G.

POEMS.

SONG IV. *The Wary Woer.*

1.

FAith, you're mistaken, I'll not love
That face that *frowns* on me,
Though it be handsom, 't shall not move
My center'd soul that's far above
The *magick* of a paint,
That on a *Devil* writes a *Saint* :
I hate your *Pictures* and *Imagery*.
I'm no love-*Sinon*, nor will tamely now
Lie *swaddled* in the trenches of your brow.

2.

Though you are *witty*, what care I?
My danger is the more ;
Nay should you boast of *honesty*,
Woman gives all those names the *Lie* :
In all you hardly can
Write after that fair copy, *Man* ;
And *dabble* in the steps we've gone before.
We you *admire*, as we do *Parots* all
Not speaking well, but that they *speak* at all.

3.

That *Lass* mine arms desire t'enfold,
Born in the *golden* age,
Guarded with *Angels*, but of *Gold*,
She that's in such a *showre* enroll'd
May tempt a *Jove* to be
Guilty of Loves *Idolatry*,
And make a pleasure of an *Hermitage* ;
Though their teeth are not, if their necks wear *Pearl*,
A *Kitchen-wench* is *Consort* for an *Earl*.

4. 'Tis

4.

'Tis money makes the man, you say,
 'T shall make the Woman too;
 When both are clad in like array
 December rivals youthful May:

This rules the *World*, and this

Perfection of both Sexes is;

This *Flora* made a Goddess, so 'twill you:
 This makes us laugh, this makes us drink and sing;
 This makes the beggar trample o're his King.

SONG V. *The Counsel.*

1.

Why's my friend so melancholy?
 Prithe why so sad, why so sad?
Beauty's vain, and *Love's* a folly,
Wealth and *Women* make men mad,
 To him that has a heart that's jolly
Nothing's grievous, *Nothing's* sad.
 Come, cheer up my Lad.

2.

Does thy *Mistress* seem to fly thee?
 Prithee don't repine, don't repine:
 If at first she does deny thee
 Of her love, deny her thine;
 She shews her coyness but to try thee,
 And will triumph if thou pine.
 Drown thy thoughts in wine.

3.

Try again, and don't give over,
 Ply her, she's thine own, she's thine own;
 Cowardise undoes a Lover
 They are Tyrants if you moan?
 If not thy self, nor love can move her,

But she'll *sight* thee and be gone:
Let her then alone.

4.

If thy Courtship can't invite her,
Nor to condescend, nor to bend;
Thy only wisdoome is to *sight* her,
And her *beauty* discommend.
Such a *niceness* will require her;
Yet if thy *Love* will not end,
Love thy self and friend.

SONG VI. To his Mistress.

1.

L Ady you'l wonder when you see
With those bright *twins* of eyes,
These *ragged* lines that *crawl* from me,
And note the contrariety
That both in them and in their *Author* lies.

2.

I that came hither with a breast
Coated with *Male* about;
Proof 'gainst your beauty, and the rest,
And had no room for *Love* to nest,
Where *Reason* lodg'd within, and *Love* kept out.

3.

My thoughts turn'd like the needle, about,
Touch'd by *Magnetick* love:
And fain would find some *North-pole* out,
But waver'd 'twixt *desire* and *doubt*;
Till now they're fixt, and point to you above.

4.

Lend me one *Ray*, and do but *shine*
Upon my verse, and me;
Your *beauty* can *enrich* a line,

C

And

And so you'l make 'um yours, not mine;
Since there's no *Helicon* like love and thee.

SONG VII. *To his Mistress.*

I.

W^HY dost thou frown my dear on me?
Come *change* that angry face.
What though I kiss that *Prodigle*,
And did her ugly limbs embrace?
'Twas only 'cause thou wert in place.

2.

Had I suck'd poyson from her breath,
One kiss could set me free:
Thy lip's an *Antidote* 'gainst Death;
Nor would I ever wish to be
Cur'd of a *sickness* but by thee.

3.

The little Birds for dirt repair
Down from the purer skie,
And shall not I kiss foul and fair?
Wilt thou give *Birds* more pow'r than I?
'Fye, 'tis a *scrupulous* nicety.

4.

When all the *World* I've rang'd about,
All *beauties* else to spy,
And, at the last, can find none our,
Equal to thee in beauty; I
Will make thee my sole *Deity*.

SONG VIII. *The hard Heart.*

I.

S^TILL so *hard-hearted*? what may be
The sin thou hast committed?
That now the angry *Deity*

Has

Has to a *Rock* congealed thee,
 And thus thy *hardness* fitted?
 To make one act both *sin* and *curse*,
 And plague thy *hardness* with a *worse*.

2.

Till thee there never was but one
 Was to a *Rock* translated,
 Poor *Niobe* that weeping stone:
 She ever did, thou ne'er dost moan,
 Nor is thy scorn abated.
 The *tears* I send to thee are grown
 Of that same nature, and turn *stone*.

3.

Yet I, dear *Rock*, must worship thee,
 Love works this *superstition*,
 And justifies the *Idolatry*
 That's shown to such a *stone* as thee,
 Where it fore-runs *fruition*.
 Thou'rt so *magnetick*, that I can
 No more leave thee, than to be *Man*.

4.

But thou, I warrant thee, dost suppose
 This new *design* will *slay* me,
 And *ravel* out my life with *woes*
 Till death, at last, mine eyes shall close;
 Then in thy breast thou'lt lay me,
 That all may read, lo here I lie
 Tomb'd in thy heart, slain by thine eye.

5

But I, I vow, will be more wise,
 And love with such discretion;
 When I read coyness in thy eyes,
 I'll robe mine with like cruelties,
 And kill with *prepossession*.

C 2

Then

Has

Then I'll turn *stone*, and so will be
An endless *monument* to thee.

SONG IX. *Loves Anarchy.*

1.

Love, I must tell thee, I'll no longer be
A *Victime* to thy beardless *Deity*:
Nor shall this heart of mine,
Now 'tis return'd,
Be offered at thy *shrine*,
Or at thine *Altar* burn'd.

Love, like *Religion's* made an *airy* name,
To awe those souls whom want of wit makes tame.

2.

There's no such thing as *Quiver*, *Shafts*, or *Bow*,
Nor does *Love* wound, but men imagine so.
Or if it does perplex

And grieve the mind,

'Tis the poor *masculine* Sex:
Women no sorrows find.

'Tis not our persons, nor our parts, can move u'm,
Nor is't mens *worth*, but *wealth*, makes Ladies love
(um.

3.

Reason henceforth, nor *Love*, shall be my guide,
My fellow-creatures shan't be *Deisd*:

I'll now rebel be,
And so pull down

That *Distaff-Monarchy*,
And *Females* fancy'd crown.

In these *unbridled* times who would not strive
To free his neck from all *prerogative*?

SONG

SONG X. *The Libertine.*

I.

Peerswade me not, I vow I'll love no more,
 My heart has now ta'n quarter ;
 My fetters I'll no more adore,
 Nor madly run, as heretofore,
 To break my freedoms Charter :
 He, that once fails, may try again ;
 But so often fool'd has been,
 And still attempts, commits a tripple sin :
 He's his own humours Martyr.

I'll use my liberty to run
 Abroad, and still be choosing :
 Who would confine himself to one
 That has power of refusing?

2.

The unconfined Bee, we see, has power,
 To kiss and feel each flower ;
 Nor is his pleasure limited
 To th' ruins of one maidenhead,
 Nor ty'd to ones embraces :
 But having's will of one, he'll fly
 T'another, and there load his thigh.
 Why should he have more priviledge than I?
 Since both our amorous cases
 Differ in this alone ; his thighs,
 When he abroad doth come,
 Loaden with spoils return, But mine
 Come weak and empty home.

3.

The self same beauty that I've often sworn
 Dwelt only in my dearest,
 I see by other Ladies worn,

C 3

Whom

Whom the same *Graces* do adorn :

I like that *face* that's nearest.

This I *salute*, and *walk* with that ;

With this I *sing*, with t'other *chat*,

I've none to *Catechize* me *where* ? or *what* ?

Nor will be ty'd t' a *Querist*.

Thus out of all, *Pigmalion* like,

My fancy limns a woman ;

To her I freely sacrifice,

And *rival'd* am by no man.

SONG XI. *The Contrary.*

1.

N Ay prithee do, be *coy* and flight me,
I must love, though thou abhor it ;
This pretty *niceness* does invite me :

Scorn me, and I'll love thee for it.

That *World* of *beauty* that is in you,

I'll overcome like *Alexander*.

In amorous flames I can continue

Unsing'd, and prove a *Salamander*.

-2-

Do not be won too soon I prethee,

But let me *woo*, whilest thou dost fly me.

'Tis my delight to dally with thee,

I'll court thee still if thou'lt deny me ;

For there's no happiness but *loving*,

Enjoyment makes our pleasures flat ;

Give me the heart that's *alwayes* moving,

And's not confin'd t' one, *you know what*.

3.

I've fresh *supplies* on all occasions,

Of thoughts, as *Various* as your face is,

No

No *Directory* for evaluations,
 Nor will I court by *common*-places.
 My heart's with Antidotes provided,
 Nor will I dye 'cause you frown on me;
 I'm merry when I am derided,
 When you laugh at me, or upon me.

4.

'Tis *fancy* that creates those pleasures
 That have no being but conceited;
 And when we come to dig those treasures,
 We see our selves our selves have cheated:
 But if th' art minded to destroy me,
 Then love me much, and love me ever,
 I'll love thee *more*, and that may slay me,
 So I thy Martyr am, or never.

SONG XII. *The Young Lover.*

I.

Tush! never tell me, I'm too young
 For loving, or too *Green*,
 She staves at least seven years too long
 That's wedded at *fourteen*.

Age and Discretion fit

Grave *Maisons*, whose desires and *youths* are past.
Love needs not, nor has *wit*. (frost,
 They in whose youthful breast dwells nought but
 Can only mourn the *dayes*, and *joyes*, they've lost.

2.

Lambs bring forth *Lambs*, and *Doves* bring *Doves*
 As soon as they'r begotten:
 Then why should *Ladies* linger loves,
 As it not ripe till rotten.

'Tis envious age perswades
 This tedious heresie for men to *was*
 Stale *Nymphs* and *Vestal* maids,
 While they in modesty must answer *No*.
 Late *Love*, like late *Repentance*, seldom's true.

3.

Gray hairs are fitter for the *Grave*,
 Than for the *bridal* bed ;
 What pleasure can a lover have
 In a wither'd *Maidenhead* ?
 Dry bones and rotten limbs
 Make *Hymen's* Temple turn an Hospital :
 Age all our beauty dims.
 Though *Lands* must not till one and twenty fall,
 The laws to *love* prescribe no time at all.

4.

Nature's exalted in our time ;
 And what our *Grandames* then
 At *four* and *twenty* scarce could climb,
 We can arrive at *ten*.
 Youth of it self doth bring us
Provocaties within, and we do scorn
 Love-powders and *Eringoes*.
Cupid himself's a *childe*, and 'twill be sworn,
Lovers like *Poets*, are not *made*, but *born*.

SONG XIII. To his Mistress.

I.

MY *Theodora*, can those eyes
 From whence such glories shine,
 Give light to every soul that pryés,
 And only be obscur'd to mine,
 Who wilfully my heart resign,
Enflam'd by you, to be your sacrifice ?

2. Send

2.

Send out one beam t'enrich my soul,
 And chase this gloomy shade,
 That does in *clouds* about me roul,
 And in my breast a *hell* has made;
 Where *fire* still burns, still *flames* invade:
 And yet lights *pow'r* and *comfort* both controul.

3.

Then, out of *gratitude*, I'll send
 Some of my flames to thee,
 Thus lovingly our gifts we'll blend;
 And both in *joys* shall wealthy be:
 And love, though *blind*, shall learn to see,
 Since you an eye to him and me can lend.

SONG XIII. To a Widow.

I.

N Ay, dry (for shame) those *blubber'd* eyes,
 And cease to *sigh* that breath away,
Fates are not mov'd with tears and cries,
 Nor formal sighs as vain as they,
Joys are not *joys*, that always stay,
 And constant *pleasures* do n't delight but cloy.

2.

Though he be gone, that was your dear,
 Must you for ever *mourn* and *pine*:
 The Sun that's buried the last Year,
 Does new in *newer* glory shine.
 Your Nuptial joys and pleasures be
 Not dead, but only inherited by me.

3. Hymen's

3.

Hymen's an Artist, and can do
 The next time better than before,
Giants great heights can reach unto,
 But on their shoulders *dwarfs* reach more.
Men more refin'd do daily grow,
 The nearer to Divinity they go.

4.

Then don't (my dear) thy heart confine,
 To one whose *being's* past away,
 And make me with desires to pine,
 Whilest he must glut, that can't enjoy.
 Love's stifled, when it is confin'd,
 To this or that; it's object is mankind.

SONG XV.

To his Friend that had vow'd Small-Beer.

1.

LEAVE off fond *Hermite*, leave thy vow,
 And fall again to drinking
 That *beauty* that wont *Sack* allow,
 Is hardly worth thy thinking,
Dry love, or *small*, can never hold,
 And without *Bacchus*, *Venus* soon grows cold.

2.

Dost think by turning *Anchorite*;
 Or a dull *Small-Beer* sinner:
 Thy cold embraces can invite,
 Or sprightless *Courteship* win her?
 No, 'tis *Canary* that inspires,
 'Tis *Sack*, like *Oyl*, gives *Flames* to am'rous Fires.

3. This

3.

This makes thee *chant* thy Mistress name,

And to the heav'ns to raise her ;

And range this universal frame

For *Epithets* to praise her.

Now liquors render brains unwitty,

And ne're provoke to love, but move to pity.

4.

Then be thy self, and take thy *Glass*,

Leave off this dry *Devotion*,

Thou must like *Neptune* court thy Lads,

Wallowing in *Nellars* Ocean,

Let's offer at each *Ladies shrine*,

A full crown'd bowl, first here's a health to thine.

SONG XVI. On Claret.

1.

W^Ithin this *bottle's* to be seen,
A scarlet liquor that has been

Born of the royal *Vine* ;

We but nick-name it when we call

It *Gods* drink, who drink none at all,

No higher name than *Wine*.

2.

'Tis Ladies liquor : here one might

Feast both his eye and appetite,

With *beauty* and with *taste*,

Cherries and *Roses* which you seek,

Upon your *Mistress* lip and *cheek*

Are here together plac'd.

3.

Physicians may prescribe their whay

To purge our *Reins* and *Brains* away,

And

And clarify the *Bloud*;
That cures one sickness with another,
This *routs* by *whole-sale* altogether,
And drowns them in a floud.

4.

This *Poets* makes, else how could I
Thus ramble into *Poetry*,
Nay and write *Sonnets*-too;
If there's such pow'r in *junior* Wines,
To make one venture upon lines
What could *Canary* do?

5.

Then *squeeze* the Vessels *blowels* out
And deal it faithfully about,
Crown each hand with a brimmer;
Since we're to pass through this *red Sea*,
Our noses shall our *Pilots* be
And every soul a swimmer.

SONG XVII. *A Mock-Song.*

1.

TIs true, I never was in love:
But now I mean to be,
For there's no art
Can shield a heart
From loves *Supremacie*.

2.

Though in my *nonage* I have seen
A world of taking faces;
I had not *age* nor *wit* to *ken*
Their several hidden graces.

3. Those

3.

Those vertues which though thinly set,
In others are admired,
In thee are altogether met,
Which make thee so desired.

4.

That though I never was in *Love*
Nor never meant to be
Thy self and parts,
Above my arts
Have drawn my heart to thee.

SONG XVIII. *Reasons of Love.*

1.

Prethee, why dost thou love me so?
Or is it but in *show*? (me?)
What is there that your thoughts can pick about
If beauty in my face you view,
'Twas ne're writ there unless by you,
I little find within, nor you without me.

2.

I han't the *Rhetorick* of the foot:
Nor lean long leg to boot,
Nor can I court with congees, trips, and dances;
I seldom sing, or if I do,
You'll scarce tell whe'r I sing or no,
I can't endure *Love-stories* and *Romances*.

3.

I neither know, nor love to play
And fool my time away;
Nor talk in *Dialects* to please your fancy:
Nor carve the *Capon* or the *Quail*,
But hew it through from head to tail,
A complement to me is *Negromancy*.

4. I

4.

I boast not of a pedigree,
 That *Lords* or *Lordlings* be,
 Nor do I lace my name with *Grandfires* story,
 Nor will I take the pains to look
 For a fools coat i'th' *Heralds* book,
 My fame's mine own, no monumental glory.

5.

I am not fashion'd of the mode,
 Nor rant i'th' *Gallants* rode,
 Nor in my habit do observe *decorum*:
~~Perfumes shall not my breath belie,~~
~~Nor clothes my body glorifie,~~
 They shall derive their honour, 'cause I wore 'um

6.

No frizling nor scarce locks, and yet
 Perhaps more hair than wit:
 Nor shall *Sweet-powders* vanity delight you;
 Though my hairs little, I'll not carry
 A wig for an *Auxiliary*.
 If my locks can't, anothers shant invite you:

7.

And which is worse, I cannot woe
 With *Gold* as others doe,
 Nor bait your love with *Lordships*, *Land*s, and *Towers*
 Just so much money I have by,
 As serves to spoil my *Poetry*,
 Not to expose me to the higher Powers.

8.

Nay you shan't make a fool of me,
 Though I no *Statist* be,
 Nor shall I be so valiant to fight for ye,

I han

I han't the *patience* to court,
Nor did I e're do't, but in sport,
I won't run mad for love, nor yet go marry.

9.

And yet I know some cause does move,
Though it be not pure love,
Tis for your honours sake that you affect me;
For well you know, she that's my *Lass*,
Is canoniz'd in every *Glass*,
And her health's drunk, by all that do respect me.

10.

Then love thou on, I'll tittle till
Both of us have our *fill*,
And so thy name shall never be forgotten;
I'll make thee *Hellen's* fame survive,
Though she be dead and thou alive,
For though thou'rt not so old, thy heart's as rotten.

SONG XIX. *Epithalamy.*

1.

N Ay fie, *Platonicks* still adoring,
The fond *Chymera's* of your brain?
Still on that empty nothing poring?
And only follow what you feign?
Live in your humour, 'tis a curse
So bad, 'twere pity with a worse.
We'll banish such conceits as those,
Since he that has enjoyment knows,
More bliss, than *Plato* could suppose.

2.

Cashiered woers, whose low merit
Could ne're arrive at nuptial bliss,
Turn *Schismatics* in love, whose spirit
Would have none hit 'cause they do miss.

But

But those reproaches that they vent
Do only blaze their discontent.
Condemn'd mens words no truths can show,
And *Hunters* when they prove too slow,
Cry *Hares are dry meat*, let 'um go.

3.

Th' inamour'd youth, whose flaming breast
Makes *Goddesses* and *Angels* all;
In's contemplation finds no rest,
For all his joyes are *sceptical*,
At his fruition flings away
His *Cloris* and his *Welladay*,
And gladly joyns to fill our *Quire*,
Who to such happiness aspire
As all must *envy* or *admire*.

SONG XX. An Ode of *Anacreon* paraphased.
Beauties force.

1.

I Wonder why Dame *Nature* thus
Her various gifts dispences;
She every creature else but us
With *arms*, or *armour* fences.
The *Bull* with bended horns she arms;
With hoofs she guards the *Horse*;
The *Hare* can nimbly run from harms,
All know the *Lions* force.

2.

The *Bird* can danger fly on's wing,
She *Fish* with fins adorns,
The *Cuckold* too, that harmless thing,
His *patience* guards, and's *horns*.
And *Men* she *valiant* makes and *wise*,
To shun or baffle harms;

But to poor *Women* she denies
Armour to give, or arms.

3.

Instead of all, this she does do;
 Our *Beauty* she bestows,
 Which serves for *arms* and *armour* too,
 'Gainst all our pow'rful Foes,
 And 'tis no matter, so she doth
 Still beauteous faces yield
 Wee'l conquer *sword* and *fire*, for both
 To beauty leave the field.

SONG XXI. *Love's without Reason.*

1.

fed. **T**Is not my Ladies face that makes me love her,
 Though *beauty* there doth rest,
 Enough t'inflame the breast
 Of one, that never did discover
 The *glories* of a face before;
 But I that have seen *thousands* more
 See nought in hers, but what in others are,
 Only because I think she's *fair*, she's *fair*.

2.

'Tis not her *vertues*, nor those vast *perfections*,
 That crowd together in her,
 Ingage my soul to win her,
 For those are only brief *Collections*,
 Of what's in man in *folia* writ;
 Which by their imitative wit
Women like *Apes* and *Children* strive to do;
 But we that have the *substance* sleight the *show*.

D

3. 'Ti,

3.

'Tis not her *birth*, her *friends*, nor yet her *treasure*,
 My free-born soul can hold;
 For *chains* are *chains* though gold;
 Nor do I *court* her for my pleasure,
 Nor for that old *Moralitie*
 Do I love her, 'cause *she loves me*?
 For that's no love but *gratitude*, and all
 Loves that from *fortunes* rise, with *fortunes* fall.

4.

If *friends*, or *birth*, created love within me,
 Then *Princes* I'll adore,
 And only scorn the *poor*,
 If vertue or good parts could win me,
 I'll turn *Platonick*, and ne're vex
 My soul with difference of *sex*,
 And he that loves his *Lady* 'cause she's fair,
 Delights his *eye*, so loves himself, not *h.r.*

5.

Reason and *Wisdom* are to love high *Treason*,
 Nor can he truly love,
 Whose *flame*'s not far above,
 And far beyond his *Wit* or *Reason*,
 Then ask no reason for my fires,
 For *infinite* are my desires.
 Something *there* is moves me to love, and I
 Do know I love, but *know* not *how*, nor *why*.

SONG XXII. *The Damsel.*

I.

Since *Women* are still,
 By-pretenders to skill,
 Suppos'd to be sway'd by their will,

And

And not by their judgment nor reason,
 Then it shall be mine,
 To uphold the design,
 In spite of the *hits*
 Of the fellows call'd *Wits*,
 That jeer every thing that's in season.

2.

Though youthful I be,
 And buxome to see,
 And suppos'd to be frolick and free,
 And ripe for the thing you wot on,
 I'll not sacrific'd be
 To the *Ginger-bread* he,
 Whose *clothes* are in print,
 And his hair has butter in't,
 And his *fancies* and *whimsies* has got on.

3.

For the *Youth* in their bud,
 That do sail in the floud,
 Of their active and flaming bloud,
 Like furious undertakers;
 Are fiery at first,
 But have soon done their worst,
 Then they shrink their heads in,
 And care not a pin
 For the *sport*, nor yet the *sport-makers*.

4.

But give me that he
 That is *threescore* and *three*,
 And can neither *hear*, *smell*, or *see*,
 He will serve well enough for a *cover*;
 He will *tickle*, and *touch*,
 Though his strength be not much,

He can't *do*, but *desire*,
And that kindles his fire,
While he *fathers* the sports of a *lover*.

5

O the *tooth* without peers!
And the *silver* hairs!
And the *gouts*, and the *coughs* of old *years*!
I would have such an one for the *nonce*;
I can *Chronicles* find,
In his *limbs*, and his *mind*,
While his *face* tells the story
Of *memento mori*,
With an *Almanack* in his bones.

SONG XXIII. *A Dialogue.*

I.

Amoret.

O For the balmy coral of a lip!
Where I with *kissing Chymistry* may sip.
Castalian quaffs of *Nectar* to delight me,
And every kiss may to a new invite me.

Oenophil.

Give me a bowl wherein I'll tumble *Bacchus*, (us
To bathe our souls, we'll drink till Sack doth crack

Midas.

But let my chests groan with the *gilded oar*,
Where having much is prologue unto more.

Oenophil.

Who doats on *beauty*, fancies but a toy.

Midas.

Who *Wine* adores, does overwhelm his joy.

Oenophil.

And he that gapes for gaudy dirt or treasure,
Still feels desires, but no content nor pleasure.

Chorus

Chorus.

(guide,

Then let's unite our *desires*, but let *reason* be our
What in each is not *found*, in all *swells* like a tide.

2.

Amoret.

A beauteous face can a young fancy raise,
And *mirtle* glorifies as well as *Bayes*.
Love, like the soul, informs the flesh that's stupid,
Nor can *Apollo* more inspire than *Cupid*.

Oenophil.

(flow, it

Where full-fraught *cups*, with *sprightly* liquors
Unwraps your brain, and makes each wight a *Poet*.

Midas.

Where boundless treasure reigns 'twil raise the soul,
And wit and love both conquer and controul.

Amoret.

Still give me love, give me my lovely lass.

Oenophil.

I'll court no other Mistress, but the glass.

Midas.

But give me *chink*, nor love, nor wit shall plague us;
For *Poe* and *Hypocrene* both vail to *Tagus*.

Chorus.

(guide,

Then let's unite our *desires*, but let *reason* be our
What in each is not *found*, in all *swells* like a tide.

SONG XXIV.

To his Mistress affrighted in the Wars.

I.

Come sigh no more, but kiss again,
These troubles shall never trouble me;
Your sighs are but wind, and your sorrows vain;
They'l never the sooner for us agree.

D 3

Let

Let *Canons* keep roaring
And bullets still fly;
While I am adoring
Thee, my deity.

Hang this wealth ! let money flee,
They cannot undo me, while I have thee.

2.

I'll be thy *Champion* to defend
Thy person from all these dangers and harms;
No Army's so sure as a real friend,
Nor Castle defends like a lovers arms.
But if I can't daunt 'um,
By valour and might,
Your face shall enchant 'um,
For beauty can fight.

There's no armour can men free
From the naked pow'r of such beauties as thee.

3.

I *Venus* serve, a fig for *Mars*,
Loves arrows may wound, but never kill me;
Me thinks there's no pleasure in bloody wars,
But I long to be wounded and taken by thee:
When our bullets are kisses,
And our field is a bed,
And the top of our bliss is
A pure maidenhead.

Both will strive to lose the day,
And both shall be conquer'd, yet not run away.

SONG XXV.

Upon the Cavaliers departing out of London.

I.

Now fare thee well *London*,
Thou next must be undone,

'Cause

'Cause thou hast undone us before ;
 This *cause* and this *tyrant*,
 Had never plaid this high-rant,
 Were't not for thy *Argent* and *Or*.

2.

Now we must desert thee,
 With the lines that begirt thee,
 And the red-coated Saints Domineer,
 Who with Liberty fool thee,
 While a Monster doth rule thee,
 And thou feel'st what before thou didst fear.

3.

Now *justice* and *freedom*
 With the *laws* that did breed 'um,
 Are sent to *Jamaica* for gold,
 And those that upheld 'um,
 Have power but seldom,
 For Justice is barter'd and sold.

4.

Now the Christian Religion
 Must seek a new Region,
 And the old Saints give way to the new ;
 And we that are loyal
 Vail to those that destroy all,
 When the Christian gives place to the Jew.

5.

But this is our glory
 In this wretched story,
 Calamities fall on the best ;
 And those that destroy us
 Do better imploy us,
 To sing till they are suppress.

SONG XXVI. *On the fall of the Prices of Wine.*

I.

Now our thanks to our powers above us,
 And to him that above them doth sit,
 Who to shew how intirely they love us,
 Have found out the way
 To repair the decay
 Of the famish'd and foundered *Wit*,
 And new drench the Poetical *Tit*,

Chorus.

Welcome desired *August* to us
 Thou comfort and delight do'st give us,
 'Twas *November* did undo us,
 But 'tis *August* does relieve us.

2.

Give's a rowling beer-glass of Canary,
 The half-pint and thimble's our foe;
 We will be no more tributary
 To the *Spaniards* pride,
 Nor make *Vintners* ride,
 When we are not able to go,
 Or dare not our faces to show.

Chorus, &c.

3.

We define now the *Malter* and *Hopper*,
 Whose *Pride* would have made us surmise,
 Our *Helicon* lay in his *Copper*;
 And He'll sell *wit* and *art*,
 At *Three half pence* a quart;
 And with that he would make us so wise,
 To be able to cheat the *Excise*.

Chorus, &c.

4. Let

4.

Let us venture to take the *Canaries*,
 And then wee'll make *Sack* of our own;
 For he that those *Islands* carries,
 Wins the *Indies* to boor,
 And all *Spain* added to't;
 The *Turk* and the *Pope* wee'l not own,
 But rule the whole *World* alone.

Chorus, &c.

5.

'Tis the *means* and the *end* of our study,
 It does make our invention overflow
 While the channel of *ale* makes it muddy
 A *Maio*r or a *Knight*
 By *bunches* may write,
 If his theame be the *grape*, and by it
 Be esteem'd a *Divine* and a *wit*.

Chorus, &c.

SONG XXVII. *The Old Mans Delight.*

By R. B.

HO boy, hay boy,
 Come come away boy,
 And bring me my longing desire,
 A *Lefs* that is neat,
 And can well do the feat,
 When lusty young blood is on fire.
 Let her body be tall,
 And her waist be small,
 And her age not above eighteen,
 Let her care for no bed,
 But here let her spread
 Her mantle upon the green.

Let

Let her face be faire,
 And her breasts be bare,
 And a voice let her have that can warble,
 Let her belly be soft,
 But to mount me aloft,
 Let her bounding buttocks be marble.

The Addition by A. B.

Let her have a cherry lip
 Where I *Nectar* may sip;
 Let her eyes be as black as a sloe;
 Dangling locks I do love,
 So that those hang above,
 Are the same with what grows below.

Oh such a bonny Lads
 May bring wonders to pass,
 And make me grow younger and younger;
 And when e're we do part,
 She'll be mad at the heart,
 That I'm able to tarry no longer.

SONG XXVIII. *A Dialogue translated.*

Q. What made *Venus* strike her Son?

A. Cause he lost his bow and quiver.

Q. Where is his bow and quiver gone?

A. To my Mistress without doubt.

Q. Prithee how came that about?

A. She did but ask, and he did give her;
 For being blind, he easily errs,
 And knew not his Mothers face from hers.

Chorus.

Oh blame him not for what he did do;
 Which of us all would not err so too?

SONG

SONG XXIX. *Out of Catallus.*

1.

MY *Lesbia*, let us live and love,
 Let crabbed *Age* talk what it will.
 The *Sun* when down, returns above,
 But we, once dead, must be so still.

2.

Kiss me a thousand times, and then
 Give me a hundred *kisses* more,
 Now *kiss* a thousand times agen,
 Then t'other hundred as before.

3.

Come a third thousand, and to those
 Another hundred *kisses* fix;
 That done, to make the sweeter close,
 Wee'l millions of *kisses* mix.

4.

And huddle them together so,
 That we our selves shant know how many,
 And others can't their number know,
 If we should envy'd be by any.

5.

And then, when we have done all this,
 That our pleasures may remain,
 Wee'l continue on our blifs,
 By *unkissing* all again.

6.

Thus wee'l love, and thus wee'l live,
 While our posting minutes fly,
 Wee'l have no time to vex or grieve,
 But *kiss* and *unkiss* till we die.

SONG XXX. *The Attempt.*

WHy should I blush or be *dismay'd*,
 To tell you I adore you?
 Since *Love's* a pow'r, that can't be staid,
 But must by all be once obey'd,
 And you as well as those before you,
 Your beauty hath enchain'd my mind,
 O let me not then cruel find
 You which are *fair*, and therefore should be kind.

2.

Fair as the light, *pure* as the Ray,
 That in the gray-ey'd morning
 Leaps forth, and propagates a day:
 Those glories which in others stray
 Meet all in you for your adorning.
 Since *nature* built that goodly frame,
 And *Virtue* has inspir'd the same,
 Let love draw *yours* to meet my *raging flame*.

3.

Joy of my soul, the only thing,
 That's my *delight* and *glory*,
 From you alone my love does spring,
 If one love may another bring,
 'Twill crown our happy story.
 Those fires I burn withal are pure
 And Noble, yet too strong t'endure;
 'Twas you did wound, 'tis you that ought to cure.

SONG

SONG XXXI. *To a Lady that turned her Cheek.*

I.

ANd why this coyneſs, Lady mine?
What needs all this adoe?

'Tis but a *ſwap*, my lips for thine,

A gentle touch, and goe.

Nay, let ſuch *kisses* ſtill be kept,

Let him that is deny'd

Your *lip*, and will your *cheek* accept,

Lye only by your *ſide*.

2.

I hate to kiſs your *druggs* and *foiles*,

'Tis fleſh that I affect,

And you whoſe art your *nature* ſpoils,

I like not, but ſuſpect.

Pray why's your *mouth* more *ſhie* than *mine*?

Am't I as *ſound* as you're?

My *lips* let in as much good *Wine*,

And ſend out words as pure.

3.

Expect no *courtſhip* more from me,

Nor words, that you, and I

May in our judgments plainly ſee,

Make but a ranting lie:

Leave theſe coy humors and be plain:

Deny, or elſe be free,

Look not for *love*, w'thout *love* again,

I'll *kiſs*, if you'l *kiſs* me.

SONG

SONG XXXII. *Practick Love.*

1.

PRithee *Celia* tell me, why
 Thou fool'st away thy precious hours,
Beauty fades, and *youth* doth fly,
 There's no trust to *futurity*.

Time present's only in our powers.
 She that her present joys doth defer,
 Would love at the last, when none will love her,
 And so proves her own *Idolater*.

2.

Either *love* or say you will nor,
 For *love* or *scorn*'s all one to me,
Diversion's pleasant, though it fill not ;
Denials vex us, but they kill nor,
 We're murder'd by *credulity*,
 O 'tis a *Tyranny* still to invite,
 The mind, and inrage it with faigned delight,
 To raise, and then baffle the *appetite*.

3.

If you'd let me be but quiet,
 Nor see your *face*, nor hear your *name* ?
 Though I can't conquer love. I'd fly it,
 For *absence*, *business*, *friends*, or *diet*,
 Would quench or else divert my flame :
 But you're so *imperious* grown, and so cruel,
 'Cause you see that my heart is *combustible*, you will
 Not put out the *fire*, but still put in *fuel*.

4.

'Twas not your face, nor yet my eye,
 That this devouring flame begot,
 If either did alone, pray why
 Did you not kill, and I not die

Then,

Then when we knew each other not?
 'Twas their *Constellation* was my undoing,
 You by being beautiful, and I by viewing
 Paid in contribution to my own ruine.

5.

Come then let's love now while we may,
 And let me know what I may trust to,
Desires are murdered by delay,
 Our youth and marrow will decay,
 And Love, for want of use, will rust too.
 This kissing and courting not any thing spels,
 In spite of the story the *Platonist* tells,
 If it were not in order to something else.

SONG XXXIII. Translated out of French.

I.

NOW I'm resolv'd to love no more,
 But sleep by Night, and drink by Day :
 Your coyness, *Cloris*, pray give o're,
 And turn your tempting eyes away.
 From Ladies I'll withdraw my heart
 And fix it only on the *Quart*.

2.

I'll place no happiness of mine
 A puling beauty still to court,
 And say she's glorious and divine,
 The *Vintner* makes the better sport.
 And when I say my Dear, my Heart ;
 I only mean it to the *Quart*.

3.

Love has no more prerogative,
 To make me desperate courses take,
 Nor me t'an *Hermitage* shall drive,
 I'll all my vows to th' goblet make :

And

And if I wear a *Capuchoone*
It shall a *Tankard* be or none.

Added.

4.

'Tis *Wine* alone that cheers the soul,
But love and *Ladies* make us sad;
I'm merry when I court the bowl,
While he that courts the *Madam's* mad,
Then *Ladies* wonder not at me,
For you are *coy*, but *Wine* is free.

SONG XXXIV. *Translated out of French.*

1.

C*lymena* still complains of me
And I of her complain too.
But would you know the cause, why we
This quarrel did attain to;
'Tis 'cause I am not true saies she,
And I say that again too.

2.

I cannot choose but wonder why
This lovely *Toy* doth blame me,
If my heart wears *inconstancy*,
It is but what became me.
Since she was *fickle*, why not I?
I'm but as she did frame me.

3.

Time was I thought our flames of love,
Would burn for ever brighter;
But when she did so faithless prove,
I vow'd I would requite her,
I quickly did my flames remove,
And now for ever slight her.

SONG

SONG XXXV. To a Painted Lady.

I.

Leave these *deluding* tricks and shows,
 Be honest and down-right :
 What *Nature* did to view expose,
 Don't you keep out of sight.
 The novice *youth* may chance admire,
 Your dressings, paints and spells :
 But we that are *expert* desire
 Your *sex* for somewhat else.

2.

In your adored *face* and *hair*,
 What vertue could you find,
 If *Women* were like *Angels* fair,
 And every man were blind ?
 You need no *pains* or *time* to *wast*
 To set your *beauties* forth,
 With *oils*, and *paints*, and *drugs*, that cost
 More than the *face* is worth.

3.

Nature her self, her own work does
 And hates all needles arts,
 And all your *artificial* shoves
 Disgrace your *Nat'ral* parts.
 You're *flesh* and *blood* and so are we,
 Let *flesh* and *blood* alone,
 To Love all *compounds* hateful be,
 Give me the *pure*, or none.

E

SONO

SONG XXXVI. To a coy Lady.

I.

I Prithee leave this peevish fashion,
 Don't desire to be high-priz'd,
Love's a Princely noble passion,
 And doth scorn to be despis'd.
 Though we say you are fair, you know,
 We your *beauty* do bestow,
 For our *fancy* makes you so.

2.

Don't be proud 'cause we adore you,
 We do't only for our pleasure,
 And those parts in which you glory,
 We by *fancy* weigh and measure.
 When for *Deities* you go,
 For *Angels*, or for *Queens*, pray know,
 'Tis our *fancy* makes you so.

3.

Don't suppose your Majesty
 By *Tyranny's* best signified,
 And your *Angellick* natures be,
 Distinguish'd only by your *pride*.
Tyrants make *Subjects* rebels grow,
 And *pride* makes *Angels* Devil's below,
 And your *pride* may make you so.

SONG XXXVII. The Recovery.

I.

How unconcerned I can now
 Behold that face of thine!
 The *Graces* and the *dresses* too,
 Which both conspir'd to make thee shine,
 And made me think thou wert *divine*.

2. And

2.

And yet me thinks thou'rt wondrous fair,
 But I have no *desires*,
 Those *Glories* in thy face that are,
 Kindled not in my heart those *fires*,
 For that *remains*, though this *expires*.

3.

Nor was't my eyes that had such pow'r
 To burn my self and you,
 For then they'd every thing devour,
 But I do several others view,
 Unsing'd, and so don't think it true.

4.

Nay both together could not do't,
 Else we had dy'd e're this,
 Without some higher power to boot,
 Which must rule both, if either miss,
 All t'other to no purpose is.

5.

It puzzles my *Philosophy*,
 To find wherein consists
 This pow'r of love, and tyranny,
 Or in a *Lovers* eye, or breast
 Be't where it will, there let it rest.

SONG XXXVIII. *Advice to Cælia.*

I.

MY lovely *Cælia*, while thou dost enjoy
Beauty and *youth*, be sure to use 'em,
 And be not fickle, be not coy,
 Thy self or *Lovers* to destroy.

Since all those *Lillies* and those *Roses*,
 Which *Lovers* finde, or love supposes,

E 2

To

To flourish in thy face,
 Will tarry but a little space;
 And *youth* and *beauty* are but only lent
 To you by *nature*, with this good intent,
 You should enjoy, but not abuse 'um,
 And when *enjoyments* may be had, not fondly to re

2.

(fuse 'um

Let lovers *flatt'ry* ne'r prevail with thee;
 Nor their oy'd complements deceive thee,
 Their *vows* and *protestations* be
 Too often meer *Hypocrisie*:

And those high praises of the witty
 May all be costly, but not fit ye:

Or if it true should be

Now what thy *lovers* say of thee,
 Sickness or age will quickly strip away
 Those fading glories of thy youthful *May*;
 And of thy graces all bereave thee;
 Then those that thee *ador'd* before will slight thee

3.

(and so leave thee

Then while thou'rt *fair* and *young*, be *kind*, but *wisely*
Doat not, nor proudly use *denying*;
 That tempting *toy* thy beauty lies
 Not in thy *face*, but lovers *eyes*.

And he that *doats* on thee may *smother*
 His love, i'th *beauty* of another,

Or flying at all game

May *quench*, or else *divert* his flame.

His *reason* too may chance to interpose,
 And *love* declines as fast as *reason* grows.

There is a *knack* to finde loves treasures
 Too young, too old, too nice, too free, too slow,
 (destroys your pleasures

S O N E

SONG XXXIX. *The Mad Lover.*

I Have been in love, and in debt, and in drink
 This many and many a year;
 And those three are plagues enough one would think
 For one poor mortal to bear.

'Twas drink made me fall into Love,
 And Love made me run into Debt,
 And though I have struggled and struggled and strove,
 I cannot get out of them yet.

There's nothing but money can cure me,
 And rid me of all my pain.

'Twill pay all my debts,
 And remove all my ills,
 And my Mistress that cannot endure me,
 Will love me, and love me again,
 Then I'll fall to loving and drinking again.

SONG XL. *The Murmur.*

Let's lay aside plotting and thinking,
 And meddling with matters of State,
 Since we have the freedom of drinking,

'Tis a folly to scribble or prate.
 The great ones have nothing to think on,
 But how to make fools of the small;
 We Cavaliers suffer and drink on,
 And care not a louse for 'um all.

2.

We thought it was matter of danger
 To be Rebels against our Prince;
 But he that is not a meer stranger,
 May see it is otherwise since.

E 3

'Tis

'Tis only the perry Delinquent
 With whom the matter goes hard ;
 Where ever much boldness and Chink went,
 There honour's bestow'd and reward.

3.

To keep up a turbulent nature,
 And fear neither God nor the King;
 To be a significant Traytor,
 Is an advantageous thing.
 But since it has ever been so,
 And so it will ever be,
 Let it end as it did begin, so
 That it never do trouble me.

SONG XLI. *A Round.*

S't round, sit round, leave musing and thinking
 Hang caring and working, let's fall to our drink
 The works of our hands (ing
 Shall purchase no lands,
 But in spight of all care wee'l be frolick ;
 He that does the glass skip,
 May be die of the pip,
 Or be lowlie that none shall endure him ;
 Or be plagu'd with the stone or the cholick,
 And find ne'r a Surgeon to cure him.

SONG XLII. *The Cavalier.*

WE have ventur'd our estates,
 And our liberties and lives,
 For our Master and his mates,
 And been tols'd by cruel fates,

Where

Where the rebellious Devil drives,
So that not one of ten survives.

We have laid all at stake
For his Majesty's sake,
We have fought, we have paid,
We've been sold and betray'd.

And tumbled from nation to nation,
But now those are thrown down
That usurped the Crown,
Our hopes were that we
All rewarded should be,
But we're paid with a Proclamation.

Now the times are turn'd about,
And the Rebels race is run :
That many headed beast, the Rout,
Who did turn the Father out
When they saw they were undone,
Were for bringing in the Son.
That phanatical crue
Which made us all rue,
Have got so much wealth,
By their plunder and stealth,
That they creep into profit and power :
And so come what will,
They'll be uppermost still ;
And we that are low,
Shall still be kept so
While those domineer and devour.

Yet we will be loyal still,
And serve without reward or hire,
To be redeem'd from so much ill,
May stay our stomachs, though not fill ;

And if your patience do not tire,
We may in time have our desire.

SONG XLIII. *A Wife.*

1.

Since thou'rt condemn'd to wed a thing,
And that same thing must be a she;
And that same she to thee must cling
For term of life of her or thee;
I'll tell thee what this thing shall be.

2.

I would not have her vertuous,
For such a wife I ne're did see;
And 'tis a madness to suppose
What never was, nor e're shall bee;
To seem so is enough to thee.

3.

Do not desire she should be wise,
Yet let her have a waggish wit;
No circumventing subtilties,
But pretty flights to please and hit,
And make us laugh at her, or it.

4.

Nor must thou have one very just,
Lest she repay thee in thy kind;
And yet she must be true to trust;
Or if to sport she has a mind,
Let her be sure to keep thee blind.

5.

One part of valour let her have;
Not to return but suffer ill,
To her own passion be no slave
But to thy law's obedient still,
And unto thine submit her will.

6.

Be thou content she have a tongue,
That's active so it be not lowd;
And so she be straight-limb'd and young,
Though not with beauty much endow'd,
No matter, so she be but proud.

7.

Tir'd she should be, not satisfi'd,
But alwaies tempting thee for more,
So cunningly she bee n't espy'd,
Let her act all parts like a whore,
So she bee n't one, I'd ask no more.

8.

But above all things, let her be
Short liv'd and rich, no strong-dock'd *Jone*,
That dares to live till 53,
Find this wife, if thou must have one;
But there's no wife so good as none.

SONG XLIV. *On the Queens Arrival.*

1.

FROM the *Lusitanian* Shore,
Our triumphing Ships are come
Proudly with their royal lading,
Which Britain, that now truly's great, enjoys at
And needs no more abroad to rome, (home,
But may now give over trading.
For we have that Jewel whose value is more,
Then all one *India's* Spice, or t'other *India's* Ore.

2.

Katharina Queen of love!
England's joy and admiration!

Fit

Fit to be made a Spouse to *Jove*,
Spains terrour, yet their emulation ;
 The *Portuguez* riches, their glory and pride,
 Who now are become but a rifled nation,
 Such a cœlestial consort to bring
 To the embraces of *Brittains* King :

The world yields not so glorious a Bride,
 Nor is there a Prince that merits the bliss
 Of so great beauty, but so good a King as this.

3.

Now let sea and land rejoyce,
Tagus yields us golden sands ;
 All that have feet, or hands, or voyce,
 In these two united lands,
 Lift them up, rejoyce and sing ;
 Blessed Queen and happy King !

Chorus.

Long live *Charles* and *Katharina* !

To testifie our joy,

We sing *Vive le Roy* ;

But now wee'l sing *Vive le Roy & la Regina*.

SONG XLV. *A Friend.*

FAin would I find out a friend that is true :
 That we may live freely together :
 But men are grown false, and friends are but few,
 And as fickle in minde as a feather.

That man I suspect, who much zeal does pretend
 And will not our frailties connive at,
 His looks and his words are both fram'd to his end,
 While some underhand-cheat he does drive at,

He

He that still laughs in tune, and smiles in my face,
And appears very courteous and civil;
If I trust him but once, I shall finde him as base
And perfidious as the Devil.

A man of a niggardly soul I despise,
His Avarice makes him slavish;
For he that his wealth more than honour doth prize,
Will not only be fordid but knavish.

He that soon grows rich from a beggerly life,
Is not for my conversation;
He's as proud as a Presbyter Parson's wife,
Or a new made Corporation.

But he that is generous, jolly and wise,
Good natur'd and just to any one,
Such person I love and extol to the skies;
He shall be my friend and companion.

PART

P A R T. II.

SONG I. *The Royalist.*

I.

Written in 1646.

Come, pass about the *bowl* to me,
 A health to our distressed *King*;
 Though we're in hold, let cups go free,
 Birds in a *cage* may freely sing.
 The ground does tittle healths apace,
 When *storms* do fall, and shall not we?
 A sorrow dares not shew its face,
 When we are *ships* and sack's the *sea*.

2.

Pox on this grief, hang *wealth*, let's *sing*,
 Shall's kill our selves for fear of death?
 We'l live by th' *air* which songs doth bring,
 Our *fighting* does but wast our breath:
 Then let us not be discontent,
 Nor drink a glass the less of *Wine*;
 In vain they'l think their plagues are spent,
 When once they see we don't *repine*.

3.

We do not suffer here alone,
 Though we are beggar'd, so's the *King*;
 'Tis sin t'have *wealth*, when he has none,
 Tush! poverty's a *Royal* thing!
 When we are *larded* well with drink,
 Our *heads* shall turn as round as theirs,
 Our *feet* shall rise, our *bodies* sink
 Clean down the wind, like *Cavaliers*.

4. Fill

4.

Fill this unnatural *quard* with *sack*;
Nature all *vacuums* doth decline,
 Our selves will be a *Zodiack*,
 And every mouth shall be a sign.
 Me thinks the *Travels* of the glafs,
 Are circular like *Plato's* year,
 Where every thing is as it was;
 Let's tipple round; and so 'tis here.

SONG II. *The Commoners.**Written in 1645. to the Club Men.*

Come your wayes
 Bonny Boyes
 Of the Town,
 For now is your time or never;
 Shall your fears
 Or your cares
 Cast you down?
 Hang your *wealth*
 And your *health*,
 Get *renown*,
 We all are undone for ever:
 Now the King and the Crown
 Are tumbling down,
 And the *Realm* doth groan with *disasters*,
 And the scum of the land,
 Are the men that command,
 And our *slaves* are become our *Masters*.

2.

Now our lives,
 Children, wives
 And estate,

Are

Are a pray to the lust and plunder,
 To the rage
 Of our age.
 And the fate
 Of our land
 Is at hand,
 'Tis too late
 To tread these *Usurpers* under.
 First down goes the *Crown*,
 Then follows the *gown*;
 Thus levell'd are we by the *Roundhead*,
 While *Church* and *State* must
 Feed their *pride* and their *lust*,
 And the *Kingdom* and *King* confounded.

3.

Shall we still
 Suffer ill
 And be dumb?
 And let every *Varlet* undo us?
 Shall we doubt
 Of each *Lowl*,
 That doth come,
 With a voice
 Like the noise
 Of a *Drum*,
 And a *sword* or a *Busse-coat* to us?
 Shall we lose our estates
 By *plunder* and *rates*
 To bedeck those proud upstarts that *swagger*,
 Rather fight for your meat,
 Which these *Locusts* do eat,
 Now every man's a beggar.

SONG

SONG III. *The Pastoral.**On the Kings death. Written in 1648.*

W Here *Englands Damon* us'd to keep,
 In peace and awe, his *flocks*
 Who fed, not fed upon, his *sheep*,
 There *Wolves* and *Tygres* now do prey,
 There *Sheep* are slain, and *Goats* do sway,
 There reigns the subtle *Fox*
 While the poor *Lamkins* weep.

2.

The *Laurell'd garland* which before
 Circled his brows about,
 The *spotless coat* which once he wore,
 The *sheep-hook* which he us'd to sway,
 And *pipe* whereon he lov'd to play,
 Are seiz'd on by the *ront*,
 And must be us'd no more.

3.

Poor *Swain*, how thou lament'st to see
 Thy *flocks* o're-rul'd by those
 That serve thy *Cattle* all like thee:
 Where hateful *vice* usurps the *Crown*,
 And *Loyalty* is trodden down;
 Down skrip and *sheep-hook* goes,
 When *Foxes* *Shepherds* be.

SONG IV. *A Mock-Song.*

H Ang up *Mars*
 And his wars,
 Give us drink,
 We'll tippie my *Lads* together;
 Those are slaves,
 Fools and knaves,

That

That have *think*,
 And must pay,
 For what they say,
 Do, or think,
Good fellows accompt for neither ;
 Be we *round*, be we *square*,
 We are happier than they're
 Whose dignity works their ruin :
 He that well the *bowl* rears,
 Can *baffle* his cares,
 And a fig for death or undoing.

SONG V. *The Trooper.*

Come, come, let us drink,
 'Tis in vain to think,
 Like fools on grief or sadness;
 Let our *money* fly *now*,
 And our sorrows die, *shall*
All worldly care is madness ;
 But Sack and good cheer
 Will in spite of our fear,
 Inspire our souls with gladness.

2.

Let the greedy clowns
 That do live like hounds,
 That know neither *bound* nor *measure*
 Lament each loss,
 For their *wealth* is their cross,
 Whose delight is in their *treasure*,
 But we that have none,
 Will use theirs as our own,
 And spend it at our pleasure.

3. Troul

3.

Troul about the *bowl*,
 The delight of my soul,
 And to my hand commend it;
 A fig for *chink*,
 'Twas made to buy drink;
 Before that we go we'll end it:
 When we've spent our store,
 The land will yield us more,
 And jovially we will spend it.

SONG VI. *The Good-fellow.*

1.

Stay, stay, shut the gate;
 T'other quart, faith, it is not so late,
 As you're thinking;
 Those *Stars* which you see
 In this *hemisphere*, be
 But the *studs* in your cheeks by your *drinking*.
 The *Sun* is gone to tippie all night in the sea boyes;
 To morrow h'l blush that he's paler than we boyes,
 Drink *wine*, give him *water*, 'tis *sack* makes us the
 (boyes.

2.

Fill, fill up the glass,
 To the next merry *Lad* let it pass,
 Come away w'it;
 Come set foot to foot,
 And but give your minds to't,
 'Tis *heretical fix*, that doth slay wit.
 No *helicon* like to the juice of the *Vine* is,
 For *Phabus* had never had wit, or diviness,
 Had his face not been *bowdy'd* as thine, his, and
 (mine is.
 3. Drink,

F

3.

Drink, drink off your bowls,
 We'll enrich both our heads and our souls
 With *Canary*;
 A *carbuncled* face
 Saves a tedious race;
 For the *Indies* about us we carry.
 Then hang up good faces, we'll drink till our noses
 Give freedom to speak what our fancy disposes;
 Beneath whose protection is *under the Roses*.

4.

This, this must go round,
 Off your *hates*, till that the *pavement* be
 With your *beavers*. (crown'd
 A red-coated face
 Frights a *Sergeant* at mace,
 And the *Constable* trembles to shivers.
 In state march our faces like those of the *Quorum*,
 When the *Wenches* fall down & the *vulgar* adore 'um,
 And our noses, like *Link-boys*, run shining before 'um.

An Addition by M. C. Esquire.

5.

Call, call, honest *Will*,
 Hang a long and tedious bill,
 It disgraces;
 When our *Rubies* appear,
 We justly may swear,
 That the reckoning is true by our faces. (ing,
 Let the Bar-boy go sleep, & the drawers leave roat-
 Our looks will account without them, had we more in
 When each pimple that rises will save a quart sco-
 (ring.

SONG

SONG VII. *The Mock-Song*, by T. J.

I.

HOld, hold, quaffe no more,
 But restore
 If *you* can, what you've *lost* by *your drinking*,
 Three Kingdoms and Crowns,
 With their Cities and Towns,
 While the King and his progeny's sinking.
 The studs in your cheeks have obscur'd his *star boyes*,
 Your drinking miscarriages in the late war boyes,
 Have brought his prerogative now to the bar
 (boyes.

2.

Throw, throw down the glass
 He's an Ass
 That *extracts* all his worth from *Canary*;
 That valour will shrink
 That's only good in drink,
 'Twas the *cup* made the *camp* to miscarry.
 (tame ye,
 You thought in the world, there's no power could
 You tippled and whor'd till the foe overcame ye,
 Gods nigs, and ne'r stir, *Sir*, has vanquish'd God
 (damm me.)

3.

Fly, fly from the Coast,
 Or you're lost,
 And the *water* will *run* where the *drink* went,
 From hence you must sink
 If you have no chink;
 'Tis the course of the *royal Delinquent*.

You love to see *Beer-bowls* turn'd over the *thumb* well
(well)

You like three fair *Gamesters*, four *Dice*, & a *Drum*
But you'd as lief see the *Devil* as *Fairfax* or *Cromwell*
(well)

4.

Drink, drink not the round
You'l be drown'd
In the *source* of your *sack* and your *sonnets* :
Try once more your fate
For the King against the State,
And go barter your *beavers* for *bonnets*.
(chanter)

You see how they're *charm'd* by the *Kingdoms* in
And therefore pack hence to *Virginia* for *planters*;
For an *A&t* and two *Redcoats* will rout all the *ra-*
(terr)

S O N G VIII. *The Answer.*

I.

Stay, stay, prate no more,
Let thy *brain*, like thy *purse* run 'ch score
Though thou strain 't it ;
Those are *Traytors* in grain,
That of *Sack* do complain,
And rail by 'ts own power against it.

Those *Kingdoms* and *Crowns* which your *poetry* pities,
Are fain by the pride and hypocrisie of *Cities*,
And not by those *brains* that love *sack* & good *ditties*.
The K. and his progeny had kept 'um from *sinking*,
Had they had no worse foes, then the Lads that
(love drinking,

We that tipple ha' no *leisure* for *plotting* or *thinking*.
He,

2.

He, he is an As
 That doth throw down *himself* with a glass
 Of Canary;
 He that's quiet will think
 Much the better of drink,
 'Cause the *cups* made the *camp* to miscarry:

(you lie;

You whore though we tipple, and there my friend
 Your sports did determine in the month before July,
 (my truly:

There's less fraud in plain *dams* me, then your fly by
 'Tis Sack makes our bloods both the purer & warmer;
 We need not your Priest or the feminine charmer,
 For a bowl of Canary's a whole suit of armour.

3.

Hold, hold, not so fast;
 Tipple on, for there is no such hast
 To be going:

We drowning may fear,
 But your end will be there
 Where there is neither swimming, nor rowing:

(down boyes,

We were Gamesters alike, and our stakes were both
 But Fortune did favour you being her own boyes,
 And who would not venture a cast for a crown boyes?
 (foes is,

Since we wear the right colours he the worst of our
 That goes to traduce us, and fondly supposes,
 That Cromwel is an enemy to Sack and red noses.

4.

Then, then quaffe it round,
 No deceit in a brimmer is found;

F 3

Here's

Here's no swearing,
 Beer and Ale makes you prate
 Of the *Kirk* and the *State*,
 Wanting other discourse worth the hearing:
 This strumpets your *Muses*, to ballad or flatter
 Or rail, and your betters with froth to bespatter,
 And your talk's all *diurnals* and Gunpowder matter:
 But we (while old *Sack* does divinely inspire us)
 Are active to do what our *Rulers* require us,
 And attempt such exploits as the world shall ad-
 (mire us.

SONG IX. *The Levellers Rant.*

Written in 1648.

TO the *Hall*, to the *hall*,
 For justice we call,
 On the *King* and his pow'rful adherents & friends,
 Who still have endeavoured, but we work their
 'Tis we will pull down what e're is above us, (ends
 And make them to fear us, that never did love us
 We'll level the proud, and make every degree
 To our *Royalty* bow the knee;
 'Tis no less then Treason
 'Gainst freedom and Reason
 For our brethren to be higher than we.

First the thing, call'd a *King*,
 To judgement we bring, (then he,
 And the spawn of the *Court*, that were prouder
 And next, the two houses united shall be,

It does to the *Romish* religion enveagle;
 For the State to be two headed like the *spread-eagle*
 We'l purge the superfluous Members away,
 They are too many Kings to sway,
 And as we all teach;
 'Tis our Liberties breach,
 For the Free-born *Saints* to obey.

3.

Not a Claw, in the Law,
 Shall keep us in aw;
 We'l have no *cushion-cuffers* to tell us of hell:
 For we are all *gifted* to do it as well;
 'Tis freedom that we do hold forth to the Nation,
 To enjoy our *fellow-creatures* as at the creation:
 The *Carnal* mens wives are for men of the *spirit*,
 Their wealth is our own by merit;
 For we that have right,
 By the Law called *Might*,
 Are the *Saints* that must judge and inherit.

SONG X. *The New Courtier.*

Written in 1648.

Since it must be so,
 Then so let it go,
 Let the *Giddy-brain'd* times turn round;
 Since we have no King, let the goblet be crown'd,
 Our *Monarchy* thus we'l recover; (souls
 While the *pottles* are weeping, we'l drench our sad
 In *big-bellied* bowles,
 Our sorrows in Sack shall lye sleeping,
 And we'l drink till our eyes do run over;
 And prove it by reason,
 That it can be no *Treason*,

To drink and to sing
A *Mournival* of healths to our new-crown'd King.

2.

Let us all stand bare,
In the *presence* we are;
Let our *noses* like *bonfires* shine,
In stead of the *Conduits*, let the *pottles* run wine,
To perfect this new *Coronation*;
And we that are loyal,
In drink, shall be *Peers*,
Whiles that face, that wears
Pare *Claret*, looks like the *blood-royal*,
And out-stares the *Bores* of the Nation;
In sign of obedience,
Our *oaths* of *Allegiance*
Beer-glasses shall be,
And he that tipples *ten*, 's of the *Nobility*.

3.

But if in this *Raign*,
The *Halberted* train
Or the *Constable* should rebel,
And should make their *twy-bill'd militia* to swell
And against the *Kings* party raise arms,
Then the *Drawers* like *Yeomen*
Of the *Guard*, with *quart-pots*,
Shall fuddle the *sots*,
While we make 'um both *cuckolds* & *freemen*,
And on their wives beat up *alarums*.
Thus as each *health* passes,
We'll tripple the *glasses*,
And hold it no-sin
To be loyal, and drink in defence of our King.

SONG

SONG XI. *The Safety.**written in 1646.*

Since it has been lately enacted *high Treason*,
 For a man to speak *truth* of the *heads* of the *state*,
 Let every wise man make use of his reason;
 See and hear what he can, but take heed what he
 For the proverbs do learn us, (prate.
He that staves from the battail, sleeps in a whole skin,
And our words are our own, if we can keep 'um in;
 What fools are we then, that to prattle begin
 Of things that do not concern us?

2.

Let the three kingdoms fall to one of the *prime ones*
My minde is a Kingdom, and shall be to me,
 I could make it appear, if I had but the time once
 I'm as happy with one, as he can be with three,
 If I could but enjoy it.
 He that's mounted on high, is a mark for the *bate*
 And the *envy* of every *pragmatical* pate,
 While he that *creeps* low, lives safe in his state,
 And *greatness* doth scorn to annoy it.

3.

I am never the better which side gets the battel,
 The *Tubs* or the *Crosses* what is it to me?
 They'l never increase my goods or my cattel,
 But a *beggar's* a *beggar*, and so he shall be,
 Unless he turn *Traytor*.
 Let *Misers* take courses to heap up their treasure,
 Whose *lust* has no *limits*, whose *mind* has no *measure*,
 Let me be but quiet and take a little pleasure,
 And little contents my nature.

4. My

4.

My petition shall be that *Canary* be cheaper,
 W'thout patent or custome, or cursed excise;
 That the *Wits* may have leave to drink deeper and
 (deeper,
 And not be undone, while their heads they baptise
 And in liquor do drench 'um,
 If this were but granted, who would not desire,
 To dub himself one of *Apollo's* own quire?
 We'll ring out the bells, when our noses are on fire
 And the quarts shall be the buckets to quench
 ('um.

5.

I account him no wit, that is gifted at railing,
 And *flirting* at those that above him do sit;
 While they do out wit him with *whipping* and *goaling*,
 Then his *purse* and his *person* both pay for his wit;
 'Tis better to be drinking:
 If *Sack* were reform'd into *Twelve pence* a quart,
 I'd study for money to merchandize for'r,
 And a friend that is true, we together will sport:
 Not a word, but we'll pay them with thinking.

SONG XI. *The Companion.*

W^Hat need we take care for *Platonical* Rules?
 Or the precepts of *Aristotle*? (fools,
 They that think to find learning in books are but
 True Philosophy lies in the bottle.
 And a mind,
 That's confin'd
 To the mode of the Schools,
 Ne'r arrives at the height of a pottle.
 Let the sages
 Of our ages

Keep

Keep a talking
Of our walking,
Demurely, while we that are wiser,
Do abhor all
That's moral
In *Plato*
And *Cato*
And *Seneca* talks like a *Sizer*.

Chorus.

*Then let full bowles on bowles be hurl'd,
That our jollity may be compleater,
For Man though he be but a very little world,
Must be drown'd, as well as the greater.*

2.

We'll drink till our cheeks are as starr'd as the *skies*;
Let the pale-colour'd *students* flowt us,
And our noses like *Comets*, set fire on our eyes,
Till we bear the whole heavens about us.
And if all
Make us fall,
Then our heels shall devise
What the stars are a doing without us.

Let *Lilly*
Go tell you
Of thunders
And wonders,
Let *Astrologers* all divine;
And let *Booker*
Be a looker
Of our natures
In our features,
He'll find nothing but *Claret* in mine,

Chorus.

Then let full bowles &c.

SONG

SONG XIII. *Capernicum.*

1.

Let the bowl pass free
 From him to thee
 As it first came to mee,
 'Tis pity that we should confine it,
 Having all either credit or coyn yet,
 Let it e'n take its course,
 There's no stopping its force,
 We that shuffles must inter-line it,

2.

Lay aside your cares,
 Of shops and Wares,
 And irrational fears;
 Let each breast be as thoughtless as his'n is,
 That from his bride newly ris'n is;
 We'l banish each soul,
 That comes here to a condole,
 Or is troubled with *love* or *business*.

3.

The King we'l not name,
 Nor a Lady t'enflame
 With desire to the game,
 And into a dumpishness drive all,
 Or make us run mad, and go wive all;
 We'l have this whole night
 Set a part for delight,
 And our mirth shall have no corrival.

4.

Then see that the Glas
 Through its circuit do pass,
 Till it come where it was;

And

And every nose has been within it,
 Till he end it that first did begin it;
 As Copernicus found,
 That the Earth did turn round,
 We will prove so does every thing in it.

SONG XIV. *The Painters Entertainment.*

I.

THis is the time, and this is the day
 Design'd for mirth and sporting,
 We'll turn *October* into *May*,
 And make *St. Luke's* feast
 As pleasant and long as the rest:
 We'll in our own faces our *colours* display,
 And hollow our yearly resorting.

Then let the bowles turn round round,
 While in them our *colours* we mingle,
 To raise our dull souls from the ground,
 Our arts and our pains are thus crown'd;
 And happy are we,
 That in unity be;
 Tis a hell upon earth to be single.

Chorus.

'Twas love at first that brought us hither,
 And love shall keep us here together.

2.

First to the Master of the feast,
 This health is consecrated;
 Thence to each *sublimary* guest,
 Whose soul doth desire,
 This *Nectar* to praise and inspire;

Till

Till he with *Apelles* himself doth *contest*,
And his fancy is elevated,

Then let, &c.

Chorus.

'Twas love, &c.

3.

Lo how the *air*, the *earth*, and the *seas*,
Have all brought in their treasure,
To feast each sence with rarities,
Plump *Bacchus* brings wine,
And *Ceres* her dainties doth joyn;
The *air* with rare musick doth *eccho*, and these
All club to create us pleasure.

Then let the *bowles*, &c,

Chorus.

'Twas love, &c.

4.

Now in our fancies we will suppose
The world in all its glory,
Imagine all delight that growes,
And pleasures that can
Fill up the vast soul of a man;
'And glut the *cypallat*, the *eyes*, *ears* and *nose*,
By the fancy presented before you.

Then let the *bowles*, &c.

Chorus.

'Twas love, &c.

5.

We'l use no pencil now but the bowl,
Let every artist know it,
In sack we will pourtray each soul;

Each

Each health that is took,
Will give us the livelier look;
And who's he that dares our fancy controul,
When each *Painter* is turned a Poet?

Then let the bowles, &c.

Chorus

'Twas love, &c.

6.

And though we cannot the day extend
Beyond its proper measure;
The *night* and it themselves shall blend,
We care not for night,
When our hearts and our heads are all light,
Nor the time, nor the company shall have an end,
Honest mirth of it self is a treasure.

Then let the bowles, &c.

Chorus.

'Twas love, &c.

SONG XV. *The Cure of Care.*

I.

WHy should we not laugh and be jolly?
Since now all the world is mad;
All lull'd in a dull *melancholly*:
He that wallows in store,
Is still gaping for more;
And that makes him as poor,
As that wretch that never any thing had.
How mad is the damn'd *money-monger*,
That to purchase to him and his heirs,
Growes shrivled with *thirst* and *hunger*?

While

While we that are bonny,
Buy Sack for ready mony,
And ne'r trouble *Scriv'ners* nor *Lawyers*.

2.

Those *Gulls* that by scraping and toyling,
Have swell'd the *Revenues* so vast,
Get nothing by all their turmoyling,
But are *marks* for each tax,
While they load their own *backs*,
With the heavier *packs*,
And lie down gall'd and weary at last;
While we that do traffick in *Tipple*,
Can baffle the *gown* and the *sword*,
Whose *jawes* are so hungry and *grippe*;
We ne'r trouble our heads,
With *indentures* or *deeds*,
But our *Wills* are compris'd in a word.

3.

Our *money* shall never *Indite* us,
Nor drag us to *Goldsmiths-Hall*;
Nor *Pirats*, nor *storms* can affright us:
We that have no *estates*,
Pay no *taxes* or *rates*,
But can sleep with open *gates*,
He that lies on the ground cannot fall:
We laugh at those fools, whose *endeavours*
Do but fit 'um for *prisons* or *fines*,
While we that spend all are the *savers*;
For if *theeves* do steal in,
They go out empty agin,
Nay the *Plunderers* lose their designs.

4.

Then let's not take care for to morrow,
But *tipple* and *laugh* while we may,

To wash from our hearts all sorrow ;
 Those *Cormorants* which
 Are troubled with an itch,
 To be mighty and rich,
 Do but toyle for the wealth which they borrow.
 The *Mayor of the Town* with his ruff on,
 What a pox is he better than we ?
 He must vail to the men with the buff on ;
 He *Custard* may eat,
 And such luberly meat,
 But we *drink* and are *merrier* than he.

SONG XVI. *Content.*

Out of Anacreon.

I.

IF *wealth* could keep a man alive,
 I'd only study how to thrive ;
 That having got a mighty mass,
 I might bribe the *fates* to let me pass :
 But since we can't prolong our years,
 Why spend we time in needless sighs and tears ?
 For since *Destiny*
 Has decreed us to die,
 And all must pass o're the old ferry ;
 Hang riches and cares,
 Since we ha'nt many years,
 We'll have a short life and a merry,

3.

Times keep their round, and *destiny*,
 Observes not whe'r we laugh or cry,
 And *Fortune* never does bestow,
 A look on what we do below :
 But men with equal swiftness run
 To prey on others, or be prey'd upon ;

G

Since

Since we can take no course,
 To be *better* or *worse*,
 Let none be a melancholly *thinker*;
 Let the *Times* the round go,
 So the *cups* do so too,
 Ne'r blush at the name of a *Drinker*.

SONG XVII. *Mirth.*

Out of Anacreon.

I.

WHen our brains well liquor'd are,
 Then we charm asleep our care,
 Then we accompt *Machiavil* a fool with his plots,
 And cry there's no *depth*, but the bottom o' th' pots,
 Then *Hector* compar'd with us, will be
 But a coward, and *Crasus* beggarly:
 Then with songs our voices we raise,
 And circle our *Temples* with bays;
 Then *Honour* we account but a blast of Wind,
 And trample all things in our mind.
 The *valiant* at arms,
 That are led by fond charms,
 Get their honour with *harms*,
 While he that takes up
 A plentiful *cup*,
 To no danger is brought,
 But of paying his *groat*.
 Then quickly come *Lad* and fill our *cups* full,
 For since down we must all be laid,
 'Tis held a good rule
 In *Bacchus* free-school
 'Tis better lie *drunk* than *dead*.

SONG

SONG XVIII. *The Independants Resolve.*

Written in 1648.

Come *Drawer* and fill us about some wine,
 Let's merrily tippie the day's our own;
 We'll have our delights, let the *Countrey* go pine,
 Let the *King* and his *Kingdom* groan.
 The *Crown* is our own, and so shall continue;
 We'll *Monarchy* baffle quite,
 We'll drink off the *Kingdoms* revenue,
 And *sacrifice* all to delight.
 'Tis power that brings
 Us all to be *Kings*,
 And we'll be all crown'd by our *might*.

2.

A fig for *divinity* lectures and *law*,
 And all that to *Loyalty* do pretend;
 While we by the *sword* keep the *Kingdom* in awe,
 Our *power* shall never have end.
 The *Church* and the *State* we'll turn into *Liquor*,
 And spend a whole town in a day;
 We'll melt all their *bodkins* the quicker
 Into *Sack*, and drink them away.
 We'll keep the *demzans*,
 And turn *Biskops* and *Deans*,
 And over the *Presbyter* sway.

3.

The nimble *St. Patrick* is sunk in his boggs,
 And his *Countrey-men*, sadly cry *O hone, O hone!*
St. Andrew and's *Kirk-men* are lost in the foggs,
 Now we are the *Saints* alone.
 Thus on our *Superiours* and *Equals* we trample,
 And *Jackie* our stirrup shall hold:
 The *City's* our *Mule* for example,

G 2

That

That we may in plenty be rout'd.
 Each delicate dish,
 Shall but *Eccho* our wish
 And our *drink* shall be cordial gold.

SONG XIX. On *Canary*.

I.

OF all the rare juices
 That *Bacchus* or *Ceres* produces,
 There's none that I can, nor dare I
 Compare with the princely *Canary*;
 For this is the thing
 That a fancy infuses;
 This first got a King,
 And next the Nine *Muses*
 'Twas this made old *Poets* so sprightly to sing,
 And fill all the world with the glory and fame on't,
 They *Hell* con call'd it, and the *Thespian*-spring,
 But this was the *drink*, though they knew not
 (the name on't.

2.

Our *Sider* and *Perry*,
 May make a man mad but not merry;
 It makes people windmill-pated,
 And with *crackers* sophisticated;
 And your *hops*, *yeast*, and *malt*,
 When they're mingled together,
 Makes our fancies to halt,
 Or reel any whither:
 It stuffs up our brains with *froth*, and with *yeast*,
 That if one would write but a verse for a *Be'-man*,
 He must study till *Christmas* for an eight *shilling*-jest,
 These liquors won't raise, but drown, and o're-
 (whelm man.

3. Our

3.

Our drouisie *Metheglin*
 Was only ordain'd to enveigle in ;
 The *Novice* that knows not to drink yet,
 But is fuddled before he can think it ;
 And your *Claret* and *White*,
 Have a *Gun-powder* fury,
 They're of the *French* spright,
 But they *wont* long endure you.
 And your holiday *Muscadine*, *Allegant*, and *Tent*,
 Have only this property and vertue that's fit in't:
 They'l make a man sleep till a preachment be spent,
 But we neither can warm our blood nor our wit
 (in't.

4.

The *Bagrag* and *Rhenish*
 You must with *ingredients* replenish ;
 'Tis a *wine* to please *Ladies* and *toyes* with,
 But not for a man to rejoyce with :
 But 'tis *Sack* makes the sport,
 And who gains but that *flavour*,
 Though an *Abbes* he court,
 In his high shooes, he'l have her.
 'Tis this that advances the drinker and drawer,
 Though the *father* came to *Town* in his *hob-nails*
 (and *leather*,
 He turns it to *Velvet*, and brings up an *Heir*, (ther.
 In the *Town* in his *chain*, in the *field* with his *fea-*

SONG XX. *The Leveller.*

I.

N Ay prethee don't fly me,
 But sit thee down by me,
 I cannot endure
 A man that's demure

G 3

Go

Go hang up your *Worships* and *Sirs* ;
 Your *congies* and *trips* ,
 With your legs and your lips ;
 Your *Madams* and *Lords* ,
 And such finikin words ,
 With the complements you bring ,
 That do spell *NO - THING* ;
 You may keep for the *chains* and the *furs* :
For at the beginning, was no Peasant or Prince,
And 'twas policy made the distinction since.

2.

Those Titles of honours
 Do remain in the *Donours*.
 And not in that thing,
 To which they do cling.
 If his soul be too narrow to wear 'um,
 No delight can I see
 In that word call'd Degree,
 Honest *Dick* sounds as well
 As a name of an *ell*,
 That with titles doth swell,
 And sounds like a *spell*,
 To affright mortal ears that hear 'um.
He that wears a brave soul, and dares gallantly do,
May be his own Herald and Godfather too.

3.

Why then should we doat on,
 One with a fools coat on ?
 Whose *Coffers* are cram'd,
 But yet he'l be damn'd,
 E're he'l do a good act, or a wise one ;
 What *Reason* has he
 To be ruler o'r me ?

That's

That's a Lord in his chest,
 But in's *head* and his *breast*
 Is empty and bare,
 Or but puff'd up with air,
 And can neither *assist* nor *advise* one.
Honour's but air, and proud flesh but dust is ;
'Tis we Commons make Lords, and the Clerk makes
(the Justice.

4.

But since men must be
 Of a different degree,
 Because most do aspire,
 To be greater and higher,
 Then the rest of their fellows and brothers,
 He that has such a spirit,
 Let him gain it by's merit ;
 Spend his *brain, wealth, or blood*
 For his *Countreys* good,
 And make himself fit
 By his *valour* or *wit*,
 For *things* 'bove the *reach* of all others ;
 For honour's a prize, and who wins it may wear it,
 If not, 'tis a badge and a burthen to bear it.

5.

For my part let me
 Be but quiet and free,
 I'll drink Sack and obey,
 And let great ones sway,
 Who spend their whole time in thinking ;
 I'll ne'r busie my pate
 With secrets of State,
 The *News-books* I'll burn all,
 And with the *Diurnal*

Light Tobacco, and admit
 That they're so far fit,
 As they serve good company and drinking.
All the name I desire, is an honest Good-fellow ;
And that man has no worth, that won't sometimes be
 (mellow)

SONG XXI. *The Royallists Answer.*

1.

I Have reason to fly thee,
 And not sit down by thee ;
 For I hate to behold,
 One so sawcy and bold,
 To deride and contemn his superiours :
 Our *Madams* and *Lords*,
 And such mannerly words,
 With the *gestures* that be
 Fit for every degree,
 Are things that we and you
 Both claim as our due,
 From all those that are our inferiours. (know
 For from the beginning there were *Princes*, we
 'Tis you *Levellers* hate 'um, 'cause you can't be so.

2.

All Titles of honours
 Were at first in the *donours* ;
 But being granted away,
 With the *Grantee* stay,
 Whe'r he wear a small soul or a bigger.
 There's a necessity
 That there should be degree ;
 Whe'r 'tis due we'll afford
 A *Sir John*, and my *Lord* ;

Though

Though *Dick*, *Tom*, and *Jack*,
 will serve you and your pack;
 Honest *Dick*'s name enough for a Digger.
 He that has a strong *purse*, can all things be or do,
 He is *valiant*, and *wise*, and *religious* too.

3.

We have cause to adore,
 That man that has store,
 Though a *Bore* or a *for*,
 There's something to be got;
 Though he be neither *honest* nor *witty*;
 Make him high, let him rule;
 He'll be playing the fool,
 And *transgress*, then we'll squeeze
 Him for *finer* and for *fees*.
 And so we shall gain,
 By the wants of his brain;
 'Tis the *fools-cap* that maintains the *City*.
 If honour be *air*, 'tis in common, and as fit, (wit.
 For the *fool* and the *clown*, as for the *champion* or the

4.

Then why may'nt we be
 Of different degree?
 And each man aspire
 To be greater and higher
 Then his *wife* and *honest* brother;
 Since *Fortune* and *Nature*
 Their *favours* do scatter;
 This hath *valour*, that *wit*,
 T'other *wealth*, nor i't fit
 That one should have all;
 For then what would befall
 Him, that's *born* not to *one* nor to t'other?

Though

Though *honour* were a prize at first, now 'tis a *chattel*,
And as *merchantable* grown as your wares, or your
(cattel.

5.

Yet in this we agree,
To live quiet and free,
To drink *Sack* and *submit*,
And not shew our wit
By our *prating*, but *silence*, and *thinking* :
Let the politick *Jews*
Read *Diurnals* and *News*,
And lard their discourse,
With a Comment that's worse;
That which pleaseth me best,
Is a Song or a Jest,
And my obedience I'll shew by my *drinking*.

(doth think well ;

He that drinks well, does sleep well ; he that sleeps well,
He that thinks well, does do well, he that does well, must
(drink well.

SONG XXII. *The safe Estate.*

I.

HOW happy a man is he,
Whose soul is quiet and free,
And liveth content with his own ?
That does not desire
To swell nor aspire,
To the *Coronet*, nor to the *Crown*.
He that doth sit and devise,
Those *Muskromes* that rise,
But disturbs not his sleep,
At the quail that they keep,

Both

Both in *Countrey* and *Town* ;
 In the *plain* he sits safe,
 And doth privately laugh
 At *high thoughts* that are *tumbling down*.

2.

His heart and his head are at rest,
 And he sleeps with a *sorrowless breast*,
 That aspires not to sit at the *helm* :
 The desires of his mind,
 To's his estate are confin'd ;
 And he lets not his *brains* to o'r *whelm*.
 He's for innocent sport,
 And keeps off from the *Court* ;
 And if sad thoughts arise,
 He does only devise

With *Sack* to repel 'um.
 Though the times do turn round,
 He doth still keep his ground,
 Both in a *Republique* and *Realm*.

3.

He wears his own head and ears,
 And he *tipples* in safety with's peers,
 And harmlessly passeth his time :
 If he meet with a cross,
 A full *bowle* he doth to'ss,
 Nor his *wealth*, nor his *wit*, are his crime.
 He doth privately sit
 With his friend clubbing wit ;
 And disburd'ning their breasts
 Of some innocent *jest*s,
 And not higher doth clime.
 He smiles at the fate
 Of those *Courtiers* of State,
 That fall down 'cause their thoughts are sublime.

4. But

4.

But *Princes* and *Nobles* are still,
 Not *tenants* for *life*, but at *will*,
 And the giddy brain'd *raut* is their *Lord*;
 He that's *crowned* to day,
 A *Scepter* to sway,
 And by all is obey'd and ador'd;
 Both he and his *Crown*,
 In a trice are thrown down;
 For an act just and good,
 If mis-understood,
 Or an ill-relish'd *word*;
 While *he* that *scorns* *pelf*,
 And enjoys his own self,
 Is secure from the *Vote* of the *Sword*.

SONG XXIII.

TH' *Astrologers*,
 That trade in *Starrs*
 Tell me I have not long to live;
 Yet do I cry;
 Lo here am I,
 Let *fortune* still
 Do what he will,
 I'll neither *care* nor *grieve*.

2.

Fortue I know,
 Is still my foe,
 And lets me not grow *fat*, nor *thrive*;
 But I, I vow,
 Will never bow,
 Nor *dout* and be
 As blind as *she*,
 But keep my self alive.

3. This

3.

This I do know,

We all must go ;

Though some go sooner, others later ;

But why so fast ?

There's no such hast ;

Some post are gone ,

We'l but jog on,

Rait first, and then walk after.

4.

The clown and's beast

Make hast to rest,

But *Lords* and *Courtiers* sit up longer :

Before we part,

Fill t'other quart ;

Wash t'other eye ,

And then we'l try

Whe'r *death* or man be stronger.

5.

In th' interim,

Fill to the brim ;

Travelling will make us weary ;

Since th' journey's great,

And hurts our feet,

Bacchus shall be

A horse for me,

He's strong enough to carry.

SONG XXIV. *The Polititian.*

Written in 1649.

WHat *madness* is't for him that's wise,
To be so much self-hating ?

Himself and his to sacrifice,

By *medling* still with things too high,

That

That don't concern, but gratifie
 His litchery of prating.
 What is't to us who's in the ruling power?
While they protect, we're bound to obey,
But longer not an hour.

2.

Nature made all alike at first,
 But *men* that fram'd this fiddle,
 Of government, made best and worst,
 And high and low, like various strings,
 Each man his several ditty sings,
 To tune this state down diddle.
In this grand wheel the world, we're spokes made all,
But that it may still keep its round,
Some mount while others fall.

3.

The blinder Ruler that by night,
 Sits with his host of *Bill-men*,
 With their chalk'd weapons, that affright
 The wondring clown that haps to view
 His worship, and his Gowned crew,
 As if they sate to Kill men.
Speak him but fair, he'l let you freely go:
And those that on the high rope dance,
Will do the same trick too.

4.

I'll ne'r admire
 That *fatuous fire*,
 That is not what it seems,
 For those, that now to us seem higher :
 Like painted *bubbles* blown i'th air,
 By boyes, seem glorious and fair,
 'Tis but in boyes esteems.

Rule

*Rule of its self's a toyl and none would bear it,
But that 'twixt pride and avarice,
And close revenge they'l share it.*

5.

*Since all the world is but a stage,
And every man a player;
They're fools that lives or states engage;
Let's act and juggle as others do;
Keep what's our own, get others too;
Play whiffler, clown or Maior:
For he that sticks to what his heart calls just,
Becomes a sacrifice and prey
To the prosperous whirllegis lust.*

6.

*Each wise man first best loves himself,
Lives close, thinks and obeys;
Makes not his soul a slave to's self;
Nor idly squanders it away,
To cram their mawes that taxes lay,
On what he does, or sayes;
For those grand cords that man to man do twist,
Now are not honesty and love
But self and interest.*

SONG XXV. *The Prisoners.*

Written when O. C. attempted to be King.

Oliver Cromwell (or nothing,

COME a brimmer (my bullies) drink whole ones
Now *healths* have been voted down,
'Tis Sack that can heat us, we care not for cloathing,
A gallon's as warm as a gown;
'Cause the Parliament sees,
Nor the former nor these,

Could

Could engage us to drink their *health*,
 They Vote that we shall
 Drink no *healths* at all,
 Nor to *King*, nor to *Common-wealth*, (*stealth*.
 So that now we must venture to drink 'um by

2.

But we've found out a way that's beyond all their
 To keep up *Good-fellowship* still; (thinking:
 We'll drink their *destruction* that would destroy
 Let 'um Vote that a *health* if they will. (*drinking*,
 Those men that did fight,
 And did pray day and night
 For the *Parliament* and its attendant,
 Did make all that bussle,
 The King out to juggle,
 And bring in the *Independent*,
 But now we all clearly see what was the end on'r.

3.

(also,

Now their Idol's thrown down with their *feoterkin*
 About which they did make such a pother,
 And though their *contrivance* made one K. to fall so
 We have drunk our selves into another.

And now (my Lads) we
 May still *Cavaliers* be,
 In spite of *Committees* frown:
 We will drink, and we'll sing,
 And each *health* to our King,
 Shall be Royally drunk in the *Crown*,
 Which shall be the *Standard* in every Town.

4.

Those *politick would-bees* do but shew themselves
 That other mens calling invade, (asies,
 We only converse with pots and with glasses;
 Let the *Rulers* alone with their trade.

The

The *Lyon* of the Tower,
 Their estates does devour,
 Without shewing law for't or reason;
 Into prison we get,
 For the crime called *debt*,
 Where our bodies and *brains* we do season,
 And that is ne'r taken for *murder* or *treason*.

3.

(more drink boyes,

Where our ditties still be, give's more drink, give's
 Let those that are frugal take care;
 Our *Goalers* and we will live by our chink boyes,
 While our *Creditors* live by the air.
 Here we lie at our ease,
 And get *craft* and *grease*,
 Till we've merrily spent our store;
 Then as drink brought us in,
 'Twill redeem us agen;
 We got in because we were poor,
 And swear our selves out on the very same score.

SONG XXVI. *Satisfaction.*

1.

I Have often heard men say,
 That the *Philosophers* of old,
 Though they were good, and grave, and gay,
 Did various opinions hold;
 And with idolatry adore
 The *Gods* that themselves had made before;
 And we that are *fools* do do no more.

2.

Every man desires what's good;
 But wherein that good consists,
 Is not by any understood.

H

This

This sets on work both pens and fitt;
 For this condemns what that approves,
 And this *man* doth *hate*, what that *man* loves;
 And that's the grand wheel that discord moves.

3.

This would *valiant* be, that *wise*,
 That's for th' *sea*, and this for *land*;
 All do judge upon *surmise*,
 None do rightly *understand*;
 These may be *like*, but are not *that*,
Something there is that all drive at,
 But only they differ about the WHAT.

4.

And from all these several *ends*,
 Springs diversity of *actions*,
 For every man his *studies* bends,
 As *opinion* builds his *faction*.
 Each man's his own *God-smith*; what he
 Thinks good, is good to him, and we
 First make, and then adore our deity.

5.

A *mind* that's *honest*, *pure*, and *just*,
 A sociable life and free,
 A *friend* that dares not break a *trust*,
 Yet dares *die*, if occasion be;
 A heart that dictates to the *tongue*,
 A *soul* that's *innocent* and *strong*,
 That can, yet will not do any *wrong*:
 He that has such a *soul*, and a *mind*,
 That is so blest, and so inclin'd,
 What all these do seek for, he does find.

SONG

SONG XXVII. *The Club.*

1.

Prithee ben't so sad and serious,
 Nothing's got by grief or care;
Melancholy's too imperious,
 Where it comes 'twill *domineer* :
 If thou hast a cloudy breast,
 In which thy *cares* would build a nest;
 Then drink good *Sack*, 'twill make thee rest,
 Where *sorrows* come not near.

2.

Be it *business*, *love*, or *sorrow*,
 That possesses thus my mind,
 Bid them come again to morrow;
 We are now to *mirth* inclin'd:
 Fill thy *cup* and drown them all,
 Sorrows still do for *liquor* call,
 We'll make this *Bacchus* festival,
 And cast our cares behind.

3.

He that has a *heart* that's drowsie,
 Shall be surely banished hence;
 We'll shun him as a man that's lowlie,
 He's of *dangerous* consequence :
 And he that's silent like a *block*,
 Deserves to be made a laughingstock,
 Let all *good fellows* shun that rock,
 For fear they forfeit *sense*.

4.

Still those *clocks*, let time attend us,
 We'll not be to hours confin'd;
 We'll banish all that may offend us,
 Or disturb our *mirth* design'd;

H 2

Let

Let the glass run its round,
 And each *good-fellow* keep his ground,
 And if there be any *flincher* found,
 We'll have his soul *new-coyn'd*.

SONG XXVIII. *The Prodigal.*

I.

Nay perswade not, I've sworn
 We'll have one *pottle* more,
 Though we run on the score,
 And our *credits* do stretch for't;
 To what end does a *father*
 Pine his *body*, or rather
 Damn his *soul*, for to gather
 Such *store*, but that he has this *fetch* for't;
 That we Sons should be *high* boyes,
 And make it all fly boyes,
 And when he does die boyes,
 Instead of a *Sermon* we'll sing him a *catch* for't.

2.

Then hang the Dull wit
 Of that *white-liver'd* cit
 That *good-fellows* does hit
 In teeth with a *red-nose*;
 May his nose look blew,
 Or any dreadfuller hew,
 That may speak him *untrue*,
 And disloyal unto the *headnose*;
 'Tis the scarlet that graces,
 And sets out our faces,
 And that nature base is,
 That esteems not a *Copper-nose*, more than a *Lead-*

(nose.

3.

All the world keeps a round,
First our *Fathers* abound
In *wealth* and buy ground.

And then leave it behind 'um :
We're straight put in *black*,
Where we *mourn* and drink *Sack*,
And do t'other knock,

While they sleep in their *graves* we ne'r mind
Thus we scatter the *store*, (um:

As they *rak'd* it before ;

And as for the *poor*,

We enrich them as fast as our fathers did grind 'um.

SONG XXIX. *The Antipolititian.*

1.

Come leave thy *care*, and love thy friend ;
Live freely, don't despair,
Of *getting* money there's no end,
And *keeping* it breeds care.

If thou hast money at thy need,
Good *company*, and good *Wine*,
His *life*, whose *joyes* on *wealth* do feed,
's not half so sweet as thine.

2.

I can enjoy my *self* and *friends*,
W'thout *design* or *fear*,
Below their *envie*, or *base ends*,
That *Polititians* are.

I neither *toyle*, nor *care*, nor *grieves*,
To gather, keep, or loose ;
With *freedom* and *content* I live,
And what's my own I use.

3.

While men blown on with strong desires
 Of *riches* or *renown*,
 Though ne'r so high, would still be *higher*,
 So *tumble* headlong down:
 For *Princes* smiles turn oft to frowns,
 And favours fade each hour;
 He that to day heaps *Towns* on *Towns*,
 To morrow's clapt i'th *Tower*.

4.

All that we get by all our store,
 's but *honour* or *dominion*;
 The one's but *trouble* varnish'd o're,
 And t'others but *opinion*.
Fate rules the roast, *Times* alwaies change;
 'Tis *fancy* builds all things;
 How madly then our *minds* do range,
 Since all we *grasp* hath wings.

5.

Those empty terms of *rich* and *poor*,
Comparison hath fram'd;
 He hath not *much* that covets *more*,
Want is but *will*, nick-nam'd.
 If I can safely *think* and *live*,
 And freely *laugh* or *sing*,
 My wealth I'll not for *Craesus's* give,
 Nor change lives with a *King*.

S O N G XXX. *The New Gentry.*

I.

ENough for shame! leave off this fooling;
 Pruthee cringe no more,
 Nor admire the ill-gotten store

Of the upstart *Mushrooms* of our Nation,
 With blind and *groundless* adoration ;
 If thy nature still wants schooling,
 As thou dost grow old, grow wise,
 For age can easily advise,
 And make thee know,
 'Tis only such as thou
 That bring and keep both *fools* and *knaves* in *fashion*.

2.

We make each other *proud* and *knavish*,
 For where ever we
 Great *abundance* chance to see,
 There we fling both *power* and *honour*,
 As if *wealth* were the only donour ;
 And our natures are so *slavish*,
 That we tamely will submit,
 All our *reason*, *strength*, and *wit* ;
 And *pay*, and *pray*
 Great men in power, that they
 Will take our *Liberty* and *trample* on her.

3.

What is't makes all men so much covet,
Toying more and more,
 To increase a needless store ;
 So violently tugg and *hail* for't,
 Venture body and soul and *all* for't ?
 The rich are flatter'd, and they *love* it ;
 We obey their *shalls* and *musts* ;
 And to gratifie their lusts,
 We madly strive
 Who first our selves shall give,
 And all that is *ours* to them, if they'l but *call* for't.

4.

If we did take no notice of them,
 Like nor, nor applaud

Their

Their *spoils* obtain'd by force and fraud ;
 But would live content and jolly ;
 Laughing at their painful folly,
 And would neither fear nor love them :
 Underneath their *loads*, they'd groan,
 Or with *shame* would throw them down ;
 And live as free
 From needless *cares* as we :
 Slight *pomp* and *wealth*, that makes men *melancholly*.

5.

Pray what are all these gaudy *bubbles*
 That so boast and rant,
 Of what they think they *have*, but *han't* ?
 But men that had the luck of living,
 And made others fail their *thriving* ;
Hail-stones got in storms of troubles :
 That for *valour* are as fit
 For *Knights*, as to be *Squires* for wit,
 Inspir'd with pride,
 Did what good men desi'd,
 Grown great by *Protean* turning and conniving.

6.

That man that would have me adore him
 With my heart, he must
 Be noble, pow'rful, wise, and just,
 And improve his parts and power
 To support, not to devour,
 Nor pride, nor lust, must e'r rule o'r him.
 Th' *bug-bear* greatness without this,
 An idle, empty *pageant* is :
 He that doth rise,
 And is not good and wise,
 I honour not, but pity and deplore him.

SONG XXXI. *The Cheerful Heart.*

I.

What though these ill *times* do go cross to our
 And *fortune* still frowns upon us? (will?
 Our *hearts* are our own, and they shall be so still;

A pin for the *plagues* they lay on us,

Let us take t'other *cup*,

To keep our hearts up,

And let it be purest *Canary*;

We'l ne'r shrink or care,

For the *crosses* we bear,

Let 'um plague us until they be weary.

2.

What though we are made, both *beggars* and *slaves*,

Let us stoutly endure it, and drink on:

'Tis our *comfort* we *suffer*, 'cause we will not be *knaves*

Our *redemption* will come e'r we think on't.

We must flatter and fear

Those that over us are,

And make 'um *believe* that we *love* 'um,

When their *tyranny's* past,

We will serve them at last,

As they *serv'd* those that *have* been above 'um.

3.

The *Levites* do preach, for the *Goose* and the *Pig*,

To drink wine but at *Christmas* and *Easter*;

The *Doctour* doth labour our lives to new-trig,

And makes nature to fast, but we feast her;

The *Lawyer* doth bawl,

Out his lungs and his gall,

For the *Plantiff* and for the *Defendant*;

At books the *Scholar* lies,

Till by *Flatus* he dies,

With the *ugly hard word* at the end on't.

4. But

4.

But here's to the man that delights in *Solfa*,

'Tis *Sack* is his only *Rosin*;

A load of *heigh-bo's* are not worth a *ha, ha*;

He's the man for my money that *draws* in.

Come a pin for this *Muck*

And a fig for ill *Luck*;

'Tis better be *blyth* and *frolick*,

Then to sigh out our breath,

And invite our own death

By the *Gout* or the *stone*, and the *cholick*.

SONG XXXII. *Made and Set Extempore.*

1.

WHEN our glasses flow with *Wine*,

And our souls with *Sack* are rais'd;

When we're *jeer'd* we do not repine;

Nor are *proud* when we are prais'd:

'Tis *Sack* alone can raise our souls,

A pin for Christning drinking-bowles.

2.

Let the *Drawer* raise our fancies,

With his *wit-refining* drink;

Hang your *stories* and *Romances*;

Those are fit for them that *think*:

Let him *love* that has a mind,

We to *drinking* are inclin'd.

3.

Wit and *love*, are th'only things

Which fill the thoughts of *Kings* and us;

Imagination makes us *Kings*,

And that's rais'd by doing thus.

Drink your *Sack*, let *wit* alone,

Wit by drinking best is shown.

SONG

SONG XXXIII.

The Answer to the Curse against Ale.

1.

O Gag for shame that strumpet muse!
 Let not her *Spanish* tongue abuse
 Our wholesome and *Heroick English* juice.

2.

'Twas not this loyal liquor shut
 Our *Gates* against our *Soveraign*, but
 Strange *drinks* into one *tub* together put.

3.

When *Ale* was drink *Canonical*,
 There were no *theeves*, nor *watch*, nor *wall*,
 Men neither *stole*, nor *lack'd*, for *Ale* was all.

4.

That *Poet* ought be dry or dumb,
 And to our *brown-bowles* never come,
 Who drinking *Ale*, vents only *dregs* and *scum*.

5.

Nor had that *Souldier* drunk enough,
 For *Ale* both valour gives and buff,
 Makes men *unkickable*, and *cudgel-proof*.

6.

'Twas the *meal*, not *meal-man*, was the cause
 The mill fell down; for one small clause
 In one *meal-act*, hath overthrown our lawes.

7.

The worth of *Ale* none can proclaim,
 But by th' assistance of the same,
 From it our *Land* derives its noblest name.

8.

With this men were inspir'd, but not
 As *kicksham-brains* are now (God wot)
 Inspir'd, that is, *run mad*, none knows *with what*.

9. How

9.

How did our stout fore-fathers make,
All *Antichristian* Nations quake,
When they their *Nut-brown bowles* and *bills* did take!

10.

What noble sparks old *Ale* did kindle!
But now strange drinks do make men dwindle,
And *Pigmies* get, scarce fit to sway a spindle.

11.

This liquor makes the drinkers fight
Stoutly, while others stoutly write:
This both *creates* the *Poet*, and the *Knight*.

12.

This makes the *drawer* in his Gown
And chain, to ride and rule the Town,
Whose *orient Nose* exemplifies his frown.

13.

How reverently the burly Host,
With basket-hilted pot and tost,
Commands the bak'd-meats, and then *rules* the rost?

14.

But oh the *Brewer* bears the bell!
This makes him to such highness swell,
As none but *Ale-inspir'd*, can *think* or *tell*.

15.

Divert that *curse* then, or give o're,
Don Philip can hurt *Ale* no more,
Then his *Armado*, *England* heretofore.

SONG XXXIV. *The Reformation.*

I.

TELL not me of Lords or Lawes,
Rules or *Reformation*;
All that's done's not worth two straws,

To

To the welfare of the Nation.
 Men in power do rant it still,
 And give no *reason* but their will,
 For all their domination.
 Or if they do an act that's just,
 'Tis not because they *would*, but *must*,
 To *Gratify* some parties lust,
 Or meerly for a fashion.

2.

Our expence of *blood* and *purse*,
 Has produc'd no profit.
 Men are still as bad or worse,
 And will be what e'r comes of it.
 We've *shuffled* out, and *shuffled* in,
 The *persons*, but retain the *sin*,
 To make our *game* the surer :
 Yet spite of all our pains and skill,
 The *knaves* all in the pack are still,
 And ever were, and ever will,
 Though something now *demurer* :

3.

And it cannot but be so,
 Since those toys in *fashion* ;
 And of souls so base and low,
 And meer *Bigots* of the *Nation*,
 Whose designs are power and wealth,
 At which by *rapines*, *fraud*, and *stealth*,
 Audaciously they vent'r ye ;
 They lay their consciences aside,
 And turn with every *wind* and *tide*,
 Puff'd on by *Ignorance* and *Pride*,
 And all to look like *Gentry*,

4.

Crimes are not punish'd cause they'r *Crimes*,
 But 'cause they're low and little ;
Mean men for *mean* faults, in these times,
 Make satisfaction to a tittle ;
 While those in *office* and in *power* ;
 Boldly the *underlings* devour.

Our Cobweb-laws can't hold 'um.
 They sell for many a *Thousand crown* ,
 Things which were never yet their own,
 And this is *law* and *custome* grown,
 Cause those do *judge* that *sold* 'um.

5.

Brothers still with *Brothers* brawl,
 And for trifles sue 'um ;
 For two *pronouns* that spoil all,
 Those contentious *Meum, Tuum* :
 The wary *lawyer* buyes and builds,
 While the *Client* sells his fields,
 To sacrifice to's fury :
 And when he thinks to obtain his right,
 He's baffled off, or beaten quite,
 By th' *Judges* will, or *Lawyers* slight,
 Or ignorance of the *Jury*,

6.

See thee *trades-man* how he thrives
 With perpetual trouble,
 How he *cheats*, and how he *strives*
 His *Estate* t'enlarge and double ;
 Extort, oppress, grind, and encroach,
 To be a *Squire* and keep a *coach*,
 And to be one o'th *Quorum*,
 Who may with's *brother* *worships* sit,
 And *judge* without *law*, *fear*, or *wit*,

Poor

Poor petty *thieves* that nothing get,
And yet are brought before 'um.

7.

And his way to get all this
Is meer *dissimulation* ;
No factious lecture does he miss,
And *scapes no schism* that's in fashion ;
Bus with short hair and shining shooes,
He with two pens, and's note-book goes,
And winks and writes at randome ;
Thence with *short meal*, and *tedious Grace*,
In a loud tone and publick place,
Sings *Wisdoms hymns*, that trot and pace,
As if *Goliath* scand 'um.

8.

But when death begins his threats,
And his *Conscience* struggles,
To call to minde his former *cheats* ;
Then at heav'n he turns his juggles.
And out of all's ill-gotten store,
He gives a dribling to the poor,
In a *Hospital*, or a *School-house* ;
And the suborned *Priest* for's hire,
Quite frees him from th' *infernal* fire,
And places him i'th *Angels* quire ;
Thus these *Jack-puddings* fool us.

9.

All he gets by's pains i'th close,
Is that he died worth so much,
Which he on's doubtful seed bestows,
That neither *care* nor *know* much ;
Then *fortunes favourite*, his heir,
Bred base, and ignorant, and bare,

Is blown up like a bubble ;
 Who *wondring* at's own sudden rise,
 By pride, simplicity and vice,
 Falls to three sports, *drink, drab, and dice,*
 And makes all fly like stubble.

10.

And the *Church* the other twin,
 Whose mad zeal enrag'd us,
 Is not purifi'd a pin,
 By all those *broyls* in which she engag'd us:
 We our wives turn'd out of doors,
 And took in *Concubines* and *Whores*,
 To make an alteration :
 Our *Pulpiteers* are proud and bold,
 They their own *Wills* and *fa'tions* hold,
 And sell *salvation* still for *Gold*,
 And here's our *Reformation*.

11.

'Tis a madness then to make
 Thriving our employment,
 And *lucre* love, for *Lucres* sake,
 Since we've possession, not enjoyment ;
 Let the times run on their course,
 For opposition makes them worse,
 We ne'r shall better find 'um ;
 Let *Grandees* wealth and power engross,
 And honour too, while we sit close,
 And laugh and take our plenteous dose
 Of *Sack*, and never mind 'um.

SONG XXXV. *For the General's Entertainment.*

I.

Farewel all *cares* and *fears*, let *Gladness* come,
 Let's all strive which shall most rejoyce;
 No more the *Trumpet*, or the *Thundering Drum*,
 Shall interrupt our peace with *noise*;

But all their *Offices* shall be
Inherited by sprightly melody.
 Th'enchanting *Lute* and the melodious *Lyre*,
 With well tun'd souls does make
 A full harmonious *Quire*.

2.

In vain do we our selves, our selves destroy;
 In vain do *English*, *English* beat:
 Contests are cruel, we must now wear joy,
 And all in love, each other greet.
 Our civil *discords* now shall cease,
 And lose *themselves* in a desired *peace*.
 All things by war are in a *Chaos* hurl'd,
 But love alone first made,
 And still preserves the *World*.

3.

The *Trophies* of the *Conquerours* of old,
 And all the *spoils* with which they'r crown'd,
 Were all but *types* of what we do behold,
 What they did seek for, we have found.
 Here peace and plenty sweetly kist,
 And both *loyalty* and *vertue*, twist;
 Then let our joy rise high, that all may share it;
 Let wealth and honour meet desert;
 He that wins *Gold* may wear it.

SONG XXXVI. On Sir G. B. his Defeat.

I.

PRay why should any man complain,
Or why disturb his breast or brain,

At this new alteration?

Since that which has been done's no more
Than what has been done before ;
And that which will be done agen,
As long's there are ambitious men,
That strive for domination.

2.

In this mad age there's nothing firm,
All things have periods and their term,
Their Rise and Declinations.

Those gaudy *Nothings* we admire,
Which get above, and shine like fire,
Are empty vapours, rais'd from th'ground,
Whose mock-shine past, they quickly down
Must fall like *Exhalations*.

3.

But still we *Commons* must be made
A gall'd, a lame, thin, hackney jade,
And all by turns will ride us ;
This side, and that, no matter which,
For both do ride with spur and switch,
Till we are tyr'd ; and then at last,
We stumble, and our riders cast,
'Cause they'd not feed, nor guide us.

4.

The insulting *Clergy* quite mistook,
In thinking *Kingdoms* past by book,

Or *Crowns* were got by prating ;
 'Tis not the *black-coat*, but the *red*,
 Has power to make, or be the *head* ;
 Nor is it words, or oaths, or tears,
 But *Muskets*, or full *Bandeliers*,
 Have power of *Legislating*.

5.

The Lawyers must lay by their book,
 And study *Lambert* more then *Cock*.

The sword's the *learned'st* pleader ;
Reports and *judgements* will not do't,
 But 'tis *Dragoons*, and *Horse*, and *foot* :
Words are but *wind*, but *blows* come home ;
 A stout tongu'd *Lawyer's* but a *Mome*,
 Compar'd to a stout *File-leader*.

6.

Luck, *wit*, or *valour*, rule all things,
 They pull *down*, and thy set *up* *Kings*,
 All *lawes* are in their bosome :
 That side is alwaies *right* that's *strong*,
 And that that's beaten must be *wrong* ;
 And he that thinks it is not so,
 Unless he's sure to *beat* 'um too,
 Is but a *fool* t'oppose 'um.

7.

Let them impose taxes or rates,
 'Tis but on those that have *estates*,
 Not such as I and thou are,
 But it concerns those *worldlings*, which
 Are left, or made, or else grow *rich* ;
 Such as have studied all their daies,
 The *saving* and the *thriving* waies,
 To be the *mules* of power.

8.

If they reform the *Church* or *State*,
 We'l ne'r be troubled much thereat,
 Let each man take's opinion ;
 If we don't like the *Church* you know,
Taverns are free and there we go ;
 And if every one would be
 As clearly unconcern'd as we,
 They'd ne'r fight for *Dominion*.

S O N G XXXVII. *Against Corrupted Sack.*

I.

SACK! once my comfort and my dear delight,
 Dull mortals quickning spirit ;
 Thou didst once give *affections*, *wit*, and *might* ;
 Thou mad'st the *Lover*, and the *Wight* ;
 Thou mad'st one *dye*, and t'other *fight* ;
 Thou mad'st the *Poet*, who made both ; and thou
 Inspir'dst our brains with *genial* fire till now,
 Th'hast justly lost thy *honour*,
 'Cause th'hast lost thy *power* and *merit*.

2.

Now we *depose* thee from th'usurped *throne*,
 Since thou'rt *degenerate* and *disloyal* ;
 Thou hast no proper father of thine own,
 But art a bastard got by th' *Town*,
 By *Aquivoke* generation,
 Thy *Bands*, the *Vintners* do compound thee more,
 Then *Flavel* or *Resse Beer* ere drugg'd a whore ;
 Nor canst thou now *inspire*, nor feed,
 Nor cherish ; but destroy all.

3. Oh

3.

Oh where's that sprightly Poetry and Wit,
That should endure for ever?

Had *Homer* drank thy mixture, he had writ
Lines that would make the Reader spit;
Nor beyond *puns* would *Pindar* get;
Virgil and *Horace*, if inspir'd by thee,
Had writ but *lewd* and *Pagan* Poetry:

Dull dropli'd *lines*, or else as dry
And raging as a Feaver.

4.

Treasons committed and contriv'd by thee,
Kingdoms and *Kings* subverted:

'Tis thou makest Rulers fools and cowards bee,
And such as ought to bend the *Knee*,

Madly invade the *Soveraignty*;

Thou throw'st us on all *actions*, vile and fell,
First mak'it us *do*, and then thou mak'it us tell;

And whom we swore to *serve*,

By thee we *basely* have deserted.

5.

Thou plague of bodies and th' unnatural Nurse,
Of *Sickness* and *Physitians*;

Ruine of wit, and strength, and fame, and purse,
That hast destroy'd poor mortals worse

Then the great plague, or *Morose* curse.

In *fifty nine* th' hast spilt more *English* blood

Then e'r in *eighty eight* the *Spaniard* could

By his *Armado*, or can since destroy

By's *Inquisitions*.

6.

Hence from my *veins*, from my *desires* be gone;

I loath thee and desie thee;

I'll now find out a purer *Helicon*,

I 3

Which

Which wits may safely feast upon,
 And baffle thy hobgoblin *Den*;
 And live to see thee and thy *mongrel* race,
 Contemn'd and rooted out of every place;
 And those thou'lt *fool'd* and *wrong'd* like me,
 For ever ever fly thee.

S O N G XXXVIII. *The Lamentation.*

Written in 1648.

1.

Mourn *London*, mourn;
 Bathe thy polluted *soul* in tears:
 Return, return;
 Thou hast more cause of grief, then th'hadst for
 For the whole *Kingdom* now begins (fears,
 To feel thy sorrows, as they saw thy sins,
 And now do no
 Compassion show
 Unto thy misery and wo,
 But slight thy *sufferings* as thou didst theirs.

2.

Pride, towering *pride*,
 And boyling *lust*, those fatal twins
 Sit side by side,
 And are become *plantations* of sins.
 Hence thy *Rebellions* first did flow,
 Both to the *King* above, and him below:
 And fordid *sloth*,
 The Nurse of both,
 Have rais'd thy crimes to such a growth,
 That sorrow must conclude as sin begins.

3. Fire

3.

Fire, raging fire,
 Shall burn thy *stately towers* down,
 Yet not expire ;
Tygres and *Wolves*, or Men more savage grown,
 Thy childrens brains, and *thine* shall dash,
 And in your blood their guilty talions wash ;
 Thy *Daughters* must
 Allay their lust ;
 Mischiefs will be on mischief thrust,
 Till thy *Cap* tumble, as thou mad'st the Crown.

4.

Cry *London* cry !
 Now now petition for redress ;
 Where canst thou fly ?
 Thy emptied *chests* augment thy heaviness,
 The *Gentry* and the *Commons* loath,
 Th' adored *Houses* slight thee worse then both ;
 The King poor Saint,
 Would help but can't :
 To heav'n alone unfold thy want,
 Thence came thy plagues, thence only pity flow' th.

SONG XXXIX. *The Riddle.**Written in 1644.*

I.

NO more, no more,
 We are already pin'd ;
 And sore, and poor,
 In *body* and in *minde* :

I 4

And

And yet our *sufferings* have been
 Less than our *sin*.
 Come long-desired *peace* we thee implore,
 And let our pains be less, or *power* more.

2.

Lament, Lament,
 And let thy *tears* run down,
 To see the rent
 Between the *Robe* and *Crown* ;
 Yet both do strive to make it more
 Then 'twas before :
War like a serpent has its *head* got in,
 And will not end so soon as 't did begin.

3.

One *body* Jars,
 And with its self does fight ;
War meets with *Wars* ,
 And *might* resisteth *might* ;
 And both sides say they love the *King*,
 And peace will bring :
 Yet since these fatal civil broyles begun,
 Strange Riddle ! both have conquer'd, neither won.

4.

One *God*, one *King*,
 One true *Religion* still ;
 In every thing
 One *Law* both should fulfil ;
 All these both sides does still pretend
 That they defend :
 Yet to encrease the *King* and *Kingdoms* woes,
 Which side soever wins, good subjects lose.

5. The

5.

The King doth swear,
 That he doth fight for them;
 And they declare,
 They do the like for him:
 Both say they wish and fight for peace,
 Yet wars increase:
 So between both, before our wars be gone,
 Our lives and goods are lost, and we're undone.

6.

Since 'tis our curse,
 To fight we know not why;
 'Tis worse and worse
 The longer thus we lye:
 For *War* it self is but a *Nurse*
 To make us worse.
 Come blessed *peace*, we once again implore,
 And let our *pains* be less, or *power* more.

SONG XL. *On the Kings Return.*

1.

Long have we waited for a happy End
 Of all our miseries and strife;
 But still in vain; the *Sword-men* did intend,
 To make them hold for term of Life;
 That our distempers might be made,
 Their *everlasting* livelyhood and Trade:

2.

They entayle their *Swords* and *Guns*,
 And *pay*, which wounded more,
 Upon their *Daughters* and their *Sons*,
 Thereby to keep us ever poor.

3. And

3.

And when the *Civil* wars were past,
 They civil *Government* invade,
 To make our taxes, and our slavery last,
 Both to their titles, and their trade.

4.

But now we are redeem'd from all,
 By our Indulgent *King* ;
 Whose coming does prevent our fall ;
 With loyal and with joyful hearts we'l sing.

Chorus.

*Welcome, welcome royal May,
 Welcome long desired Spring,
 Many Springs and Mays we've seen,
 Have brought forth what's gay and green ;
 But none is like this glorious day,
 Which brings forth our Gracious King.*

SONG XLI. *A Catch.*

L Et's leave off our labour, and now let's go play;
 For this is our time to be jolly ;
 Our *plagues* and our *plaguers* are both fled away ;
 To nourish our griefs is but folly.
 He that won't drink and sing,
 Is a *Traytor* to's *King* ;
 And so's he that does not look twenty years younger,
 We'l look blithe and trim,
 With rejoycing at him
 That is the restorer, and will be the *Prolonger*,
 Of all our felicity and health,
 The joy of our hearts, and increase of our *wealth* ;

'Tis

Chorus.

We'l eat, and we'l drink, we'l dance, and we'l sing,
 The *Roundheads & Caveys* no more shall be nam'd;
 But all joyn together to make up the the ring;
 And rejoyce that the *many-headed dragon* is tam'd.
 'Tis *friendship and love*, that can *save us*, and *arm us*;
 And while we al agree, there is nothing can *harm us*.

SONO XLIII. *The Advice.*

I.

HE that a *happy* life would lead,
 In these dayes of *distraktion*,
 Let him listen to me, and I will read
 A *lecture* without *faction*,
 Let him want *three* things,
 Whence misery springs,
 All which do begin with a *latter*;
 Let him bound his desires,
 With what *nature* requires,
 And with *reason* his humours fether.

2.

Let not his *Wealth* prodigious grow,
 For that breeds cares and dangers;
 Makes him hated above and envyed below,
 And a constant slave to strangers.
 He is happiest of all,
 Whose *estate* is but small,
 Yet enough to delight and maintain him:
 He may do, he may say,
 Having nothing to pay,
 It will not quit costs to arraign him.

3.

Nor must he be clogg'd with a *Wife*;
 For household cares incumber;
 And do to one place confine a mans life,
 'Cause he can't remove his Lumber.
 They're happiest by far,
 Who unwedded are,
 And forrage on all in common;
 From all storms they can fly,
 And if they should dy,
 They ruine nor childe nor woman.

4.

Nor let his brains o'rflow with *wit*,
 That capers o'r's discretion;
 'Tis costly to keep, and 'tis hard to get,
 And 'tis dangerous in the possession.
 They are happiest men
 Who can scarce tell ten,
 And beat not their brains about reason;
 They may speak what will serve,
 Themselves to preserve,
 And their words are not taken for *treason*.

5.

But of all fools there is none like the *Wit*,
 For he takes pains to shew it;
 When his *pride*, or his *ink*, work him into a fit;
 Then straight he must be a Poet:
 Then his *Jests* he flings,
 Both at *States* and at *Kings*,
 For *Applause*, and for *Bayes* and *Shadows*:
 Thinks a verse saves as well
 As a circle or a spell,
 'Till he rithmes himself to the *Barbadoes*.

6. He

6.

He that within these bounds can live,
May baffle all disasters;
To *Fortune* and *Fates* commands he may give,
Which worldlings make their Masters.
He may sing, he may laugh,
He may dance, he may quaff;
May be mad, may be sad, may be jolly;
He may sleep without care,
And wake without fear,
And laugh at the whole world, and its folly.

BALLADS.



BALLADS.

I. *The Satyr of Money.*

I.

IT is not the *Silver* or *Gold* of its self,
That makes men adore it; but 'tis for its power:
For no man does dote upon pelf, because pelf;
But all court the Lady in hopes of her *Dower*.
The wonders that now in our daies we behold,
Done by th'irresistible power of Gold,
Our *Love*, and our *Zeal*, and *Allegiance* do mould.

5.

This purchaseth *Kingdoms*, *Kings*, *Scepters*, & *Crowns*;
Wins *Battels*, and conquers the *Conquerors* bold;
Takes *Bulwarks*, and *Castles*, and *Armies*, and *Towns*,
Our prime *Laws*, are written in letters of *Gold*:
'Tis this that our *Parliaments* calls, and creates;
Turns *Kings* into *Keepers*, and *Kingdoms* to *States*,
And *Peopledoms* this into *High-doms* translates.

3.

This plots doth *devise*, then *discovers* what th'are;
This makes the great *felons* the lesser condemn:
Sets those on the *bench* that should stand at the *bar*;
Who judge such as by right, ought to execute
(them;

Gives

Gives the *boystrous* Clown his unsufferable pride;
 Makes *Beggars*, and *Fools*, and *Usurpers* to ride,
 While ruin'd *properties* run by their side.

4.

Stamp either the arms of the *State*, or the *King*,
 St. *George* or the *breeches*, C. R. or O. P.

The *Cross* and the *fiddle*, 'tis all the same thing;

This itill is the *Queen*, who e're the *King* be.
 This lies mens *Religion*, builds doctrines and truth,
 With zeal, and the spirit; the *factious* endu'th,
 To club with St. *Katherine*, or sweet sister *Ruth*.

5.

This made our black *Senate* to sit still so long;

To make themselves *rich* by making us *poor*;

This made our bold *Army* so daring, and strong,

And that made them drive 'um like *Geese* out of
 (door.

'Twas this made the *Covenant-makers* to make it;
 And this made our *Levites* to make us to take it;
 And this made both *makers* and *takers* forsake it.

6.

(Strators,

This spawn'd the dunghil crew of *Committees* and
 Who lived by picking their *Parliaments* Gums;

This made, and then prospered *Rebels* and *Traytors*,

And made *Gentry* of those that were the *Nations*

(scums.

This *Herald* gives *arms*, not for merit but store;
 Gives *Coats* unto such, as did sell coats before;
 If their pockets be lin'd but with *Argent* and *Or*.

7.

'Tis this makes the *Lawyer* give judgment and plead,

On this side, or that side, on both sides or neither,

This makes *Yeomen Clerks*, that can scarce write or

(read,

And

And spawns arbitrary orders as various as the
(weather:

This makes the *blew-lecturer* pray, preach and prate,
Without *reason* or *truth* against *K. Church*, or *State*,
To shew the thin lyming of his twice-cover'd pate.

8.

'Tis this that makes *Earls*, *Lords Knights*, & *Esquires*,

Without breeding, discent, wit, learning, or merit;

Makes *Ropers* and *Ale-drapers* Sheriffs of Shires,

Whose *trade*'s not so low, nor so base as their *spirit*.

This *Justices* makes, and wise ones we know;

Furr'd *Aldermen* likewise, and *Mayors* also,

Makes the old wife to trot, and makes the *Mare* go.

9.

(shipful,

This makes the *Ulew aprons* write themselves wor-

And for this we stand *bare*, and before 'um do fall;

(wool,

They leave their young *Heirs* well fleeced with

Whom we're to call *Squires*, and they're to pay all;

(gawdy,

Who with beggarly souls, though their bodies are

(Lady;

Court the *pale Chamber-maid*, and nick-name her a

And for want of discourse they do swear and talk

(baudy.

10.

For money mens lives may be purchas'd and sold,

'Tis money breaks laws, & that mends 'um again;

Men venture their quiet and safety for gold,

When they won't stir a foot their rights to *main-*

This Doctors createth of *Dunce*, and those, (*tain.*

Commanders that use to pollute their hose:

This buyes the *spruce gallant* his *verse* and his *prose*.

K

11. This

But can't be compar'd to the *sign*;
 But within doors, I think
 's scarce a drop of good drink,
 For *Bacchus* drinks all the best *wine*.

3.

But here's the design,
 What's amiss in the *Wine*,
 By *wenches* shall be supply'd;
 There's three on a row
 Stands out for a show,
 To draw in the *Gallants* that ride.

4.

The first of the three,
Diana should be,
 But she cuckolded poor *Actaon*,
 And his head she adorns
 With such visible horns,
 That he's fit for his hounds for to prey on.

5.

'Tis unsafe we do find
 To trust Women kind,
 Since horning's a part of their trade;
Diana is plac'd
 As a *Goddeſs* that's chaste,
 Yet, *Actaon* a *Monster* she made.

6.

The next wench doth stand,
 With the *scales* in her hand,
 And is ready to come at your beck;
 A new trick they've found,
 To sell Sack by the pound,
 But 'twere better they'd sell't by the peck.

7.

The last of the three
 They say *prudence* must be,
 With the *serpent* and *horn* of plenty ;
 But *plenty* and *wit*
 So seldom doth hit,
 That they fall not to *one* in *twenty*.

8.

But above these things all,
 Stands a fellow that's small,
 With a *Quadrant* discerning the *wind*,
 And says hee's a fool
 That travels from *Skoale*,
 And leaves his good liquor behind.

9.

Near the top of the sign,
 Stand three on a line,
 One is *Temperance*, still powring out ;
 And *Fortitude* will
 Drink what *Temperance* fill,
 And fears not the stone or the gout.

10.

The next to these three,
 You'l an *Usurer* see,
 With a *prodigal* childe in his mouth ;
 'Tis time (as some say)
 And well so it may,
 For they be devourers both.

11.

The last that you stare on,
 Is old father *Charon*,
 Who's wafting a wench o'r the ferry :
 Where *Cerberus* do's stand,
 To watch where they land,
 And together they go to be merry.

12. Now

12.

Now to see such a change,
Is a thing that is strange,
That one, who as stories do tell us,
His money has lent
At fifty per cent,
A Colledge should build for good fellows.

13.

But under this work,
Does a mystery lurk,
That shews us the founders design;
He has chalk'd out the way
For Gallants to stray,
That their lands may be his in fine.

14.

That's first an *Ale-bench*,
Next *bounds*, then a *wench*,
With these three to *roar* and to *revel*;
Brings the prodigals lands,
To the *Usurers* hands,
And his body and soul to the *Devil*.

15.

Now if you would know,
After all this adoe,
By what name this *sign* should be known;
Some call't this, and some that,
And some I know not what;
But 'tis many signs in one.

16.

'Tis a sign that who built it;
Had more money than wit,
And more *wealth* than he got or can use;
'Tis a sign that all we
Have less wit than he,
That come thither to drink and may chuse. III. 1

III.

*A new Diurnal of passages, more
Exactly drawn up then heretofore.
Printed and published, 'tis order'd to be
By Henry Elsing the Clerk of the P.*

June 1. 1643.

SINCE many *Diurnals* (for which we are griev'd)
Are come from both Houses, & are not believ'd;
The better to help them for running and flying,
We have put them in *Verse*, to Authorise their lying.
For it has been debated, and found to be true,
That lyings a *Parliament Priviledge* too:
And that they may the sooner our conquests reherse,
We are minded to put them in *Galloping verse*:
But so many maim'd Souldiers from *Reading* there
(came,
That in spite of the *Surgeons*, make our verses go
(lame.
We have ever us'd *Fictions*, and now it is known,
Our *Poverty* has made us *Poetical* grown.

Munday.

On *Munday* both Houses fell into debate,
And were likely to fall by the ears as they sate;
Yet would they not have the business decided,
That they (as the Kingdom is) might be divided.
They had an intention to Prayers to go,
But *Extempore* Prayers are now Common too.
To *Voting* they fall; and the key of the work,
Was the raising of money for the State and the Kirk.
'Tis only Free-loan; yet this order they make,
That what men would not lend, they should Plunder
(and take,
Upon

Upon this, the word *Plunder* came into their mind,
And they all did labour a new one to find:

They call'd it *distraining*, yet thought it no shame,
To persist in the *Act*, which they blush'd for to name.

They Voted all persons from *Oxford* that came,
Should be apprehended: and after the same,

With an Humble Petition, the *King* they request,
Hee'd be pleas'd to return, and be serv'd like the
A message from *Oxford* conducing to peace. (rest
Came next to their hands, that *Armes* might cease.

They Voted, and Voted, and still they did vary,
Till at last the whole *sense* of the House was con-

(trary
To *reason*; they know by their *Arms* they might gain,
What neither true *reason*, nor *Law* can maintain.

Cessation was voted a dangerous plot; (nor.
Because the *King* would have it, both *Houses* would
But when they resolv'd it, abroad must be blown,
(To baffle the *world*) that the *King* would have none.
And carefully *muzzled* the mouth of the *press*,

Left the truth should peep through their juggling
(dress.

For they knew a *Cessation* would work them more
(harms,

Then *Essex* could do the *Cavaliers* with his *arms*.

While they keep the *Ships* and the *Forts* in their
(hand,

They may be *Traytors* by *Sea*, as well as by *Land*.

The *Forts* will preserve them as long as they stay,

And the *Ships* carry them and their *plunder* away.

They have therefore good *reason* to account war the
(better,

For the *Law* will prove to them but a *killing* letter.

Tuesday.

A Post from his Excellence came blowing his Horn,
For Money to advance; and this spun out the Morn;
And strait to the City some went for relief,
The rest made an Ordinance to carry Powder-Beef.
Thus go up the Round-heads, and Essex advances,
But only to lead his Souldiers new dances.
To Reading he goes, for at Oxford (they say)
His wife has made Bull-works to keep him away.
Prince Rupert, for fear that the name be confounded,
Will saw off his horns, and make him a Round-head.
The news was returned with General fame,
That Reading was taken ere ever he came:
Then away Rode our Captains, and Souldiers did run,
To shew themselves valiant, when the Battail was

(done,

Preparing to *plunder*, but as soon as they came,
They quickly perceived it was but a *flam* :
An *Ordinance* of *Parliament* *Essex* brought down ;
But that would not serve him to *batter* the *Town*.
More money was rais'd, more *Men* and *Ammunition*,
Carts loaded with *Turnips*, and other *provision*.
His Excellence had *Chines* and *Rams-heads* for a
(present,

And his *Council* of War had *Wood-cock* and *Pheasant*:
But *Ven* had 5000. Calves heads all in carts,
To nourish his *Men* and to chear up their *hearts*:
This made them so valiant, that that very day,
They had taken the Town but for *running* away.
'Twas Ordered this day, that *thanksgiving* be made,
To the *Round-heads* in Sermons, for their *beef*, and
(their *bread*,

Wednesday.

Wednesday.

Two *Members* this day at a *Conference* sat,
And one gives the other a knock on the pate.
This set them a voting, and the upper House swore,
'Twas a breach of *priviledge* he gave him no more.
The lower the breaking their *Members* head voted
A breach of their *priviledge*; for it is to be noted,
That *Treason* and *Priviledge* in it did grow;
'Twas a breach of his *Crown* and dignity too.
Then came in the *Women* with a long long petition,
To settle *Militia* and damn the *Commission*.
For if *fighting* continue, they say they did fear,
That *Men* would be scarce, and *Husbands* be dear:
So plainly the *Speaker* the business unties,
That presently all the *Members* did rise:
They had hardly the leisure all things to lay ope,
But some felt in their *Bellies* if they had not a *Pope*:
Some strictly stood to them, and others did fear,
Each carried about them a fierce *Cavalier*:
This business was handled by the *Close-Committee*,
That privately met at a place in the *City*:
So closely to voting the *Members* did fall,
That the humble *Sisters* were overthrown all:
But they and their helpers came short at the last,
Till at length the whole work on *Prince Griffich*
(was cast;
And he with his troupe did handle the matter,
He pleased every *Woman*, as soon as he came at her.
The business had like to have gone on their side,
Had not *Pym* perswaded them not to confide.
For rather than peace, to fill the *Common-wealth*,
He said he'd do ten every night himself.

Thursday.

Thursday.

This day a great *fart* in the house they did hear,
Which made all the *Members* make *buttons* for fear;
And one makes nine *speeches* while the business was

(hot,

And spake through the *nose* that he smelt out the
He takes it to task, and the *Articles* draws, (plot.

As a breach of their own *Fundamental* laws.

Now *Letters* were read which did fully relate

A victory against *New-Castle* of late;

That *hundreds* were slain, and *hundreds* did run,

And all this was got ere the battel begun:

This then they resolved to make the best on;

And next they resolved upon the *Question*,

That *Bonfires* and *praises*, the Pulpit and Steeple,

Must all be *suborned* to couzen the People:

But the policy was more money to get,

For the conquest's dear bought, and far enough fet;

Such victories in *Ireland*, although it be known,

They strive to make that land as bad as our own:

No sooner the money for this was brought hither,

But a croud of *true* Letters came flocking together,

How *Hotham* and's army, and others were beaten.

This made the blew *Members* to startle and threaten:

And these by all means must be kept from the City,

And only referred to the *Privy-Committee*:

And they presently with an *Extempore* Vote,

(Which they have used so long, that they learned
by rote.)

They stil'd them *malignant*, and to lies they did turn
(them;

Then *Corbet* in stead of the Hangman, must burn
(them:

And

And he after that an *Ordinance* draws,
 That none should tell truth that disparag'd the
 Then *P.* like a *Pegasus* trots up and down, (*cause.*
 And takes up an angel to throw down a Crown:
 He stands like a Centaure and makes a long speech,
 That came from his mouth, and part from his breech:
 He moves for more Horse, that the Army may be
 Part *Mans-flesh* and *Horse-flesh*, as well as he;
 And hee'l be a *Colonel* as well as another, (*ther.*
 But durst not ride a horse, 'cause a horse rode his Mo-
 Friday.

Sir *Hugh Cholmley* for being no longer a *Traytor*,
 Was accus'd of *treason* in the highest Nature;
 'Cause he (as they bad him) his *Souldiers* did bring,
 To turn from *Rebellion*, and fight for the *King*:
 They voted him out, but, nor they nor their men
 Could vote him into the *house* agen.
 Sir *David's* Remonstrance next to them was read,
 From the *Cities* round body, and *Isaac's* the head:
 'Twas approv'd; but one cause produc'd a denial,
 That all *Traytors* be brought to a *Legal* trial:
 For 'tis against *reason* to vote or to do
 Against *Traytors* when they are no other but so;
 Because about nothing so long they sit still,
 They hold it convenient *Diurnals* to fill:
 And therefore they gave their *Chronographer* charge
 To stuffe it with *Orders* and *Letters* at large.
 The *King* by's *Prerogative*, nor by the *Law*,
 Can speak, nor print nothing his people to draw: }
 Yet *Penny-less Pamphleters* they do maintain
 Whose only Religion is *Stipendary* gain.
 Who *Cum Privilegio*, against *King* and the *State*,
 The *treason* that's taught them (like *Parrats*) they
 (prate.
 These

These Hackneys are licenc't what ever they do,
 As if they had Parliament *priviledge* too.
 Thus then they consult ; so zealous they are,
 To settle the *peace* of the Kingdom by *war* :
 But against *Civil war* their hatred is such,
 To prevent it they'l bring in the *Scots* and the *Dutch*
 They had rather the *Land* be destroy'd in a minute,
 Then abide any thing that has *loyalty* in it ;
 And yet their *rebellion* so neatly they trim,
 They fight for the *King*, but they mean for *King*
 These all to fight for, and maintain are sent (*Pym*).
 The *Lawes* of *England* : but *New-England* is meant ;
 And though such disorders are broke in of late,
 They keep it the *Anagram* still of a State :
 For still they are plotting more *riches* to bring,
 To make *Charles* a rich and glorious *King* ;
 And by this *rebellion* this good they will do him,
 They'l forfeit all their *Estates* unto him.
 No *Clergy* must meddle in *Spiritual* affairs,
 But *Layton* ne'r heard of it, losing his ears,
 For that he might be deaf to the *Prisoners* cries,
 To a *spiritual Goalers* place he must rise.
 The rest have good reason for what they shall do,
 For they are both *Clergy* and *Laitty* too :
 Or else at the best, when the question is stated,
 They are but *Mechannicks* newly translated,
 They may be *Committees* to practise their bawling,
 For stealing of horses is a *spiritual* calling.
 The reason why people our *Martyrs* adore,
 'Cause their ears being cut off, their same sounds
 (the more.

'Twas

'Twas ordered the Goods of *Malignants* and Lands,
 Shall be shat'd among them, and took into their
 (hands.

They send *spirits* for more *malignants* to come,
 That every one in the house may have some.

Then down to *Guild-hall* they return with their
 (thanks,

To the *fools* whom the *Lottery* has cheated with
 (blanks.

Saturday.

This day there came *news* of the taking a *Ship*,
 (To see what strange *wonders* are wrought in the
 deep)

That a *troup* of their *Horse* ran into the Sea,
 And pull'd out a *Ship* alive to the *key* ;
 And after much *prating* and *fighting* they say,
 The ropes serv'd for *traces* to draw her away :

Sure these were *Sea-horses*, or else by their lying
 They'd make them as famous for *swimming* as *flying*.
 The rest of the *day* they spent to bemoan (gone,

Their Brother the *Round-head* that to *Tyburn* was
 And could not but think it a barbarous thing,
 To hang him for killing a friend to the *King* :
 He was newly *baptized*, and held it was good
 To be washed, yet not in *water*, but *blood*.

They ordered for his honour to cut off his *ears*,
 And make him a *Martyr* ; but a *Zelot* appears,
 And affirm'd him a *Martyr*, for though 'twas his fate
 To be *hang'd*, yet he dy'd for the good of the *State*.

Then all fell to *plotting* of matters so deep,
 That the silent *Speaker* fell down fast asleep :
 Here recovers himself and rubs up his eyes,
 Then *motions* his house that 'twas time to rise.

So

So home they went all, and their business referr'd
To the Close-Committee by them to be heard ;
They took it upon them, but what they did do,
Take notice that none but *themselves* must know.

Postscript.

Thus far we have gone in *Rhithm* to disclose,
What never was utter'd by any in *prose* ;
If any be *wanting*, 'twas but a mishap,
Because we forgot to we'gh't by the *map* ;
For over the *Kingdom* their *orders* were spread,
They have made the whole *body* as bad as the *head* ;
And now made such work, that all they can do,
Is but to read *Letters* and answer them too.
We thought to make *Finis* the end of the story,
But that we shall have more business for you.
For (as their Proceedings do) so shall our *Pen*,
Run roundly from *Munday* to *Munday* agen.
And since we have begun, our *Muse* doth intend,
To have (like their *votes*) no beginning nor end.

IV. *On the demolishing the Forts.*

IS this the end of all the toil,
And labour of the *Town* ?
And did our *Bulwarks* rise so high,
Thus low to *tumble* down ?

All things go by *contraries* now,
We *fight* to *still* the Nation,
Build Forts to pull down *Popery*,
Pull down for *Edification*.

These

These *Independents* tenets, and
Their waies so pleasing be,
Our *City* won't be bound about,
But stands for *liberty*.

The *Popish* doctrine shall no more
Prevail within our Nation;
For now we see that by our *works*,
There's no *Justification*.

What an *Almighty* army's this,
How worthy of our praising,
That with one Vore can *blow* down that,
All we so long were raising!

Yet let's not wonder at this change,
For thus 'twill be withall:
These *works* did lift themselves too high,
And *pride* must have a fall.

And when both *Houses* Vote agen,
The *Cavies* to be gone;
Nor dare to come within the lines,
Of *Communication*:

They must reserve the *sense*, or else
Refer't to the *Divines*,
And they had need sit *seven* years more,
Ere they can read those *lines*.

They went to make a *Gotham* on't,
For now they did begin
To build these mighty banks about,
To keep the *Cuckoes* in.

Alas

Alas what need they take such pains !
For why a *Cucko* here,
Might find so many of his *mates*,
Hee'l sing here all the year.

Has *Isaac* our *L. Mayor*, *L. Mayor*,
With *Tradsmen* and with *wenches*,
Spent so much time, and cakes and beer,
To edifie these *trenches*!

All *trades* did shew their skill in this,
Each wife an *Engineer* :
The *Mayorefs* took the tool in hand,
The *maids* the stones did bear.

These *Bulwarks* stood for *Poper*y,
And yet we never fear'd 'um.
And now they worship and fall down,
Before those *calves* that rear'd 'um.

But though for *superstition*,
The *crosses* have been down'd,
Who'd think these works would *Popish* turn,
That ever have been round ?

This spoils our *Palmistry*; for when
Wee'l read the *Cities* fate,
We find nor *lines* nor *crosses* now,
As it hath had of late.

No wonder that the *Aldermen*,
Will no more money lend,
When they that in this seven years,
Such learned *works* have penn'd.

Now

Now to debase their lofty *lines*,
 In which the *wiss* delighted,
 'Tis thought they'l ne'r turn *Poets* more,
 Because their *works* are slighted.

These to a doleful *tune* are set,
 For they that in the town,
 Did every where cry *Up go we*,
 Now they must sing *down down*.

But if that *Tyburn* do remain,
 When t'other *sighted* be,
 The *City* will thither flock and sing,
Hay, hay, then up go we.

V. *The Clown.*

I.

AH furra, is't a come to this?
 That all our *Weez-men* do zo miss?
 Efdid think zo much avore,
 Have we kept vighing here zo long.
 To zell our *Kingdom* vor a zong,
 O that ever chwor a bore!

2.

Echave a be a *Cavaliero*,
 Like most *weeze-men* that escood hear, o.
 And shoor fdid wish 'um well,
 But within fdid zee how the did go,
 To cheat the *King* and *Countrey* too,
 Esbid 'um all vorwell.

3.

Thoo whun the *club-men* wor so thick,
 Esput my zive upon a stick.

L

And

And about eswent among 'um;
 And by my troth esdid suppose
 That they were honesther then those
 That now do zwear they'l hang 'um.

4.

Was't not enow to make men vite,
 When villans come by de and night,
 To plunder and undoe 'um;
 And Garizons did vet all in,
 And steep the Countrey to the skin,
 And we zed nothing to 'um?

5.

But we had zoon a *scurvy* pluck,
 The better *Men*, the worser luck;
 We had *knaves* and *vools* among us,
 Zome turn'd, zome *cowards* run away,
 And left a vew behind to try,
 And bloody *rogues* to bang us:

6.

But now 'tis a come to a *scurvy* matter,
 Cham in the house of the *Surgan-frater*,
 That have no *grace*, nor *pitty*;
 But here they peel, and pole, and squeeze;
 And when cha' paid them all their fees,
 They turn me to the *mittee*.

7.

Like *furies* they zit three and three,
 And all their plots to beggar we,
 Like *Pilate* and the *Jews*;
 And zome do ze that both do know,
 Of thick above and those below,
 'Tis not a *turd* to chose.

8.

But tho Echood redeem my *gown*,
 Es went to *London* to compoun,

And

And ride through ween and weather ;
 Estaide there eight and twonty week,
 And chowor at last zo much to seek,
 As when Es vur't come thither.

9.

There whun's zeed voke to Church repair,
 Espi'd about yor *Common-Prayer* ;
 But no zuch thing scould zee.
 The zed the *Common'st* that was there,
 Wasvrom a *tub*, or a *wicker* chair ;
 They call'd it *stumpere*.

10.

Es hur'd 'um *pray*, and every word,
 As the wor sick, they cri'd *O Lord* :
 And thoo stond still agen,
 And vor my life escould not know,
 Whun they *begun* or had *ado*,
 But when they zed *amen*.

11.

They have a new word, 'tis not *preach*,
 Zdo think zome o'me did call it *teach* ;
 A *trick* of their devizing :
 And there zo good a *nap* sdid vet ,
 Till 'twas *adoo*, that's past zun-zet,
 As if 'twor but zun-rising.

12.

At night zo zoon's chwar into bed,
 Sdid all my prayers without book read ;
 My *Creed* and *Pater noster* :
 Me think zet all their *prayers* to thick,
 And they do goo no more a leek,
 Then an *Apple's* like an *Oyster*.

L 2

13. Chad

13.

Chad need to *watch*, zo well as *pray*,
 Whun chave to do with *zuch* as they,
 Or else Es may go *zeek*;
 They need not bid a monthy *vast*;
 Vor if zoo be these times do last,
 Twool come to zeav'n a weak.

14.

Es waited there a *huges* time,
 And *brib'd* thick men to know my crime,
 That esmed make my *peace*;
 At last esvown my *purse* was vat,
 And if chwould be *reform'd* of that,
 They wood give me a *release*.

15.

Es gid 'um *bond* voor neenscore pown,
 Bezides what chad a *paid* 'um down,
 And thoo they made me *swear*,
 Whun chad a reckon'd what my cost are,
 Es swear'd chood ene zit down aloster,
 Vor by my troth chawr *weary*.

16.

Thoo when scome home esbore some *beasts*,
 And chowr in hope we should ha' *peace*,
 Case here's no *Cavaliers*,
 But now they zed's a new quandary,
 Tween *Pendents* and *Presbytery*,
 Chiam *agast* they'l go by the ears.

17.

Esbore in hon 'twould never last,
 The *mittees* did get wealth zo *vast*,
 And *Gentlemen* undoo;
 Uds *wonderkins* toold make one mad,
 That three or four livings had,
 Now can't tell whare to goo.

18. Ch

18.

Cha zeed the time when escood gee
My *dater* more then zix of the:

But now by bribes and *stortions*;
Zome at our wedden ha bestow'd
In *Gloves* more then avore this wood
A made three *daters portions*.

19.

One om ow'd me *three hundred pown*,
Es zend vor zome, he paid it down;

But within *three daies* after,
Ech had a *ticket* to restore
The same agen, and *six* times more;
Is'nt this a *couzning* matter?

20.

Whun chood not do'e smot to *black rod*,
A place was ne'r a made by *God*,

And there chowr vain to lye,
Till chad a gidd'n up his *bon*,
And paid a *hundred* more in hon,
And thoo smed come awy.

21.

Nay now they have a good hon made;
What if the *Scots* should play the jade,

And keep awy our *King*?
War they not mad in all these dangers,
To go and trust the *King* with strangers?
Was ever such a thing?

22.

We ha'nor *scrip* nor *scrole* to show,
Whether it be our *King* or no;

And if they should deny 'n,
They'l make us *vight* vor'n once more,
As well's agent's'n heretovore,
How can we else come by'n.

23. We

23.

We had been better paid 'um down
 Their *worty hundred thousand* pown,
 And zo a zet 'um gwine,
 Vor cham agast avore the goo,
 The'l hav' our *gown and mony* too,
 Cham fore asfeard of mine.

24.

Another trick they do devize,
 The *vive and twenty* part and *five* ;
 And there at every meeting,
 We pay vor *wives* and *childrens* pole,
 More then they'l ever yield us whole,
 'Tis abomination *cheating*.

25.

We can nor eat, nor drinke , nor lye ;
 We our own *wives* by and by ;
 We pay to *knaves* that couzen ;
 My dame and I ten children made,
 But now we do gee off the trade,
 Vor fear should be a douzen.

26.

Then lets to *clubs* agen and vight,
 Or let's take it all out right ;
 Vor thus they mean to sare,
 All thick be *right*, they'l strip and use,
 And deal with them as bad as *Jews* ;
 All custen voke beware.

VI. *On a Butchers Dog that bit a Commanders Mare,
that stood to be Knight of a Shire.*

1.

ALL you that for Parliament *Members* do stand,
For *County, Burrough,* or *City* ;
Listen now to my song, which is doleful for, and
A lamentable ditty.

2.

For you must take notice that there was a Dog,
Nay a Mastiff-dog (d'you see)
And if this great Dog were ry'd to a great clog,
It had been full happy for we.

3.

And eke there was a great Colonel stout,
That had been in many a slaughter ;
But this Mastiff to eat him was going about,
As you shall her hereafter.

4.

You bloody *Malignants*, why will you still plot?
'Twill bring you to hanging you know.
For if this Dog had done what he did not,
How had he been us'd I trow !

5.

But happy was it for sweet *Westminster*,
When they went to make their choice ;
That this plot was found out, for why should this
In *Elections* have any voyce? (cwr

6.

For surely this Mastiff, though he was big,
And had been lucky at fighting ;
Yet he was not *qualifi'd* worth a fig,
And therefore he fell a biting !

L 4

7. But

7.

But whom do you think? A thing of great note,
 And a worthy *Commanders Mare*;
 O what a strange battel had there been fought,
 Had they gone to *fight dog, fight bear*!

8.

This Dog was a *Leveller* in his heart,
 Or some *Tub-preaching Cur*;
 For honour or greatness he car'd not a *far*,
 And lov'd neither *Lord* nor *Sir*:

9.

For when the *Commander* was mounted on high,
 And got above many a brother,
 It angered this dog at the guts *verily*,
 To see one man above another;

10.

And therefore he run at him with open mouth,
 But it seems the *Dog* was but dull,
 He had as good took a bear by the tooth,
 As mistook a horse for a lull:

11.

But this plot was discover'd in very good time,
 And strangely, as you may perceive,
 For the people saw him committing this crime;
 And made him his biting leave.

12.

And so they were parted without any harm,
 That now any body seeth,
 For it seems this *Dog* that made all this alarm,
 Did but only shew his teeth.

13.

So this *Cavalier* cur was beaten full fore,
 And had many a knock on the pate, (more,
 But they serv'd him aright if they had beat him
 For meddling with matters of State, 14. Now

14.

Now heaven look down on our noble *Protector*,
 His *Commanders* and *Members* eke,
 And keep him from the teeth of every *Elector*,
 That is not able to *speak*.

15.

And hang all such *dogs* as their honours do hate,
 Let them clear themselves if they can,
 For if they be suffered to be in the *State*,
 They'll conspire against *horse* and *man*.

VII. *The new Knight Errant.*

1.

OF *Gyants* and *Knights*, & their wonderful *figh*ts,
 We have stories enough in *Romances*;
 But I'll tell you one new, that is *strange* and yet *true*,
 Though t'other are nothing but *fancies*.

2.

A *Knight* lately made of the *Governing* trade,
 Whose name he'l not have to be known;
 Has been trucking with *fame*, to purchase a *name*;
 For 'tis said he had none of his own.

3.

He by *Fortunes* design, should have been a *Divine*,
 And a pillar no doubt of the *Church*;
 Whom a *Sexton* (God wot) in the *belfry* begot,
 And his Mother did pig in the porch.

4.

And next for his breeding, 'twas learned *hog-feeding*,
 With which he so long did converse,
 That his *manners* and *feature*, was so like their *nature*,
 You'd scarce know his *sweetness* from theirs.

5. But

5.

But observe the device of this *Noblemans* rise,
 How he hurried from trade to trade ;
 From the *grains* he'd aspire to the *yest*; & then *higher*;
 Till at length he a *Dray-man* was made.

6.

Then his *dray-horse* and *he*, in the streets we did see,
 With his *hanger*, his *sling*, and his *jacket* ;
 Long time he did *watch*, to meet with his *match* ;
 For he'd ever a mind to the *placket*.

7.

At length he did finde, out a *Trull* to his mind,
 And *Ursula* was her name ;
 O *Ursty* quoth *he*, and O *Tom* then quoth *she*,
 And so they began then their game.

8.

But as soon as they met, O such *babès* they did get,
 And blood-royal in 'um did place : (Dam;
 From a *swine-herd* they came, a *she-bear* was their
 They were suckled as *Romulus* was.

9.

At last when the rout, with their head did fall out,
 And the wars thereupon did fall in,
 He went to the *field*, with a sword, but no shield,
 Strong drink was his *buckler* within :

10.

But when he did spy, how they dropt down and die,
 And did hear the *bullets* to sing :
 His *arms* he flung down, and run fairly to town,
 And exchang'd his *sword* for his *sling*

11. Yet

11.

Yet he claimed his share, in such *honours* as were
 Belonging to nobler *spirits*;
 That ventur'd their *lives*, while this *Buffoon* survives,
 To receive the reward of their merits.

12.

When the wars were all done, he his *fighting* begun,
 And would needs shew his valour in peace;
 Then his fury he flings, at poor conquer'd things,
 And frets like a *hog* in his *grease*;

13.

For his first feat of all, on a *Wit* he did fall,
 A *wit* as some say, and some not;
 Because he'd an art, to rhithm on the quart,
 But never did care for the *pot*;

14.

And next on the *cocks*, he fell like an *Ox*,
 And took them and their *Masters* together;
 But the *combs* and the *spurs*, kept himself and his *Sirs*,
 Who are now to have both or neither.

15.

The cause of his spite, was because they would *fight*,
 And, because he durst not, he did take-on;
 And said they were fit, for the *pot*, not the *spit*,
 And would serve to be eaten with *bacon*.

16.

But flesh'd with these *spoiles*, the next of his *toyles*,
 Was to fall with *wild-beasts* by the ears,
 To the *Bear-ward* he goeth, and then opened his
 And said, *oh! are you there with your bears? (mouth,*

17.

Our stories are dul, of a *cock* and a *bull*,
 But such was his valour and care:
 Since he bears the *bell*, the tales that we tell,
 Must be of a *cock* and a *bare*.

18. The

18.

The crime of the *bears* was, they were *Cavaliers*,
 And had formerly fought for the *King* ;
 And pull'd by the *Burrs*, the round-headed *Currs*,
 That they made both their ears to ring.

19.

Our successour of *Kings*, like blinde fortune, flings
 Upon him both honour and store :
 Who has as much right, to make *Tom* a Knight,
 As *Tom* has desert, and no more.

20.

But *Fortune* that whore, still attended this *Brewer*,
 And did all his *atchievements* reward ;
 And blindly did fling, on this lubberly thing,
 More honour, and made him a Lord.

21.

Now he walks with his *spurs*, and a couple of *curs*
 At his heels, which he calls *Squires* :
 So when honour is thrown on the head of a clown ;
 'Tis by *Parasites* held up, and *Lyars*.

22.

The rest of his *pranks*, will merit new thanks,
 With his death, if we did but know it ;
 But we'll leave him and it, to a time and place fit,
 And *Greg.* shall be funeral Poet.

VIII. The New Mountebank.

Written in 1643.

IF any body politick,
 Of plenty or ease be very sick,
 There's a Physician come to Town,
 Of far fetcht fame and high renown ;
 Though call'd a *Mountebank*, 'tis meant,
 Both words being French, a *Parliament* ;

Who

Who from *Geneva* and *Amsterdam*,
 From *Germany* and *Scotland* came;
 Now lies in *London*; but the place,
 If men say true, is in *his face*.
 His Scaffold stands on *Tower-hill*,
 When he on *Strafford* try'd his skill;
 Off went his head, you'l think him slain:
 But straight 'twas voted on again.
Diurnals are his *weekly-bills*,
 Which speak how many he cures or kills:
 But of the *Errata* we'l advise,
 For cure read kill, for truth read lies.
 If any Traytor be diseased
 With a sore-neck, and would be eased;
 There is a pill, they call a *Vote*,
 Take it *ex tempore* it shall do't.
 If any conscience be to strict,
 Here's several pills from *Lectures* pickt,
 Which swallowed down will stretch it full,
 As far as 'tis from this to *Hull*.
 Is any by *Religion* bound,
 Or Law, and would be looser found;
 Here's a *Glister* which we call
 His *priviledge* o'r-topping all.
 Is any money left, or plate,
 Or goods? bring't in at any rate:
 He'l melt three *shillings* into one,
 And in a minute leave you none.
 Here's powder to inspire the lungs,
 Here's water that unties your tongues;
 Spight of the Law, 'twill set you free,
 To speak Treason only lispingly.
 Here's *Leeches*, which if well apply'd,
 And fed, will stick close to your side,

Till

Till your superfluous blood decay,
 Then they'l break and drop away.
 But here's a soveraign *Antidote*,
 Be sure our *Soveraign* never know't;
 Apply it as the *Doctour* pleases,
 'Twill cure all wounds and all diseases.
 A drug none but himself e're saw,
 'Tis call'd a *Fundamental Law*:
 Here's *Glasses* to delude your sight,
 Dark *Lanterns* here, here *bastard* light.
 This if you conquer, *trebbles* the men;
 If loose a hundred, seems but ten.
 Here's *Opium* to lull asleep,
 And here lie dangerous *plots* in steep.
 Here stands the safety of the City,
 There hangs the invisible *Committee*.
Plundring's the new *Philosophers* stone,
 Turns war to *Gold*, and *Gold* to none:
 And here's an *Ordinance* that shall,
 At one full shot enrich you all.
 He's skilled in the *Mathematicks*,
 And in his *circle* can do tricks,
 By raising *spirits*, that can smell
Plots that are hatcht as deep as hell:
 Which ever to themselves are known,
The Devil's ever kind to his own.
 All this he *gratis* doth, and saith,
 He'l only take the *Publick Faith*,
 Flock to him then, make no delay,
 The next fair *wind* he must away,

IX. *The Saints Encouragement.**Written in 1643.*

Fight on brave Souldiers for the cause,
 Fear not the *Cavaliers*;
 Their threatnings are as senseless, as
 Our *jealousies* and *fears*.
 'Tis you must perfect this great work,
 And all *Malignants* slay,
 You must bring back the *King* again
 The clean contrary way.

'Tis for *Religion* that you fight,
 And for the *Kingdoms* good,
 By robbing *Churches*, plundring men,
 And shedding guiltless blood.
 Down with the *Orthodoxal* train,
 All Loyal Subjects slay;
 When these are gone, we shall be blest,
 The clean contrary way.

When *Charles* we've bankrupt made like us,
 Of *Crown* and *power* bereft him;
 And all his loyal subjects slain,
 And none but *Rebels* left him.
 When we've beggar'd all the *Land*,
 And sent our *Trunks* away;
 We'll make him then a glorious *Prince*,
 The clean contrary way.

'Tis to preserve his Majesty,
 That we against him fight,
 Nor are we ever beaten back,
 Because our cause is right;

If

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 Then they'll break and drop away.
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'Tis to preserve his Majesty,
 That we against him fight,
 Nor are we ever beaten back,
 Because our cause is right;

If

If any make a scruple on'r,
 Our *Declarations* say,
 Who fight for us, fight for the King,
The clean contrary way.

At *Keynton, Branford, Plymouth, York,*
 And divers places more;
 What victories we *Saints* obtain'd,
 The like ne'r seen before!
 How often we Prince *Rupert* kill'd,
 And bravely won the day,
 The wicked *Cavaliers* did run
The clean contrary way.

The true *Religion* we maintain,
 The *Kingdoms* peace, and plenty;
 The privilege of *Parliament*
 Not known to one of twenty:
 The ancient *Fundamental Laws*,
 And teach men to obey;
 Their Lawful *Sovereign*, and all these,
The clean contrary way.

We subjects *Liberties* preserve,
 By *prisonment* and *plunder*,
 And do enrich our selves and state
 By keeping the *wicked* under.
 We must preserve *Mechanicks* now,
 To *Lecturize* and pray;
 By them the *Gospel* is advanc'd,
The clean contrary way.

And though the King be much *misd*
 By that *malignant* crew;
 He'l find us honest, and at last,
 Give all of us our due.

For

For we do wisely plot, and plot,
Rebellion to destroy,
 He sees we stand for peace and truth,
The clean contrary way.

The publick faith shall save our souls.
 And good *out-works* together;
 And *ships* shall save our lives, that stay
 Only for wind and weather.
 But when our *faith* and *works* fall down,
 And all our hopes decay,
 Our *Alt* will bear us up to heaven,
The clean contrary way.

X.

Written in 1648.

Come let us be merry,
 Drink *Claret* and *Sherry*,
 And cast away care and sorrow;
 He's a fool that takes thought for to-morrow.
 Why should we be droopers.
 To save it for *Troopers*:
 Let's spend our own,
 And when all is gone,
 That they can have none,
 Then the *Roundheads* and *Cavirs* agree.

2.

Then fall to your drinking,
 And leave off this shrinking;
 Let *Square-heads* and *Round-heads* go quarrel;
 We have no other foe but the barrel;
 These cares and disasters,
 Shall ne'r be our Masters;

English and Scot,
 Do both love a pot,
 Though they say they do not;
Here the Roundheads and Cavies agree.

3.

A man that is armed
 With liquor is charmed,
 And proof against strength and cunning;
 He scorns the base *humour* of running.
 Our *brains* are the quicker,
 When season'd with liquor,
 Let's drink and sing,
 Here's a health to our *King*,
 And I wish in this thing
Both the Roundheads and Cavies agree.

4.

A pox of this *fighting*!
 I take no delighting,
 In killing of men and *plunder*;
 A *Gun* affrights me like a thunder.
 If we can Live *quiet*,
 With good drink and diet,
 We wont come nigh,
 Where the *bullets* do fly:
 In fearing to die,
Both the Roundheads and Cavies agree.

5.

Twixt *Square-head* and *Round-head*
 The Land is confounded,
 They care not for fight or battle,
 But to *plunder* our goods and cattle.
 When ere they come to us,
 Their chiefest hate,
 Is at our *Estate*,

And

And in sharing of that,
Both the Roundheads and Cavaliers agree.

6.

In swearing and lying,
In cowardly flying,
In whoring, in cheating, in stealing,
They agree; in all damnable dealing.
He's a fool and a widgeon,
That thinks they've Religion,
For Law and right,
Are o're rul'd by might;
But when they should fight,
Both the Roundheads and Cavaliers agree.

7.

Then while we have treasure,
Let's spare for no pleasure:
He's a fool that has wealth and won't spend it,
But keeps it for Troopers to end it.
When we've nothing to leave 'um:
Then we shall deceive 'um,
If all would be
Of such humors as we,
We should suddenly see
Both the Roundheads and Cavaliers agree. *

XI. *The Scots Coranto.*

Written in 1465.

Come, come away to the English wars;
A fig for our Hills and Valleys,
'Twas we did begin, and will lengthen their jarrs;
We'll gain by their loss and follies:
Let the Nations
By invasions,
Break through our barrs;
They can get little good by their sallies.

M 2

2, Though

2.

Though *Irish* and *English* entred be,
 The State is become our Debtor:
 Let them have our Land, if their own may be free;
 And the *Scot* will at length be a getter.
 If they crave it,
 Let them have it,
 What are we?

We would fain *change* our Land for a better.

3.

Long have we longed for the *English* Land,
 But we're hindred still by *disasters*;
 But now is their time, when they can't withstand,
 But are their own Countreys wasters.
 If we venter,
 We may enter

By *command*,

And at last we shall grow to be *Masters*.

4.

When 'at the first we began to *rebel*,
 Though they did not before regard us;
 How the name of a *Scot* did the *English* quell,
 Which formerly have out-dar'd us.

For our coming

And returning,

They pay'd us well,
 And *royally* did reward us,

5.

The better to bring our ends about,
 We must plead for a *Reformation*;
 And tickle the minds of the giddy-brain'd rout,
 With the hopes of an *innovation*.

They will love us,

And approve us,

With-

Without doubt,
If we bring in an *alteration*.

6.

Down with the *Bishops* and their train,
The *Surplice*, and *Common-prayers*,
Then will we not have a *King* remain,
But we'll be the *Realms* surveyers :
So by little,
And a little
We shall gain
All the *Kingdom* without gain-sayers.

7.

And when at the last we have conquer'd the *King*,
And beaten away the *Cavaliers*;
The Parliament next must the same ditty sing,
And thus we will set the Realm by the ears.
By their jarring,
And their warring
We will bring,
Their estates to be *ours*, which they think to be *theirs*.

8.

And thus when among us the Kingdom is shar'd,
And the people are all made *beggars* like we ;
A *Scot* will be as good as an *English Leard* ;
O! what an *unity* this will be
As we gain it,
We'll retain it
By the *sword*,
And the *English* shall say, *bonny blew cap for me*.

XII.

Written in 1643.

THough *Oxford* be yielded, and *Reading* be taken,
I'll put in for quarter at thy *Maiden-head* :

M3

There

There while I'm insconsed, my *Standards* unshaken,
 Lie thou in my arms, and I in thy bed.
 Let the young *zelots* march with their wenches,
 Mounting their tools to edifie trenches,
 While thou and I do make it our pleasure,
 To dig in thy *Mine* for the purest Treasure;
Where no body else shall plunder but I.

And when we together in *battail* do joyn,
 We scorn to wear arms but what are our own;
 Strike thou at my *body*, and I'll thrust at thine,
 By nakedness best the *truth* is made known.
Cannons may roar, and *bullets* keep flying,
 While we are in *Battail*, we never fear dying.
Isaac and's wenches are busie a digging,
 But all our delight is in *japing* and *jigging*,
And no body else shall plunder but I.

And when at the last our bodies are weary,
 We'll straight to the *Taverns* our strength to recruit;
 Where, when we've refresht our hearts with *Canary*,
 We shall be the fitter again to go to't.
 We'll tippie and drink until we do stagger,
 For then is the time for *Souldiers* to swagger.
 Thus night and day we'll thump it and knock it,
 And when we've no *money* then look to your pocket,
For no body e'le shall plunder but I.

XIII. *A New Ballad.*

I.

A Ballad, a Ballad, a new one and true,
 And such are seldom seen;
 He that wont write Ballads, and sing 'um too,
 Has neither *Wit* nor *Spleen* :

For

For a man may be furnished with so much matter,
That he need not lie, or rail, or flatter;
'Twill run from his tongue as easie as water,
And as *swiftly*, though not so *clean*.

2.

To see how the times are twirled about,
Would *make a dog laugh*, 'tis true; (*gout*,
But to see those turn with 'um, that had the *Rump*-
Would *make a cat to spew*.

Those *Knaves* that have lived upon *sequestration*,
And sucked the *blood* of the best of the Nation,
Are all for the *King* by a new translation;
He that won't believe't is a *Jew*.

3.

The poor *Cavaliers* thought all was their own;
And now was their time to sway;
But *friends* they have few, and *money* they've none,
And so they mistook their way. (*rout 'um*.
When they seek for preferments the *Rebels* do
And having no money, they must go without 'um,
The *Courtiers* do carry such stomachs about 'um:
They speak no *English* but *PAY*:

4.

And those very *rebels* that hated the *King*,
And no such *office* allow;
By the help of their *boldness*, and one other thing,
Are brought to the *King* to bow:
And there both *pardons*, and *honours* they have,
With which they think, they're secure and brave,
But the title of *Knight*, on the back of a *Knave*,
's like a saddle upon a sow.

5.

These men are but fools as matters now stand,
That would not be *Rebels* and *Traytors*,

To grow *rich* and *rant* o'r the best of the land,
 And tread on the poor *Cinque Quaters*;
 To do what they *list*, and none dare complain,
 To rise from a *cart* and drive *Charles* his wain,
 And for this be made *Lords* and *Knights* in grain;
 O'tis sweet to ambitious natures!

6.

If the times turn about 'tis but to *comply*,
 And make a formal submission;
 And with every new power to *live and die*,
 Then they are in a safe condition
 For none are *condemned* but those that are *dead*,
 Nor must be *secur'd*, but those that are *fled*,
 And none but the *poor rogues* *sequestred*;
 The great ones buy *remission*.

7.

The *Fortieth* part of their riches, will
 Secure t'other *thirty nine*;
 And so they will keep above us still;
 But hang't, we'll ne'r repine.
 The *Devil* does into their natures creep,
 That they can no more from their *villany* keep,
 Then a *Wolfe* broke loose, can from killing of *sheep*,
 Or a *Poet* refrain from wine.

8.

Now *Heaven* preserve our *Merciful King*,
 And continue his *grace* and *pitty*,
 And may his prosperity be like a spring,
 And stream from him to the *City*!
 May *James* and *George*, those *Dukes* of renown,
 Be the two supporters of *Englands* Crown!
 And may all honest men enjoy *what's their own*!
 And so I conclude my ditty.

XIV. *The Holy Pedler.*

1.

From a Forraign shore
 I am not come to store,
 Your *Ships* with rare devices :
 No *drugs* do I bring from the *Indian King*,
 No *Peacocks*, *Apes*, nor *Spices* :
 Such wares I do show,
 As in *England* do grow,
 And are for the good of the Nation ;
 Let no body fear
 To deal in my ware,
 For *Sacriledge* now's in fashion.

2.

I the *Pedler* am,
 That came from *Amsterdam*,
 With a pack of new *Religions* ;
 I did every one fit,
 According to's wit,
 From the *Tub* to *Mahomets pigeons*.
 Great trading I found,
 For my spiritual ground,
 Wherein every man was a medler ;
 I made people decline,
 The learned *Divine*,
 And then they bought *Heaven* of the *Pedler*.

3.

First *surplices* I took,
 Next the *Common-prayer-book*,
 And made all those *Papists* that us'd 'um.
 Then the *Bishops* and *Deans*,
 I strip'd of their means,

And

And give it to those that abus'd 'um.
 The *Clergy-men* next,
 I withdrew from their *Text*,
 And set up the gifted *brother* :
 Thus *Religion* I made,
 But a matter of trade,
 And I car'd nor for one or t'other.

4.

Then *Tythes* I fell upon,
 And those I quickly won ;
 'Twas prophane in the *Clergy* to take 'um ;
 But they serv'd for the *Lay*,
 Till I sold them away,
 And so did *Religious* make 'um ;
 But now come away
 To the *Pedler* I pray ;
 * I scorn to rob or cozen ;
 If *Churches* you lack,
 Come away to my pack,
 Here's thirteen to the dozen.

5.

Church *Militants* they be,
 For now we do see,
 They have fought so long with each other ;
 The *Rump's Churches* threw down,
 Those that stood for the *Crown*,
 And sold them to one another.
 Then come you factious crue,
 Here's a bargain now for you,
 With the spoils of the *Church* you may revel :
 Now pull down the *bells*,
 And hang up your selves,
 And so give his due to the *Devil*.

XV. *A Serious Ballad.**written in 1645.*

I Love my King and Countrey well,
 Religion and the Laws,
 Which I'm mad at the heart that e're we did sell,
 To buy the good *Old Cause*.
 These *unnatural* wars,
 And unbrotherly jars,
 Are no delight or joy to me ;
 But it is my desire,
 That the wars should expire,
 And the King and his Realms agree.

2.

I never yet did take up arms,
 And yet I dare to dye ;
 But I'll not be seduc'd by *phanatical* charms,
 Till I know a *Reason* why.
 Why the King and the State,
 Should fall to debate,
 I ne'r could yet a reason see :
 But I find many one,
 Why the wars should be done,
 And the King and his Realms agree.

3.

I love the King and the *Parliament*.
 But I love them both together :
 And when they by *division* asunder are rent,
 I know 'tis good for neither :
 Which so e'r of those
 Be victorious,
 I'm sure for us no good 'twil be ;
 For our plagues will encrease,
 Unless we have peace,
 And the King and his Realms agree.

4. The

4.

The *King* without them can't long stand,
 Nor they without the *King*;
 'Tis they must advise, and 'tis he must command,
 For their power from his must spring.
 'Tis a comfortless sway,
 Where none will obey;
 If the *King* han't's right, which way shall we?
 They may *Vote*, and make *Laws*,
 But no good they will cause,
 Till the *King* and his *Realms* agree.

5.

A pure *Religion* I would have,
 Not mixt with humane wit;
 And I cannot endure that each ignorant knife,
 Should dare to meddle with it.
 The *tricks* of the *Law*,
 I would fain withdraw,
 That it may be alike to each degree.
 And I fain would have such,
 As do meddle so much,
 With the *King* and the *Church* agree.

6.

We have pray'd and pay'd that the wars might cease,
 And we be free men made:
 I would fight, if my fighting would bring any peace,
 But war is become a trade.
 Our *servants* did ride
 With *swords* by their side,
 And made their *Masters* foot-men be;
 But we will be no more slaves,
 To the *beggars* and *knaves*,
 Now the *King* and the *Realms* do agree.

XVI. *An Ode.**Written in 1643.*

What's this that shrouds,
 In these *Opacous* clouds,
 The glorious face of heav'n, and dims our light?
 What must we ever lye
Mantled in dark stupidity?
 Still groveling in a daily night?
 And shall we have no more the sun allow'd? (*proud?*
 Why, does the *sun* grow *dim*? or do the *stars* grow

2.

Why should false *zeal*
 Thus scorch our common-weal,
 And make us slight bright *Phæbus* purer fires?
 Why do these *plannets* run?
 They would, but cannot be the *Sun*:
 Yet every faucy flame aspires.
 Though they've no reason to affect the same,
 Since they've nought of fire, but the meer rage
 (and name.

3.

Now since our *Sun*
 Has left this *Horizon*;
 Can all the *stars* though by united pow'r,
 Undark the night,
 Or equal him in light?
 And yet they *blaze* to make him lowre.
 That star that looks more red than others are,
 Is a prodigious *Comet*, and a *blazing-star*.

4.

The World's undone,
 When *stars* oppose the *sun*,

And

And make him change his constant course to rest;
 His foaming Steeds,
 Flying those daring deeds,
 Inhabitable of the North or West,
 Whence we may fear he'll never more return,
 To light & warm us, with his rays but all to burn.

5.

Heav'n made them all,
 Yet not *Anarchical*;
 But in degrees and orders they are set;
 Should they all be
 In a grand Committee,
 In heavens painted chamber; yet
Sol would out shine them: guide me *Phæbus* ray,
 And let those *Lanterns* keep their borrowed light
 (away.

6.

Let's not admire
 This new phantastick fire,
 That our vain eyes deceives and us misleads:
 Those Bears we see
 That would our Lyons be,
 Want tails, and will want heads.
 the world will soon into destruction run, (sun,
 When bold blind *Phaetons* guide the chariot of the

XVII. *Palinode.*

I.

NO more, no more of this, I vow
 'Tis time to leave this fooling now,
 Which few but fools call Wit;
 There was a time when I begun,
 And now 'tis time I should have done,
 And meddle no more with it.

He

*He Physick's use doth quite mistake,
That Physick takes for Physick's sake.*

2.

*My heat of youth, and love and pride,
Did swell me with their strong spring-tyde,
Inspir'd my brain and blood,
And made me then converse with toyes,
Which are call'd *Muses* by the boyes,
And dabble in their flood.*

*I was perswaded in those dayes,
There was no crown like love and bayes.*

3.

*But now my youth and pride are gone,
And age and cares come creeping on,
And business checks my love;
What need I take a needless royle,
To spend my labour, time and oyl,
Since no design can move.*

*For now the cause is ta'n away,
What reason isth' effect should stay?*

4.

*'Tis but a folly now for me,
To spend my time and industry,
About such useles wit;
For when I think I have done well,
I see men laugh but cannot tell,
Where't be at me, or it.*

*Great madnes 'tis to be a drudge,
When those that cannot write, dare judge.*

5.

*Besides the danger that ensu'ch,
To him that speaks, or writes the truth,*

The

The *præmium* is so small,
 To be called *Poet*, and wear *bayes*,
 And *Fæctor* turn of Songs and Playes,
 This is no *wit* at all.
Wit only good to sport and sing,
 's a needlèss and an endless thing.

6.

Give me the *Wit* that can't speak *sense*,
 Nor read it, but in's own defence,
 Ne'r learn'd but of his *Grannum*,
 He that can *buy*, and *sell*, and *cheat*,
 May quickly make a shift to get,
 His thousand pound *per annum*,
 And purchase without much ado,
 The *Poems* and the *Poet* too.

XVIII. A Ballad.

OLD *England* is now a brave *Barbary* made,
 And every one has an ambition to ride her :
K. Charles was a horseman that long us'd the trade,
 But he rode in a snaffle, and that could not guide
 (her.

Then the hungry *Scot* comes with spur and with
 (swirch,
 And would teach her to run a *Geneva* career ;
 His Grooms were all *Paritan*, *Traytor*, and *witch* ;
 But she soon threw them down, with their ped-
 (lery geer.

The long *Parliament* next came all to the block,
 And they this untamable *Palfry* would ride ;
 But she would not bear all that numerous flock ;
 At which they were fain themselves to divide.

Jack

Jack Presbyter first gets the Steed by the head,
While the reverend B:shops had hold of the
(bridle :
Jack said through the nose, they their flocks did
(not feed,
But sat still on the beast, and grew aged and idle:

And then comes the Rout with broomsticks inspir'd
And pull'd down their Graces their sleeves, and
(their train,
And sets up sir Jack, who the beast quickly tyr'd,
With a journey to Scotland, & thence back again.

Jack rode in a dubler, with a yoke of prick-ears,
A curfed splay mouth and a Covenant-spur,
Rides switching and spurring with jealousies and
(fears,
Till the poor famish'd beast was not able to stir.

Next came th' Independent a dev'lish designer,
And got himself call'd by a holier name;
Makes Jack to unhorse, for he was diviner,
And would make her travel as far's *Amsterdam*:

But *Nol* a rank rider gets first in the saddle,
And made her show tricks, and curvate and re-
(bound;
She quickly perceiv'd that he rode widdle, waddle,
And like his Coach-horses threw his Highness
(to ground.

Then *Dick*, being lame, rode holding by the pummel
Not having the wit to get hold of the rein;

N

Buc

But the Jade did so snort at the sight of a *Cromwel*,
That poor *Dick* and his kindred turn'd foot-men
(again.

Next *Fleetwood* and *Vane*, with their Rascally pack,
Would every one put their feet in the stirrup;
But they pull'd the saddle quite off of her back,
And were all got under her before they were up.

At last the King mounts her, and then e shstood still,
As his *Bucephalus*, proud of this Rider;
She cheerfully yields to his power and skill, (her.
Who is careful to feed her, and skilful to guide

EPISTLES

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EPISTLES.

I. To C. C. Esquire.

INSpir'd with love and kindled by the flame,
 Which from your eye and conversation came,
 I proceed *Versifier*, and can't chuse,
 Since you are both my *Patron* and my *Muse*.
 Whose fair example makes us know and do;
 You make us *Poets*, and you feed us too.

And though where ere you are, is *Helicon*;
 Since all the *Muses* proudly wait upon
 Your parts and person too; while we sit here,
 And like *Baals Priests* our flesh do cut and tear.

Yet, for our lives, can't make our baggage *Muse*,
 Lend us a *lift*, or one rich thought infuse;
 Or be as much as midwife to a *quibble*,
 But leave us to our selves with *pangs* to scribble
 What, were we *wise*, we might well blush to view,
 While we're invoking them, they're courting you.
 Yet I conceive (and won't my *notion* smother)
 You and your house contribute to each other.
 Such *hills*, such *dales*, such *plains*, such *rocks*, such
 And such a *confluence* of all such things (springs,
 As raise and gratifie the *Muses* so,
 That in one Night I was created PO-
 That's half a Poet, I can't reach to ET,
 Because I'm not a perfect *Poet* yet;

And I despair *perfection* to attain,
Unless I'm sent to *schoole* to you to gain.

Alas ! Sir, *London* is no place for verse ;
Ingenious harmless thoughts, polite and terse :
Our *Age* admits not, we are wrap'd in *smoke* ;
And *sin*, and *business*, which the *Muses* choke.
Those things in which *true poesie* takes *pleasure*,
We here do want ; *tranquillity* and *leasure* :

Yet we have *wits*, and *some* that for *wits* go,
Some real ones, and *some* that would be so ;
But 'tis *ill-natured wit*, and such as still,
To th' *subject* or the *object* worketh ill.
A *Wit* to *cheat*, to *ruine*, to *betray* ;
Which renders *useless*, what we do or say :
This *wit* will not bear verse, *some things* we have ;
Who in their *out-side* do seem *brisk* and *brave* :
And are as *gandy* as old *Kelles* purse ;
But full as *empty* too. And here's our *curse* ;
Few *men* discern the *difference* 'twixt *Wit*
That's *sterling*, and that's not, but looks *like* it.
Inrich us with your *presence*, make us know
How much the *Nation* does to *Derby* owe.
But if your *business* will not be withstood,
Do what you can, since you can't what you wou'd.

Those lovely sportings of your *frollick Muse*,
Wherewith you blest me, send me to peruse ;
And out of gratitude, I'll send you mine ;
They'l *rub* your *vertues*, and so make them *shine* :
Your *charity* and *patience* will in them,
Find work t'acquit, what justice must condemn.
And if you please, send one propitious line,
To dignifie these worthless *toyes* of mine :
The *Reader* charm'd by yours, may be so bold,
To read o'r mine, which else he'd not behold ;

And

And then in *Spite of envy, pride or lying*, (buying.
Must say h'has met with something worth the

II. *The Answer.*

W^Hen in this dirty corner of the World,
Where all the *rubbish* of the rest is hurl'd
Both men, and manners; this abandon'd place,
Where scarce the *Sun* dares shew his radiant face;
I met thy lines, they made me wondring stand,
At thy unknown, and yet the friendly hand:
Straight through the *Air* m'imagination flew
To ev'ry *Region* I had seen or knew;
And kindly blest (at her returning home)
My greedy ear, with the glad name of *Brome*;
Then I reproach't my self for my suspence;
And mourn'd my own want of *intelligence*,
That could not know thy celebrated *Muse*,
(Though mask't with all the art, that art can use)
At the first sight, which to the dullest eyes,
No names conceal'd, nor habit can disguise.
For who (*ingenious friend*) but only thee,
(Who art the *soul* of wit, and courtesie)
Writes in so pure, an unaffected strain,
As shews *wits ornament is to be plain*;
Or would *caress* a man condemn'd to lie
Buried from all humane society.
'Mongst brutes and bondogs in a *Lernean* fen,
Whose *Natives* have nor souls, nor shape of men?
How could thy *Muse*, that in her noble flight,
The boading *Raven* cuff't; and in his height
Of untam'd power, and unbounded place,
Durst mate the haughty *Tyrant* to his face;
Deign an inglorious stoop, and from the skie,
Fall down to prey on such a *worm* as I?

Her seeing (sure) my itate, made her relent,
 And try to charm me from my banishment;
 Nor has her charitable purpose fail'd,
 For when I first beheld her face unvail'd;
 I kist the paper, as an *act of grace*,
 Sent to retrieve me from this wretched place,
 And doubred not to go abroad agen
 To see the world, and to converse with men:
 But when I taste the dairies of the Flood,
 (Ravish't from *Neptunes* table for my food,)
 The *Lucrine* Lake's plump Oysters I despise,
 With all the other Roman luxuries.
 And, wanton grown, contemn the famous breed
 Of Sheep and Oxen, which these mountains feed.

Then as a *Snake*, benumb'd and fitt'expire,
 If laid before the comfortable fire,
 Begins to stir, and feels her vitals beat
 Their healthful *motion*, at the quickning heat:
 So my poor *muse*, that was halt starv'd before,
 On these bleak *cliffs*; nor thought of *writing* more.
 Warm'd by thy bounty, now can hiss and spring:
 And ('tis believ'd by some) will shortly sting:
 So warm she's grown, and without things like these,
Minerva must, as well as *Venus* freeze.

Thus from a *High-lander* I straight commence
 Poet, by vertue of thine influence;
 That with one Ray, can clods and stones inspire,
 And make them pant, and breath poetick fire:
 And thus I am thy *creature* prov'd, who name
 And fashion take from thy indulgent flame.

What should I send thee then, that may besit
 A grateful heart for such a benefit;
 Or how proclaim, with a *poetick* grace,
 What thou hast made me from the thing I was;

When

When all I writ, is artless, forc't, and dull ;
 And mine as *empty* as thy fancy full ?
 All our conceits, alas ! are flat, and stale,
 And our inventions muddy, as our *Ale* :
 No friends, no visiters, no company,
 But such, as I still pray, I may not see :
 Such craggy, rough-hewn *rogues*, as do not fit ;
 Sharpen and set, but blunt the edge of wit ;
 Any of which (and fear has a quick eye)
 If through a *perspective* I chance to spy,
 Though a mile off, I take th' alarm and run,
 As if I saw the *Devil*, or a *Dun*.

And in the neighbouring rocks take *sanctuary*,
 Praying the Hills to fall, and cover me ;
 So that my solace lies amongst my grounds,
 And my best company's my *Horse* and *Hounds*.

Judge then (my friend) how far I am unfit
 To *traffick* with thee, in the trade of Wit,
 How *Bankrupt* I am grown of all commerce,
 Who have all number lost, and air of verse.
 But if I could in living song set forth,
 Thy Muses glory, and thine own true worth,
 I then would sing an *Ode*, that should not shame
 The *writers* purpose ; nor the *Subjects* name :
 Yet, what a grateful heart, and such a one,
 As (by thy virtues,) thou hast made thine own,
 Can poorly pay, accept for what is due,
 Which if it be not *Rhythm*, I'll swear 'tis true.

C. Cotton.

III. To his University Friend.

Dear Captain.

W*Ant*, the great Master of three greater things,
Art, Strength, and Boldness, gives this letter
 To kiss, (that is, salute) you, and say *A. B.* (wings,
 To his renowned Captain *S. P. B.*

And to request three greater things than those,
 Things that beget good *verse*, and Stubborn *prose*,
 The first is *drink*, which you did promise, would
 Inform the *brain*; as well as warm the *blood*:

Drink that's as pow'rful and strong as *Hector*,
 And as inspiring as the old Poets *Nectar*,
 That dares confront the legislative *Sack*,
 And lends more Greek than your grave Patriarch;
 But you may see here's none; for if that I,
 Had been well *wet*, these had not been so *dry*.

The next is *money*; which you said should be
 Paid, and it may be 'twas, but not to me.
 Why (Friend) d'you think a man as big about
 As I, can live on promises, without
 Good *drink* or *money*? how'll good *Sack* be had?
 And who can live without *sack*, or with bad?
 What e'r your *Academicks* talk or teach,
 Mind what they *do*, they mind not what they *preach*:
 In publick they may rail at *Pope* and *Turk*,
 And at the layeties *avarice* have a *Firk*;
 And say their aim is all to save the *soul*;
 But that Soul's *money*, which does all controul:
 Which I do only by the want on't know,
 But when it comes thou'lt see 'twill *wonders* do.

The third is *wit*, which you affirmed here,
 Was in your *Mines*, and digg'd up every where;

Jests,

Jests, Verses, Tales, Puns, Satyrs, Quibbles too,
 And certain *Bristol* words that like wit show:
 But none on't comes as yet, and all I see,
 Is, you've the *wit* to keep it all from me:
 'Tis troublesome and *costly* to have much;
 And if you had it, you would never grutch
 Your needy Friend a little; prithee do
 Send me the *last*, and I'll get t'other *two*.

IV. *The Answer.*

YOur Letter found us at good *Clarret*,
 Such as you should be at, or are at.
 The lines were good; but that I wonder
 As much as at a bladders thunder;
 That you who are not us'd to *preach*,
 That never to that art could reach;
 Your letter should so well divide,
 Into the *first*, *third*, *second* head.
 Prithee tell me, just then came ye.
 Before you writ, from your *C*.
 Or hadst thou heard some *Independent*;
First it, and *thirdly* it, till no end on't?
Thirdly from you is as ill sounded,
 As *Mafs* delivered by a *roundhead*:
 Or if your old *Resorder* should
 Try to speak *Latine* that is good.

Drink the first head, you wisely laid;
 Drink alwaies gets into the head:
 Drink in plain lilly troth you had,
 As strong as *hop*, or *furnase* made,
 Such as our *Sophisters* do take,
 When they old *Latine* jests would break;

Such

Such as if your *Clients* drink,
Of law suits they would never think :
Such as with *Beef*, and *Mutton* were
Enough to make you *Knight o'th' shire* :

But that it comes not you may thank
Your *Thames* which *swell'd* above its bank.
I think the *London Brewers* plot
To encrease the *Thames*, that we should not,
By our sublime and noble *Beer*,
Shame all their puddle liquor there.
So great the flood here, that the people
Were wondrous fraid for your *Pauls-steeple*;
Lest we should hear next *Almanack*,
How *London Bridge* did fall or shake :
Lest it *Westminster-Hall* should drown,
And then no place should there be found,
Where men their *gold* and *silver* may
Upon the *Lawyers* throw away.

But stay, it may be all is lost,
Broke by the *ice*, or stop'd by *frost*.
Perchance the *Boat-men* let it run,
Which either of us would have done :
It may be they drew out the Vessel,
To cheer themselves at merry *Wassail* :
Per chance the *Barrel* in the way
Did fall upon an *holiday*,
Upon a *Revel* or a *Wedding* ;
Or else, it may be, it call'd at *Reading*,
Where the bold *rust* did rant of late,
As if they drunk such *beer* as that :

But if at last it there arrive,
Drink it out while 'tis alive ;
Let not old *Gossips* of it tast,
When they do praise their husbands last ;

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When they tell stories, and do cry
 For their poor babe that last did dye:
 Nor it the Countrey *Clients* give,
 When thou dost fees from them receive;
 But make a fire and send about,
 For all thy friends the merry rout:
 Fetch out the bowl and drink it up,
 And think on him that fill'd the cup.

Your next is *money*, which I promise,
 Full *fifty pounds* alas the sum is,
 That too shall quickly follow, if
 It can be rais'd from *Strang* or *Tiffe*.
 Pray pray that each moneth we may choose
 New *Members* for the commons house,
 Pray that our *Act* may last all year,
 That we may sooner spend our *Beer*.
 Pray that the Scholars may drink faster,
 And larger cups then they did last year.
 Pray heav'n to take away th' *Excise*,
 Pray I say with weeping eyes,
 Pray our malt grow good and cheap,
 And then of money expect an heap.

For *Poems*; *Tom* desires me tell ye,
 He minds not now his feet, but belly:
 He must for Pulpit now prepare,
 Or make bills for *Apothecar*--
 Y'and leave off these barten toys
 Which feed not, only make a noise:
 Yet he would fain from you receive,
 What your more happy *Muse* did give,
 Which made *Protectors* love to hear,
 Though themselves wounded by them were
Songs, which are play'd on every tongue,
 And make a *Christmas* when they're sung.

Thus

Thus wishing you much *mirth* and *wit*.
 As the *Lord Mayor* doth *speak* and *spit*.
 Wishing and praying till I'm weary,
 That you may drink the best *Canary*:
 And that you may have *Clients* many,
 And talk in *Guild-hall* wise as any;
 That the rich *Londoners* may fall out,
 And go to *Law* till money's all out;
 That every *Citizen* hate his Neighbour,
 As his wife doth *Pope* and *Tyber*:
 That the grave *Alderman* love no man,
 More then they did the *Prayer-Common*:
 That *Quarrels* long may thence be spun
 About a *Whistle* or a *Spoon*:
 That th'itch of law may infect all *London*,
 Till you are rich, and they are undone:
 That you may keep your good *Dame* yet here,
 Or when she dies may finde a better:
 That two hours *prayer* and long *Sermon*,
 You may not hear above each term one:
 And then your pew may be so easie,
 That you may sleep when e'r it please ye:
 That when from *Tavern* late you come,
 You miss the watch returning home;
 Or if you meet th'unmanner'd *rabble*,
 You may not *out-wit* the *Constable*.

V. To T. S.

THy Letter *Friend*, had the hard fate,
 To finde me with a busie pate,
 Which still continues, and will do,
 Till you meet me, or I meet you:

Than

Then prithee come thy wayes to me,
Or else I vow i'll come to thee.

So well I love thee that I *doat*,
And make this *shameless* Letter show't:
And it is more then I can do,
To live in love and business too.

P. B. and G. I had the luck
To see, and drink a little pluck:
Which they both said, they'd do agen,
But broke their words like honest men,
And shew'd themselves as errant lyars,
As th' were 'prentice to the *Tryers*.
But will they e'r preach truth d'you think,
Who are so false in point of *drink*?
Since that some persons got some places,
Deceit and *lying* have been graces.

I'm also told *P. P.* was here,
But ne'r came at me though so neer,
Which I don't take amiss, for I
Suppose his love's not wont to lie
On the *Male Sex*, but by his Vote,
Breeches should vail to *petticoat*.

The drink that came from honest *Tim*,
Had two ill properties, like him:
'Twas long a *coming*, but alas!
In going *swift* as lightning 'twas:
There's none of't left, you may conclude,
By this, which is both *flat* and *rude*:
Nor drink I sack, and so this time,
Instead of *wit*, you've only *rythme*.
Wit is scarce and wanting here
With us, as money with you there.

Our *Prince of Poets*, who once writ,
What all admir'd, for *art* and *wit*,

Did

Did lately stoop his *Mase*, and make her
 To write a *Ballad* of a *Quaker* :
 Which I have sent thee here withall,
 To see how *wits* do rise and fall :
 Just as our drink is bad or good,
 So *verse* is writ, so understood :

But oh the *money* (Tom) the money !
 As strong as *Sampson*, sweet as honey ;
 How long ! how long it is a coming !
 Such *reckoning*, such *receipts*, such *summing*,
 Belong to't, I shall choak I think,
 Before 'tis melted into drink !
 Those things you'l have me pray for, I
 Can't finde in our *Church-Liturgie*.
 To you therefore I make my *suir*,
 That you will set the *boyes* to do't ;
 For I am told the *Directory*,
 And your new prayers made *ex-tempore*,
 Are all for money very fit,
 Because they're only made for it.

I like thee that apply'it thy parts,
 To *preaching* and such thriving arts,
 I prithee practise physick too ;
 For if one wont, yet both will do.
 A *handsome person* with neat band,
 Small *cuffs*, white *gloves*, smooth *tongue* and *hand* ;
 If both a *Doctor* and a *Priest*,
 What *Lady's* able to resist ?
 You may talk *bandy* freely then,
 Before *coy women* and old men :
 And be of no *Religion* too,
 Yet profess *all* as others do.

While the poor *Poet* tugs for wit,
 To make men laugh at him and it :

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And nothing gets by all his pain,
 But censures various and vain.
 From such as say they *Judges* are,
 And yet did never plead at *bar* :
 Undo their malice that condemn,
 Let them write while we laugh at them.
 A *Poem* I have sent thee here,
 That dies if thou should be severe :
 And cause I have none worth sending down,
 I've bought one cost me half a crown :
 And *Dick Brome's* Playes, which good must be,
 Because they were approv'd by thee ;
 All which I hope will bring me back
 What all so Love, and I so lack.
 When my glass *Beads* to *India* come,
 They'l bring me Pearls and Diamonds home :
 And thou wilt like the powers above,
 Return a *blessing* for a *Dove*.

VI. *The Answer.*

MY Friend, in troth, I'm glad to hear,
 That noise of *Clients* fills thy ear ;
 Be sure let them not soon agree,
 Before thou art well greas'd with *fee*.
 If thou wantest *coyn*, the *Cockneys Guild-hall*,
 Or *Westminster* will to thee yield all :
 Prithee fleece each City *Cox-comb*,
 When they for law to th' Hall in flocks come :
 Make them pawn their garments wedding ;
 Their *Cup-boards*, Hangings, and their bedding ;
 That when another *Parliament*
 Shall borrow for the good intent

Of *zeal*, upon the faith call'd *publick*;
 They may be poor and mangie *Job-like* :
 That when again the *Pulpit* clawes
 Them to send *plate* into the *Cause*,
 Their spoons, and rings to th' Hall of *Grocers*,
 Their very *wives* may cry out *no Sirs*.

But why dost bid me come to thee?
 I have no term there, nor no fee;
 What should a *Schollar* do at *London*,
 But to spend money, and be undone?
 When here with us a whole daies expence,
 Will not swell up beyond one *six pence* :
 When we can *play*, and *laugh*, and *drink*,
 And still the money slowly shrink;
 When we here talk o'th' State as boldly,
 As ever the *Mercurius* told lye.
 When we of *policy* are still chattering,
 (All which, 'tis true, we owe to *Mat. Wren*.)
 When we know all the *Pretty sputter*,
 Betwixt the one *house* and the *other* :
 When we can over one full flaggon,
 Relieve or plunder *Coppen-hagen* :
 When we do know what is, what not is,
 Related in the *Hall*, where *Scottish*
Rags, once call'd *colours*, still remain;
 Tell me what *profit* 'tis, or gain,
 For me to take such useless pain,
 To come and hear all there again.

But yet (remember now I promise,
 And will perform as sure as *Rome* is.)
 Near *Easter* term, like arrow swift, I
 Will ride up to thee, miles full *fifty*.
 'Shalt see me come an *Oxford* beast,
 Which shall have one good leg at least ;

Such

Such a doughty horse upon
 Whose *nose* more then its *legs* shall run :
 So thin a Creature that I've ride it,
 When its *Master* did beltride it :
 I plainly through his belly spide
 The *boot* and *leg* on th' other side :
 Next this, I'll get coat, boots and spurs,
 And then Sir quickly *I am yours* :
 I'll come unless (which happen may)
 Gall'd *Buttocks* stop me on the way.

Whether his ends be good or sinister,
 G. now from head to foot's a *Minister* :
 My judgment is, he is turn'd *Divine*,
 Only to have therewith to buy *wine* :
 He came home with each empty *pocket*,
 That th' one could not the other mock at :
 What ever others do, I'll swear
 Safely, he us'd no *Symonie* there :
 He swears since *He's* a *Countray Parson*,
 That he finds coming worldly cares on :
 Sayes, he believes since he has been there,
 You lawyers do not only sin there :
 But that in *Knavery White-Hall-gate*,
 Out-does all 'twixt *Lud* and *Algate*.

Our Friend *P.* is by this at *Paris* ;
 Or if not there, he very near is :
 God send him home whole wind and limb,
 And keep his nose sound to the brim.

Some rogues say, *Tim* provides for one day,
 To wit, the *Sabbath* or the *Sunday* :
 That at that time he alwaies is sick,
 Enough to stay at home and *Physick*.

The Poet I confess doth stoop here,
 From what is writ i'th' *hill* of *Comper* :

But for new bayes what need care *D.*
 Who so long since did bravely win 'um :
 Should such proud Spirits alwaies do good,
 What they perform'd would then be too good.

Thou next wouldst have me turn *Divine*,

And *Doctor* too, indeed 'tis fine,

Physick and *preaching* ill agree,

There is but one *Religio Medici*.

Paul and every other *'postle*,

(As the Scripture doth to us tell)

That had the gift of healing, did

Not cure the belly, heart or head,

By Herbs, or Potions, Purge or *Treacle*,

But by a plain down-right *miracle*.

I never heard that learned *Moses*,

Whom God himself for *Prophet* chose his,

In *Egypt* was *Physitian*, though there

He kill'd as many men, as if he were.

How pretty I should shew I saith,

(As in his *Sums* *Aquinas* saith)

With *hour glass* in one fist, and

With *Urinal* in the other hand :

To have my *Phothecary* say,

Such a *Ladies*, sick to day ;

And straight to have my *Sexton* calling,

And ask me when he shall toll all in.

If I must needs be both, then name ye

What kind of *Doctor* you would have me :

Chymick ? alas the costly *Furnace*,

Will quickly my small purse unfurnish ;

Or *Galenist* ? that won't agree

With my other trade *Divinity* :

Nor with *Preachers* now the mode is,

To strive to make themselves *Methodists*,

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I wish you would a *Lawyer* had me,
 That indeed had quickly made me ;
 'Tis they bring all unto their purses,
 The Countreys *money* and their *curfes*,
 By poring on some mouldy *Record*,
 And bringing fools unto an accord.
 With *Poets* Men so hardly deal,
 They are scarce part o'th' *Common-weal*.
 Father *Apollo*, and Mother *Muses*,
 Gave all away to *Pious uses* :
 So that their *Children* must fair ill,
 That have nought left them but the *bare hill*.
 Lastly, my Friend, you are too hard,
 To challenge a small *Oxford Bard*,
 To send you verse in hungry Lent,
 A fasting time, and Penitent :
 When I should be confessing sins
 Of mine, and too of other mens ;
 You'd force me to commit one more,
 (And sure 'twere not the least o'th' score)
 To make bad *Rhithmes* : which needs are dismal,
 When Stomach's great, and Commons is small :
 To tell y'a plain, but Christian truth,
 Verse must be fat, that would be smooth.
 An *Army* (saith the King of *Sweden*,
 (He that did know so well to lead one)
 Is a great *beast*, which if you draw,
 You must begin first from the *maw*.
 So say I of the beast a *Poet*,
 (And all our *Rhithming Kindred* know it)
 Who ere intend a Poem to make,
 He must begin first with his stomach ;
 Good sooth, at this dull time o'th year,
 When we must drink plain *physick* beer ;

When all to temperance are bent here,
 To expiate the sins o'th *Winter* :
 When we must leave our former merr'ment ;
 Because forsooth our *blonds* now ferment :
 When we must no more *Taverns* survey,
 But be content with *juyce* of *Scurvey* :
 When such thin *Commons* do us serve,
 As would a very *Spaniard* starve :
 When we've such fish set on our board,
 Which scarce your fish-whores would afford,
 Without stop'd nose to look upon ;
 Nor swear 'tis *sweet*, though 'twere her own :
 At this lean time I say, troth, scarce I
 Can write as well as *P.* from *Jersey* :
 Whose *Rhythmes* were yet so poultry that
 All men that heard them, wish'd his fare :
 Pray'd rather then such stuff to hear,
 They might with th' *Author* loose each ear.
 Upon my conscience such a mood in,
 As I am now, was learn'd *John Goodwin*,
 When he so high of *Worster* fight,
 In *Elimosynary* verse did write :
 Such *Rhythmes* the King might thank that day,
 Which forced him to run away,
 Out of their sound that would have more
 Grated his ears then's loss before :
 (In such a meagre season now
 By all the *Poets* hills I vow)
 Should I be forc'd my muse to raise,
 She'd sound as bad as *Sterrics* praise,
 I think I should come short of *Wither*,
 Whose *quill* had ink, but not one feather :
 Nor in this humour verse can I brew,
 Better then *Psalms* turn'd out of *Hebrew* :

Unhappy

Unhappy *Psalms* ! that so long lasted,
 To be at length so metaphrasted,
 By good old provost *Francis Rouss* :
A Member of the other House :
 Who with much pains and many a pang,
 At last made *Dauids lute* cry twang :
 The sacred Harp so sadly by him strung,
 Seems as if still it on the *Willows* hung.

Then be content till after *Easter*,
 By that I'll cheer my Muse, and feast her :
 And then (God send it prove no lie,)
 She that can't now creep, shall flie.

VII. *An Epistle from a Friend to the Author upbraiding him with his writing Songs.*

DEAR friend, believ't my love has spurr'd me on,
 For once to question thy discretion :
 And by right reason deify'd by thee,
 I blame thee for the wrongs to Poësie
 Thou hast committed ; in betraying it
 To th' censure (not the judgement) of each wit ;
 Wit, did I say ? things whose dull spirits are
 Apt only to applaud, what e'r they hear,
 Be't good or bad, so throated to their mind,
Johnson and *Taylor* like acceptance finde.

Why pedler'st thus thy muse ? Why dost set ope
 A shop of wit, to set the *fiddlers* up ?
 Fie prodigal, canst statuated shine,
 By the abuse of *Women*, praise of *Wine* ?
 Or such like toys, which every hour are
 By every pen spu'd forth int'every ear.

Thy comely *Muse* dress up in robes, and raise
 Majestick splendour to thy wreath of bays :

Don't prostitute her thus, her Majesty,
 (Like that of *Princes*) when the vulgar see
 Too frequently, respect and awe are fled,
 Contempt and scorn remaineth in their stead :
 But I have done, and fear I've done amiss,
 Being doubtful, lest thou'rt give thy Fiddlers this.

J. B.

VIII. *The Answer.*

DId I not know thee (friend) and that this *fit*
 Comes not to shew thy malice but thy *wit*,
 I might this *action* censure, and approve
 As well thy want of *judgement*, as of *love*;
 And think my *Muse*, were doubly now forlorn;
 Below thy *envie*, yet not above thy *scorn*:

But yet I wonder why thy *reason* thus,
 Which thou call'st *right*, and's *magnify'd* by us,
 And justly too, should vote me indiscreet;
 Because my *Poems* do with all sorts meet,
 How can I help it? Who can *circumscribe*
 His words or works, within the *small wise* tribe?
 And you the hearers kind applause do blame,
 When *charity* bids us all do the same.

If good we must, and if the *wit* be such,
 That it does need, who would not lend a *crutch*?
 We're mortal *Writers*, and are forc'd to a truce,
 For he that gives, may well expect abuse.

Johnson and *Taylor* in their kind were both
 Good Wits, who likes one, need not t'other loath.
Wit is like *beauty*, nature made the *Jone*
 As well's the *Lady*. We see every one
 Meets with a *match*: Neither can I expect,
 Thou more my *Muse* then *Mistriss* should't affect;
 And

And yet I like them both, if thou don't too,
Can't you let them alone for those that no?

Now if thou'ldst know the very reason why
I write so oft, to please my self, say I
I know no more why I write more then thee.
Then why my Father got more sons then me.

Nor pedling call'r, for those in Cheap as well,
As they at Fairs expose their wares to sell:
But I give freely mine, and though it be
To Fiddlers, yet 'tis to a company:
And all those gifts are well bestowed, which
At once do make us merry, and them rich.

If making Sonnets were so great a sin,
Repent; 'twas you at first did draw me in:
And if the making one Song be not any,
I can't believe I sin in making many.

But oh! the Themes displeate you, you repine,
Because I throw down Women, set up Wine:
Why that offends you, I can see no reason,
Unless 'cause I, not you, committ the treason.
Our judgments jump in both, we both do love
Good Wine and Women; if I disapprove
The sleights of some, the matter's understood,
I'm ne'r the less belov'd by th' truly good.
You'd have no phancy blown upon, but must
Have all new broach'd or can'd to please your gust;
When this demand of yours is grown as old
As what you quarrel at, and as often told;
And there's old Wits that will as much condemn
Your novelty, as you can censure them.

Now for those robes in which you'l have me dress
My homely Muse, and write with loftiness.

Talk of State-matters, and affairs of Kings; (things,
Thou know't we've beat our heads about those

Till I'd my teeth near beat out, after all
 My toy, the worms must *turn* poetical.
 He that courts others ears, may use *designs*,
 Be coy and costive ; but my harmless *lines*,
 If they produce a laughter are well crown'd
 Yet though they've sought none, *have acceptance*
 With these I sport my self, and can invite (*found*;
 My self and *friendst*'a short and sweet delight ;
 While all our tedious toys, which we call Playes,
 Like the great Ship, lie slugging in their Bayes :
 And can no service do without great cost
 And time, and then our *time* and *stomach's* lost
 But I must write no more for fear that we
 Be like those brethren in divinity.
 Whilst thou dost go to make my flash expire,
 I raise thy *flame* and make it *burn* much higher :
 Only because thou doubt'st I should bestow
 Thy lines upon my *Fidlers*, thou shalt know,
 That had they been upon a business fit,
 And were I *Subject* equal to my wit,
 T'had gone, and thou should'st *sing* them too, and so
 Be both the *Poet* and the *Fidler* too.

IX. To a Lady desiring the Copy of a Song.

Madam,

YOU are a Poetess 'tis true,
 Nor had we men been *Poets* but for you ;
 'Tis from your sex we've learnt our art and wit ;
 'Tis for your sakes that we do practice it.
 Your subtler sex first vent'ed on the tree,
 Where knowledg grew, and pluck'd the fruit which
 Did only taste, and that at *second hand*, (we
 Yet by that *hand*, and taste we're all *trepan'd* ;
 And

And our *posterity* the doom endures;
 You op'd our eyes, as you know who did yours:
 By your command this *Song* thus rudely pen'd,
 To you I do commit, though not commend;
 To shew what duty I'm arriv'd unto,
 You cannot sooner bid, then I can do:
 Nor can your active soul command and sway,
 With more delight and *pride*, then mine obey.
 I will not say this *Poem's* bad or good,
 'Tis as 'tis lik'd, and as 'tis understood.
 A *Poem's* life and death dependeth still
 Not on the *Poets* wit, but *Readers* will:
 Should it in sense seem rascal, low and dull,
 Your eye can make it *sprightly*, *plump*, and *full*:
 And if it should be *lame*, I hope 'twill be,
 ('Cause somewhat like your self) more *pleasing* t'ye:
 If it should *trip*, assist it with your hand,
 You may lend feet, for you *can make things stand*.
 One touch of yours can cure its ev'ill, and then
 'Tis made by your fair hand, not my *blunt Pen*,
 Useful for *love*, or *slighting* you'll it find;
 For *love* before, or for *disdain* behind:
 Be't as you please, to more it can't aspire;
 'Tis all it can *deserve*, or I desire.

X. To his Friend C. S. Esquire.

INspir'd with *plum-broth*, and minc'd pies,
 This Letter comes in humble wise,
 To know how *Sue*, and how you do?
 Or whether you do *do*, or no:
 Whether you *Christmas* keep, or not?
 For here we such a *Mayor* have got,

That

That though our *Taverns* open stand,
Church doors are shut, by his command :
 He does as good as say (we think)
 Leave off this *preaching*, and go drink :

But this I doubt's no news to you,
 The Countrey's *Atheist* part, part *Jew* ;
 And care no more for *Christ* or's *Mass*,
 Then he for them : So let 'um pass :
 And could the Priests be sure of pay,
 They'd down with that, and t'other day.

Yet spite of all our *May'r* could say,
 We would not fast, though could not pray.
 Here's feasting still throughout the City,
 And drinking much (the more's the pity.)

And that's the cause why all this time,
 I did not answer your last Rhithme :
 Nor did I know ; 'Tis not my fashion,
 In verse to make a disputation :
 What ever *Su.* and you have writ,
 Shews both your kindness and your wit :

But only I desire to know
 If you're a *Member* made or no ;
 For here we have a great adoe,
 About our choice, whom, how, and who
Elects, or is *Elected* ; some
 To be made Members, send, and come ;
 While others of the *wiser* sort,
 Sit still at home, and care not for't.
Richard, 'tis thought, has no intent
 To have an endless *Parliament* :
 Nor must they share his goods and lands,
 For what he has he'll keep in's hands :
 Much is not le't to be divided,
 The *business* has so well been guided ;

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Nay he himself (I tell no lye)
 Wants money more then you or I :
 No reason therefore can I see,
 Why you should baffle much to be
 A *Senatour*, unless it were,
 For *honour* ; yet that is but *air*,
 And not the *sweet'st*, or *saf'st*, but still
 Depends on other peoples will.

But trust me (*Charles*) you have a vain
 That does more *love* and *honour* gain ;
 And longer keep't then all the tricks,
 Of those that study *Politicks*.
Protections needles, (for they say)
 You owe no debts, that you can pay ;
 To *Nature* one, which during life,
 You cannot pay, nor that t'your *Wife* :

Yet I would have you come away,
 That though the *House* don't meet, we may :
 When every one gets up, and ride,
 'Tis good to be o'ch rising side :
 For as i'th *Church*, so 'tis i'th *State* ;
 Who's not *Elect*, is *Reprobate*.

XI. To C. S. Esquire.

Justice,

I've waited long to finde thee herē ; (there.
 I Peep'd into th' *house*, but could not see thee
 I went to th' other *House*, but they're so new,
 They no such *name* or *person* ever knew.
 'Twas for this cause, my pen has slept so long ;
 I hop'd to see thee in that *learned* throng :
 And did believe some *Borough* would in pity,
 Have sent thee up to dignitie our *City* :

But

But *Corporations* do not well discern
What's for their good, and they're too old to learn.

Had our whole *Senate* been such men as thou,
They'd not been *ronted*, but safe still till now :
But they'd be *medling*, and to *voting* fall,
Against the *sword*, and that *out-votes* them all ;
Had they observ'd thy Counsel, they'd been safe ;
Stick to the strongest side, and think, and laugh.

What matter i't what those in Office say,
When those that are in power, do answer nay ?
A *Cutlers* shop affords us stronger law,
Then *Cook* or *Littleton* e'r read, or saw :
But be content, let them do what they will,
Be thou a *Justice*, I'm *Attorney* still.
A poor *Attorney* is a safer thing
Now, then to be *Protector* or a *King*.
Our noble *Sheriff's* a dying, and I fear
Will never feast us more in *Taunton-shire*.

Pray tell your lovely *Sue*, I love her still,
As *Well's* I dare, let her not take it ill,
I write not to her, I've time enough, 'tis true,
But have not wit enough to deal with *Sue*.

XII. To C. S. Esquire.

DEar *Charles*, I'm thus far come to see thy face,
Thy pretty face, but this unhappy place
Does not afford it, and I'm told by some, (come ;
That want of *Tythes*, make thee thou can'st not
Why (*Charles*) art thou turn'd *Priest* ? and at this
(time,
When *Priests* themselves have made their coat a
(crime?

And

And *tythes*, which make men Priests, do so decay,
One other *Schism* will preach them quite away :

Thou'lt ne'r become it well, for I do find,
Wit in a Pulpit is quite out of kind ;
Thou can'st not stand long, nor talk much, and lowd,
Nor *thrash*, nor couzen the admiring crowd ;
And (which is worse) though th'hast a face, and
(hand,

A Diamond Ring, white *glove*, and clean *lawn* band,
Able to tempt an *Abbes*, yet, I find,
Thou can'st not satisfe the *Ladies* mind,
What ere the matter is: But thou art wise,
And do'st best know thine own infirmities.

Let me advise thee (*Charles*) be as thou art,
A Poet, so thou need'it not care a ---

For all the *turns* of *time* : who ere did know
The *Muses* sequestred ? or who can shew,
That ever wit paid *taxes*, or was rated ?

Homer and *Virgil* ne'r were *decimated* :
Ovid indeed was banish'd, but for that,
Which *Women* say, you ne'r were *ex'lent* at.

But (*Charles*) thou art *unjusticed*, I'm told
By one, who though not *valiant*, yet is *bold* :
And that thou hast unfortunately met,

The blinded scourge o'th *Western-Bajazet* :
Thrown from the bench like *Lucifer*, and are
In a fair way to be brought to the bar.

I'ch interim hang 'twixt both, as law doth name us,
A *billa-vera-man*, or *Ignoramus*.

But I can't learn wherefore it is, nor how,
Though I've inquir'd of both, perhaps nor thou ;
Some say 'tis for thy valour, which our time,
In a wise *Magistrate*, accounts a crime :

If it be true, thou hast ill luck in this,
 To have two virtues; and both plac'd amiss,
 To thwart each other; when thou should'st have
 A valiant *Captain*, *wisdom* was thy sin, (been
 And so *uncaptain'd* thee; and now the time
 Calls for thy *wisdom*, *valour* is thy crime:
 And so *unjustic'd* thee; unlucky wretch!

Two virtues want't, yet hast too much of each!
 Who ere compos'd thy mind, plaid *Babel-tricks*,
 Brought *lime* and *timber*, when he should bring

But we live in *age* so full of *lies*, (Bricks.
 I dare not trust my *ears*, nor scarce my *eyes*.

I hope this is a *lye* too: but if true,
 'Tis an affliction (*Charles*) that's justly due
 To thy desert; Our *State* holds it unfit,
 One man should be a *Justice*, and a *wit*.
 Go ask thy *Lady*, if it were ever known,
 A man should be a *Justice*, and do none.

Come, be advis'd by me, set out a book
 In *English* too, where *Justices* may look,
 And learn their trade; let *Presidents*, of all
Warrants and *Mittimus*s, great and small;
 All *Ale-house Licenses*, and other things,
 Which to the *Justices* instruction brings,
 Be there inserted; that the age to come,
 (The *children* of such men as can get some)
 May glorifie thy memory, and be
 Thy praises *trumpets* to posterity:

As from one *Looking-glass* thrown on the ground,
 In every piece, a perfect face is found,
 So from thy *ruines*, all may plainly see
Legions of *Justices* as wise as thee.

Now having taken all this pains to see
 Thy worship, and can find nor it, nor thee,

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Pray come to T--- bring thy beloved *Sue*,
 My *Mat.* and I will meet with her and you ;
 And though my *Mat.*'s no *Poet*, you shall see,
 She'll sit and laugh *with*, or *at* us, that be :
 I'll make thy Lady merry, and laugh until,
 She break that *belly*, which thou canst not fill.
 Mean time pray give her one *prolissick* kiss ;
 Tell her it comes from me, and if that miss,
 Give her *another* ; and if both won't do,
 Do that with *three* which can't be done by *two* :
 If thou com'st not, I shall have cause to curse
Tythes, like the laity, and it may be worse :
 My *sufferings* are more, then theirs can be, (me)
 They'll keep their *tythes*, but *tythes* keep thee from
 But if thou can't not *come*, be sure to *write* ;
 Don't rob at once, my hearing and my sight.
 If thou bring'it not thy body, send thy wit,
 For we must laugh with thee, or else at it.

 XIII. To C. S. Esquire.

I.

Since we met last, my *Brother* dear,
 We've had such *alterations* here,
 Such *turnings* in and out :
 That I b'ing fat and breathless grown,
 My *side* I meant to take was gone,
 Er I could *turn* about.

2.

First I was for the *King*, and then
 He could not please the *Parliament* men,
 And so they went by th' ears :
 I was with other fools sent out,
 And staid three daies, but never fought
 'Gainst *King* or *Cavaliers*.

3. And

3.

And (Brother) as I have been told,
 You were for the *Parliament* of old,
 And made a mighty dust;
 And though perhaps you did not kill,
 You prov'd your self as *valiant* still,
 As ever they were just.

4.

You were engaged in that war,
 When *C. R.* fought against *C. R.*
 By a *distinction* new.
 You alwaies took that side that's right,
 But when *Charles* with himself did fight,
 Pray of which side were you;

5.

Should I that am a man of law,
 Make use of such a subtle claw,
 In *London* or in *Ex'ter*;
 And be of both sides as you were,
 People would count me then, I fear,
 A Knavish *Ambodexter*.

6.

But since all sides so tottering be,
 It puzzles wiser men then me,
 Who would not have it utter'd;
 What side to take they cannot tell,
 And I believe they know not well
 Which side their bread is butter'd.

7.

Here's *fore-side*, and here's *back-side* too;
 And too *left sides*, for ought I know,
 I can find ne'r a right:
 I've been for th' middle twenty years,
 And will be still, for there appears
 Most *Safety* and *delight*.

8. But

8.

But if the times think that too high,
 By creeping lower, I'll comply,
 And with their humour jump.
 If love at th' belly may not enter
 In an *Italian* way, I'll venter,
 To love the very *Rump*.

9.

So here's t'you (*Charles*) a *Rubber's* too't;
 Here's a *Cast* more; if that won't do't,
 Here's *half a dozen* more, and
 To every feather here's a *glass*;
 Nay rather then I'll let it pass,
 Here's a *years healths* before hand.

10.

If loving it, and drinking to't,
 And making others drink to boot,
 Don't shew my good affection.
 I'll sit down *disaffected* still,
 And let them all do what they will,
 Until our next *Election*.

11.

But I'm concern'd (me thinks) to find
 Our *Grandeets* turn with every wind,
 Yet keep like *Corks* above:
 They lived and dyed but two years since
 With *Oliver* their pious Prince,
 Whom they did fear and love.

12.

As soon as *Richard* did but reign,
 They liv'd and dy'd with him again;
 And swore to serve him ever:
 But when Sir *Arthur* came with's men,
 They liv'd and dy'd with him agen,
 As if *Dick* had been never.

P

13. And

13.

And when *Prince Lambert* turn'd them out,
 They liv'd and dy'd another bout,
 And vilifi'd the *Rump* ;
 And now for them they live and dye,
 But for the *Devil* by and by,
 If he turn'd up *trump*.

14.

Yet still they order us and ours,
 And will be called *Higher Powers* :
 But I will tell you what ;
 Either these slaves forswear, and lye,
 Or if they did so often dye,
 They've more lives than a *Cat* :

15.

Let the times run, and let men turn,
 This is too wise an age to burn,
 We'l in our *Judgment* hover,
 Till 'tis agreed what we must be,
 In the *interim* take this from me,
 I'm thy eternal Lover.

XIV. To his Friend W. C.

Dear Brother *Will*. thy dearer *John* and I,
 Now happy in each others company,
 Send thee this greeting, and do wish that we,
 By thy addition, may be made up *three* ;
Two make no sport, they can but sit and sip ;
Here's t'you, and *thank you's* no good fellowship:
 We're *Melancholy* 'cause we drink alone,
 For *John* and I together spell but one :
Three is the perfect number, that is able
 To difference a solitude from a rabble.

Here,

Here, if we mix with *company*, 'tis such
 As can say *nothing*, though they talk too *much* :
 Here we learn *Georgicks*, here the *Bucolicks*,
 Which building's cheapest, *timber*, *stone*, or *bricks* :
 Here's *Adams* natural Sons, all made of *Earth*,
Earth's their *Religion*, their *discourse*, their *mirth* :

But on the *Sunday* thou'dst admire to see,
 How dirt is mingled with Divinity.
 Such disputations, writing, singing, praying,
 So little doing good, and so much saying ;
 It tires us *weak* *lung'd* *Christians*, and I think,
 So much the more, 'cause there's so little *drink* ;
 And that so bad, that we with them are fain
 To go to Church and sleep, and home again,
 Twice in a Sabbath, and to break the rest,
 With tedious repetitions, and molest
 The *Servants* memories with such pitteous stuff,
 As wisemen think once said's more then enough.
 Thus do we spend our time, and meet with nothing,
 But what *creates* our trouble, and our loathing.

Come then away, leave *Butchers*, leave thy *Lord*,
 Our *Countrey* here shall both, or more afford.
Jack here's a *Lord*, a *Prince*, (nay more) a *friend*,
 He and his *bottles* make the *Vulgar* bend :
 And if thou didst believe him, or know me,
 I am more *Butcher* then they two can be :

If all these things won't make thee come away,
 I am resolv'd to thee-ward, if thou'lt stay.

Drink till I come, that I may find thee mellow,
 'Tis ten to one, thou'lt meet or make thy fellow.

XV. To his Friend I. B. Upon his Tragedy.

In 1652.

THou may'st well wonder, and my self should be
Dumb, if I should be dumb in praising thee :
Since I've occasion now to exercise
Sublimest thoughts, yet not *hyperbolize*.

But since we two are Brothers, and subscribe,
Both *Voluntiers* to the *Poetick Tribe*,
I dare not do't, lest any *Dulman* sayes,
We, by consent, do one another praise :
Yet dare applaud thy work and thee in it,
So good in language, plot, and strength of wit,
That none but thou can equal't. Not a line,
But's thine, 'cause good, and good because 'tis thine.
So that my duller sight, can hardly see
Whether thou mak'st it exc'lent, or it *thee*.
Let those, whose *anvil-heads*, beat all delight
Into a toil, at every line they write:
Now, vail to thee, and fairly yield the bayes ;
Since all their works compar'd with thine are
So far I like thy worth, that I should be (playes.
Intic'd if possible to flatter thee.

XVI. To a Potting Priest upon a Quarrel.

In 1643.

I Cannot choose but wonder, Mr.-----
That the two wise men, had so little wit,
As without quarrel, *jealousies*, or *fears*, (ears,
Worse then the times, we two should go by th'
I marvel what inspir'd this valour in you,
Though you were weak, you'd something strong
(within you.
I was

'Twas not your learning, neither can I think,
 That 't was your valour, but *John D---* strong drink,
 Love and good liquor, have a strong command,
 T' make cowards fight, longer then they can stand.
 I need not ask your reason, for 'twas gone ;
 Nor had you sense enough to feel you'd none :
 Was it to shew your Mittriss you could fight ;
 Living i'th woods, you'd be an *Errant Knight* ?
 That Lady may have cause enough to rue,
 That has no better *Champion* then you.
 You might have sav'd that labour, each man reads.
 You're a *wilde* man both in your looks and deeds :
 By th' wonders of your drinking, men may see,
 You are a *Hero* without *Chivalry* :
 You thought a duel, would your Mrs please,
 But prov'd a *Thrafo*, not an *Hercules*.
 I might have thought my self a Worthy too,
 Because I tam'd a *Monster*, that is you :
 Your Zeal (me thought) was greatly kindled,
 That went to make a Pulpit of my head.
 Blame me not, though I struck, for I was vext,
 To be so basely handled, like your *Text* ;
 With subtil *Sophistry*, that when you mist
 In words, you would confute me with your fist :
 But such weak *Syllogisms* from you ran,
 As I could never read in *Keckerman* :
 That *brain-aspiring* drink, so much did dip us,
 You mistook *Aristotle* for *Aristippus*. (down,
 Your head that should be King, was now pull'd
 While that *rebellious* Beer usurp'd your Crown :
 And your *Mechanick* heels gaz'd on the stars,
 As if they went to turn *Astronomers* :
 Your legs were altogether for commanding,
 And taught your foolish head more *understanding* :

Your body so revers'd, did represent.
(Being forked) our bi-corned Government :

(drown'd,

Your wits were banished, and your brains were
While your *Calves-head* lay center'd to the ground:
Thus being black without, within a beast,

I took you for a *Tinker*, not a *Priest*.

In your next Sermon, let your audience hear,
How you can preach *damnation* to strong Beer.

I have return'd your knife at your demand ;

But if I've put a sword 't a *mad man's hand*,

Let me advise you, when you fight again,
Fight with a *worser*, or be a *better man*.

XVII.

To his Friend Mr. W. H. upon the death of his Hawk.

In 1643.

What will you suffer thus your Hawk to dye ?
And shan't her name live in an Elegy ?

It shall not be, nor shall the people think

We've so few *Poets*, or so little *drink* :

And if there be no sober brain to do it,

I'll wet my *Muse*, and set my self unto it.

I have no *Gods*, nor *Muse* to call upon,

Sir *John's* strong barrel is my *Helicon* :

From whence uncurbed streams of tears shall flow,

And verse shall run, when I my self can't go.

Poor *Bird*, I pity this thy strange disaster,

That thou should'st thus be *murther'd* by thy master,

Was it with Salt ? I'm sure he was not fresh,

Or wa'st thy trusting to an arm of flesh ?

Or 'cause 'twas darksome, did his eye-sight fail,

Meeting a *Post*, he took it for a *Rayle*.

And

And yet I wonder how he mis'd his sight;
 For though the night was *dark*, his head was *light*:
 And though he bore thee with a mighty hand,
 Thou needs must fall, when he himself can't stand.
 'Tis but our common lot, for we do all
 Sometimes for want of *understanding* fall:
 But thou art serv'd aright, for when th' hadst flown,
 What e're thou took'st, thou took'st to be thy own.
 And 'tis but *Justice*, that each plundering *knave*,
 That such a life doth lead, such death should have.
 Rejoyce you *Partridge*, and be glad ye *Rayles*:
 For the *Hawks* talions, are as short's your *tayles*.
 If all the *Kingdoms* bloody foes, as she,
 Would break their necks, how joyful should we be.
 Well, at her burial, thus much I will tell,
 In spite of *Schism*, her bells shall ring a *knell*.

XVIII.

To his School-Master Mr. W. H. upon his Poem
call'd Conscientiæ accusatricis Hypotyposis.

In 1644.

Sir,

WHEN I read your work, and thought upon,
 How lively you had made description,
 Of an accusing *conscience*, and did see,
 How well each limn did with th' *Archtype* agree.
 I wonder'd how you could lim't out so well,
 Since you b'experience can't it's horreur tell.
 Trust me, I'd praise it, but that I suppose,
 My praise would make it more inglorious;
 In love to th' *work* and *work-man*, I thought meet,
 To make your verses stand on *English* feet.

But whe'r well done, or ill, I here submit
Unto your censure, both my self and it.

I'm man, I'm young, unlearn'd, and thereupon
I know, I cannot boast perfection.

In fetter'd tasks, wherein the fancy's tide,
Do what one can, the lustre won't abide:

No *Idioms* kiss so well, but that there is
Between some phrases some *Antithesis*.

What e'r is good, in each unpolish'd line,
I count as yours, the faults alone are mine.

I wish each foot and line, as strong, and true;
As my desire to love, and honour you.

XIX. To his Friend T. S.

Tom,

Since thou didst leave both *me* and this town,
The sword is got up, and the law's tumbled down,
Those eager disputes between *Harrington* and *Wren*,
At length have inspir'd the *Red-coated Men*:
Whose *sides*, not their *heads*, do wear the *Lex terra*:
With which they will rule us until we be weary.

(brawle)

We know not whose highest (what e'r people
Whether *Wallingford-House* or *Westminster Hall*:
You made a contest neither *pulpit* nor *tub-like*,
What's fittest, a *Monarchy* or a *Republick*:
But *Desborough* sayes, that Scholar's a fool,
That advances his *pen* against the *war-tool*.

(jestures,

We have various discourses and various con-
In *Taverns*, in *Streets*, in *Sermons*, and *Lectures*:
Yet no man can tell what may hap in the close,
Which are *wiser* or *honester*, *these men* or *those*.

But

But for my part I think 'tis in vain to contest,
I sit still and say, *he that's strongest is best.*

The *World* keeps a round, that original sin,
That thrust some people out, draws other folks in :
They have done they did not know what, and now
Some think that they do not know what they may do
But State matters (*Tom*) are too weighty and high,
For such mean private persons as thou art, and I.
We will not our Governours calling invade,
We'll mind our own *good*, let them follow their *trade*:
Lanch forth into th' *Pulpit*, much learning will be,
A hinderance to thy *Divinity* :

'Tis better to mind what will cloath ye, and feed ye,
Then those empty titles of M.A. and D.D.

I have one thing to beg, and I won't be deni'd,
You must once more mount *Pegasus*, and you must
(ride.

O'r the County of D. whose praise must b'express'd
In a *Poem* to grace our next *County* feast:

Which will be next *term*, 'twas what I design'd ;

But want *wit* and *time* to do't to thy mind :

Thou hast *Subject* and *wit*, if thou hast but a will,

Thou maist make a *Poem*, next that *Compers-hill*.

Remember thy promise, to send me my *book*,

With a copy of thine, for which I do look ;

And let not a Letter come hither to me,

But fraughted with *Poems*, and written by thee :

And I out of gratitude shall take a care,

To make a return of our *City ware*.

I'll vex thee no more with this paltry *rhythme*,

For fear it should make thee mis-spend thy time :

And so I have this *Apology* for't, (short:

Though it be'nt very sweet, it shall be pretty

XX. To the Meritoriously Honourable Lord Chief
Justice of the Kings-Bench.

Great Sir, and Good ! beloved, and obey'd !
To whose great *worth*, honour's not giv'n but
(paid.

To whose great *love*, and *knowledge* we all owe,
All that we have of *law*, and that we know ;
Who with strong reason, from the *factions* claves
Of wilful fools, redeem'd our sacred *laws*.

Full twenty years have I a Servant been,
To this *Profession*, I live by and in :
Eight years a *Master*, and in all this space,
Have nothing done that mis-became my place ;
Nor have my *actions* been Derogatory
Unto my *Clients profit*, or the *glory*
Of this renowned *Court* ; and therefore I
Now humbly beg to be at liberty.

Justice, and *reason* both command, that he
Who serv'd, so long, should at the last be free:
For this I serv'd, for this our Nation fought,
And pray'd, and paid so much ; nor do I doubt,
T' obtain my *wish* herein, could I but find,
Desert in me proportion'd to your mind.

The benefit o'th' Clergy I desire,
That I may be admitted of that Quire.
Who their own *Pleas*, in their own names enroll,
And may perform my place without controul.

My Lord, you've power and will to do't, and
I am not worthy, if you think me so, (though
Your *Lordships* *test* can constitute me that,
Which my *abilities* can near reach at.

My *comfort* is, 'tis what you don't deny :
To some, that read and write as bad as I :

And

And there's a kindness which belongs to such,
 As having little worth, beg where there's much.
 Caesar that valiant General was ador'd
 More for his liberal hand, then for his Sword;
 And your great Archetype his Highness does
 Derive more honour from the mouths of those
 Whom he hath gratifi'd, then by the death
 Of those his conquering sword depriv'd of breath.
 Freedom's a Princely thing to give, 'tis that
 Which all our Laws do stand for, and aim at;
 And 'twill be some addition to your fame,
 When I with tongue, and pen enlarg'd, proclaim,
 Among all your Noble acts, you made a room,
 In your great heart, for----- A. B.

XXI. *A New-years-gift presented to the same.*

My Lord,

DId I not finde it by experience true;
 Beggars are many, but *Thanks-givers* few:
 I had not dar'd t'envade your eye, with this,
 Mean *gratulation* whose *ambition* is,
 But to be pardon'd, and the faults to smother,
 With this which were committed by the other:
 Yet since 'tis *gratitude*, it may please you,
 If not as good, yet as 'tis *strange* and *new*:

Great *Atlas* of our laws and us, whose will,
 Is alwaies active, back'd by unmatch'd skill;
 To rule the Nation, and instruct it too,
 And make all persons live, as well as know:

Though being among the *undiscerning* throng,
 You suffer'd once, you acted all along:

Your *sufferings* did but like the *Martyrs* flame;
 Advance your Person, and exalt your name:

Disclos'd

Disclos'd your virtues, from their sullen Ore,
 Make your gold shine, which was pure gold before
 Your noble soul tells us from whence you came,
 You've both the *British* Nature and the name :
 By your *example*, you instruct us what
 Our *Grandfires* were, and what they aimed at,
 Ere the phantastick *French*, or selvish *Dutch*,
 Were grafted on our stocks, our souls were such,
 As yours is now ; Now we by you may see,
 What once we were, what now we ought to be.

Great men, great favours, to great men repay,
 With great *rewards*, but I can only say,
 Your Lordship, your great kindnesses have thrown
 On one, that can *return*, or *merit* none :
 But you must pay, and thank your self for me,
 With your own goodness ; That vast Treasury,
 That found your love so *generous* and immense,
 To cast on me, can finde you *Recompense*.

A gift of worth my fortune can't bring forth,
 Proportion'd to your *kindness*, or your *worth*.
 Let me send what I can, it will not be
 Enough for you, though't be too much for me :

What more to do or say, I cannot tell ;
 Much I can't do, nor can say much, and well :
 But what I can not do, I will desire,
 And what I can't express, I shall admire.

May this new year be prosperous, may each hour,
 Bring you new *blessings*, in a plenteous showr !
 May Heaven still smile upon you, and still bless
 All that you do, and all that you *possess* !
 May you live long and flourish too, that I
 When I need succour, may know where to fly,
 And find supplies ! May all your actions be
 As beneficial t'all, as this to me,

That

at when you dye (great pity 'tis you shou'd)
 (good.
 If whole land may *mourn*, not as you're great; but
 and though I have not ransackt Sea and Shore,
 to make you *richer* then you were before;
 hope this *grateful*, though but *rude* address,
 may please you more, though it hath *cost* me less.

XII. To his Honoured Friend R. Henley Esquire.

Sir,
 THOUGH I woud you not in Verse, or Prose,
 To make my name, and me more *glorious* :
 by being your *Clerk*, the work is done, I find;
 Not that I'm worthy on't, but you are *kind* :
 Therefore these *lines* address themselves to you,
 Not *given* freely t'you, but *paid* as due :
 And that they may your kind acceptance win,
 They've *Sack* (their common badge) with them and
 and I presume, without much scruple, you (in;
 may drink old *Sack*, although the year be new :
 But though I am not rich enough to send
Gifts fit for you t'accept; nor do intend
Penrich Peru : nor think it fit to give
 Our *bettors* that, by which our selves should live.
 This will, I hope, your candid nature move,
 Cause I give freely what I dearly love;
 And I believe 'tis true, what I've been told,
 You love good *Sack*, as well as your partner *Gold*.
 I know not whether you'l like this or no ;
 But if it be not good, my *will* is so :
 May it prove *excellent* ! and may all those,
 That drink it freely, be *ingenuous* :

That is, be found or made so! unto yours and you,
 May this year prove as prosperous as new :
 May we live quiet, and lay by our swords :
 And have no more *lawless* and *boistrous* Lords !
 May the *Law* stand ! may *Justice* rule the roast ;
 One sober *Judge* rules better then an *hoast* :
 And be assur'd this truth you'l ever find ;
 I'll be as *dutiful* as you are *kind*.

Nor shall you in your *Rolls* find out a *Man*,
 Would serve you more then I, though many can

XXIII. To his Friend J. H. Esquire.

I.

IF thou canst fashion no excuse,
 To stay at home, as 'tis thy use,
 When I do send for Thee.
 Let neither *sickness*, *way*, nor *rain*,
 With fond delusions thee detain,
 But come thy way to me.

2.

Hang such a *sickness*, that has power,
 To seize on thee at such an hour,
 When thou should'st take thy pleasure :
 Go give thy *Doctor* half a Fee,
 That it may never trouble thee,
 Until thou art at leisure.

3.

We have a Cup of *Sider* here,
 That scorns that Common strumpet, *Beer*,
 And such dull drinks as they're.
 Their potions made of Hops and Mault,
 Can only make our fancies halt,
 This makes them quick as ayre.

4. Cert

4.

eres with *Bacchus* dares compare,
 And swears her fruits the liquor are,
 That Poets so implore :
 A sip of Sack may work a verse,
 But he that drinks a bowl of Hers,
 Shall thunder out a score.

5.

To morrow morning come away,
 Friday we'll vote a happy day,
 In spite of *Erra Pater* ;
 And bring with you a *spark* or twain,
 Such as will drink, and drink again,
 To treat about the matter.

XXIV. To a Gentleman that fell sick of the small
Pox, when he should be married

Sir,

W Hen you view these *checker'd* lines and see,
 How (bate the colour) like your face they
 You'll think this sheet to be your *looking-glass*; (be,
 And all these spots, the *Ecchies* of your face :
 Wherein *Disease* and *Love* their field have pight,
 To try which is more lovely *Red*, or *White* ;
 Like our late *Souldiers*, who more rage did show,
 Unto the place that fed them, then their *foe*.
 Sickness, (loves Rival) envy in the place,
 Where *Cupid* chose to pitch his tents, your face
 Went to write foul, but *Cupid* made it prove
 Spite of his spite, the *Alphabet* of love :
 So as they strove, love serv'd him in his trim,
 For as that set on you, this set on him :

And

And love that conquers all things, soon made known,
 To him a burning greater then his own.
 Accurst disease ! dost thou come crawling hither,
 To separate whom *Heaven* had joyn'd together ?
 Hadst thou no time to vent thy rage, but this
 When swelling *hopes* did dawn towards their bliss ?
 I'th *inter-regnum* 'twixt *desires* and *joyes*,
 The curst *Vigil* of blest holy daies !
 What pitty 'tis that face where love has been
 So oft, so proud, to play so sweetly in ;
 By thy dire hand should be o'r-turned thus,
 As to be made a *Campus Martius*,
 Wherein the angry *Tork* and *Lancaster*,
New-vamp, and do retriue their musty stir ?
 As if the *Red-rose* and the *White* would be,
 Where e'r they mer, still at *Antipathy* ;
 A face that was as clear as day, as bright,
 Should bud with stars like an *enamell'd* night :
 Your sickness meant to turn *Astronomer* ;
 Your face the *Heav'n*, and every spot a *Star* :
 Or else would write an *Almanack*, and raise,
 By those red Letters, nought but *holy-daies*.
 Were it your *Butlers* face, a man would think,
 They had but been new boylings of the *drink* :
 Or had his nose been such, one would have swore
 'Twere red with *anger*, 'cause he drank no more :
 Or had your *keeper* such, hee'd sell it all
 For harts-horn to make harts for knives withall.
 Or if your *Cooks* were such, how it would fit,
 To grate your ginger, or nutmegs with it ?
 But why on your face ? what was his design ?
 Was it to break the *Hymeneal* twine,
 That was half-twisted ? Tush ! he's much mistook ;
 Your love was past the *Crisp-cross* of a book :

And

And your affections are of riper age;
 Then now to gaze on beauties title-page;
 Or barely dwell upon the face, those toys
 Are Ocean'd in the hopes of future joys.

Then blush no more, but let your *Mrs* know,
 They're but *Love-letters* written on your brow,
 Etch'd by th' Engravers hand, there she may see,
 That beauty's subject to mortality:
 How frail a thing it is, how vain t'adore it,
 What fools are they that love or marry for it;
 And that this sickness which hath curb'd you, is
 But the sad prologue to your future bliss
 An *Ember-week* or *Lent*, which alwaies falls,
 As *Fasting eves* before your *Festivals*, comes,
 'Twill make you prize your joy the more when't
 Usher'd along by tedious *Martyrdomes*.
 How acceptable is a plenteous bowl,
 When 'tis caroused by a thirsty soul!

So have I seen the winter strip the trees,
 To fit them for their vernal *Liveries*!
 And cloath th' old *Earth* in gray, nip euery thing,
 Before it rowles it self into the *spring*.
 So has black *nights* begot a gray-ey'd day,
 So *Sol* does rout conspiring clouds with *Ray*;
 As through this sickness, does your joyes come on,
 And gulf your hopes in firm *fruition*:
 When your *red-rose*, clubs with your *Ladies white*,
 And as the ancient *flowers* did unite;
 Your happiness will swell, and you will prove
 The *Gemini* of joy, as now of love.

These things I guess not by your face, I find
 Your front is not the *Index* of your mind:
 Yet by your *Phys'nomay*, thus much is meant,
 You are not spotless, though you're innocent.

Sir if these verses go a halting pace,
They *stumble* in the *valleys* of your face.

XXV. To his Friend Mr. I. B. being at London
in the Authors retirement.

THough we are now *analys'd*; and can't find,
How to have mutual presence, but in mind;
I'm told to send you this, that you may know,
Though you're *above*, yet I do live *below*.

Though I've no *bags* that are with *child* with gold,
And though my fireless *chymnies* catch the cold
For want of great *revenues*, yet I find
I've what's as good as all, a *fated* mind:
I neither *money* want, nor have I store;
I have enough to live, and ask no more:
No tip-toed *turret*, whose aspiring brow,
Looks down and scorns the humble roofs below:
My *cottage* lies beneath the *thunders* harms,
Laughs at the *whispers* of the winds, or storms.
My *rooms* are not in-lin'd with *Tapistry*;
But *ragged* walls where a few *books* may lye.
I slight the *siks*, whose ruffling whispers pride,
And all the world's *Tantologies* beside:
My limbs inhabit but a *Countrey* dress,
Not to *adorn*, but cover *nakedness*.
My family's not such, whose gentry springs,
Like old *Mecanasses*, from *Grandfire* Kings.
I've many *kinred*, yet my friends are few;
Those few not *rich*, and yet more rich than *true*:
I've but a drachm of *learning*, and less *wit*;
Yet that's enough to fright my wealth from it:
As if those two seldom or never meet,
But like two *Generals* that with *bullets* greet.

I study to live *plenteously*, though scant ;
 How not to have, yet not to care, nor want :
 We've here no gawdy *feminines* to show,
 As you have in that great *Seraglio* :
 He that *weds* here, lies cloyster'd in a maid ;
 A *Sepulchre* where never man was laid.
 Ours are with *Load-stone* touch'd and never will,
 But right against their proper pole lye still.
 Yours like *Hell-gates*, do alwaies open lye,
 Like *Hackney-jades* they stand at livery :
 Like *treasuries* where each one throws his mite ;
 Gulphs of contraries, at once *dark* and *light*.
 Where who so enters, is like gold *refin'd* ;
 Passing through *fire*, where *Moloch* lits enshrin'd,
 And offers up a *whole-burnt* sacrifice,
 To pacifie those fiery *Deities*.

I have no far-fetch'd dear-bought *delicates*,
 Whose *vertues* prized only by their rates :
 No fancy'd *Kick-shaws* that would serve to invite,
 To a fourth course the glutt'd appetite.
Hunger's my Cook, my labour brings me *meat*.
 Which best digests, when it is *sam'd* with sweat :
 They that have *pluresies* of these about them,
 Yet do but *live*, and so do I without them.
 I can sit in my study soon or late,
 And have no *Troopers* quarrel with my gate ;
 Nor *break* the peace with it ; whose innocence
 Stands only *guarded* in its own defence :
 No *debts* to sue for, and no *coyn* to lend :
 No cause to fear my foe, nor slight my friend :

Yet there is one thing which me thinks I han't,
 And I have studied to supply that want ;
 'Tis the *Synopsis* of all misery (Thee:
 'Tis the *temb* want (Dear Friend) the want of

May we once more enjoy our selves; for neither
Is truly blest, till we are blest together !

XXVI. *An Elegy on a Lady that dyed before her
intended Nuptials.*

AMong the train of *mourners*, whose swoln eyes
Walk in tears of these sad *obsequies* ;
Admit me as a *cypher* here to come,
Who though am *nothing*, yet can raise a *sum* :
And truly I can mourn as well as they
Who're clad in *sable* weeds, though mine is *gray*.
Excuse me Sir, *passion* will swell that's pent ;
Thank not my *tears*, I cannot but *lament*,
To see a *Lady* ready for your bed,
To *death's* imbraces yield her *maiden-head* :
And that *Angellick* Corps that should have been
A *Cabinet* to lodge your *jewels* in,
Should now b' *imbalm'd* with *dust*, and made a prey
To the happy *worms*, who may call that day
On which her limbs unto their lot did fall ,
Your sad *Solemnities*, their *Festival* :
Should I not *mourn*, I could not pay the due,
Of *tears* to her, or *sympathy* to you :
For *Death* did slay you both, when she did dye,
So who writes one's must write both's *Elegy*.
She was too good for you, she was too high,
A wife for *Angels*, to get *Angels* by :
Whom you and all did love, and did suppose,
To be an *Angel* in a mortal's cloaths :
But *Heaven* to undeceive you let you know,
By her *mortality*, she was not so.

XXVII. On

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XXVII.

On the great Cryer at Westminster-Hall.

When the great Cryer in that greater room,
 Calls *Faunt-le-roy*, and *Alex and-er Brome*.
 The people wonder (as those heretofore,
 When the dumb spake) to hear a Cryer roar.
 The kitling crue of Cryers that do stand,
 With *Eunuches* voyces, *squeaking* on each hand,
 Do signifie no more, compar'd to him,
 Then *Member Allen* did to patriot *Pim*.
 Those make us laugh, while we do him adore;
 Theirs are but *Pistol*, his mouth's *Canon-bore*.
 Now those same-thirsty spirits that endeavour
 To have their names enlarg'd, and last for ever,
 Must be *Attorneys* of this Court, and so
 His voyce shall like *fames* lowdest Trumpet blow
 Their names about the World, and make them last,
 While we can lend an ear, or he a blast.

XXVIII. To the memory of that loyal
 Patriot Sir I. Cordel Kt.

Thus fell the grace and glory of our time,
 Who durst be good when goodness was a crime.
 A *Magistrate* that justly wore his gown,
 While *England* had a King, or King a Crown;
 But stoutly flung it off, when once he saw
 Might knock down right, and lust did juggle law.
 His soul scorn'd a *Democracy*, and wou'd,
 No longer stay, then while the *Kingdome* stood;
 And when that fled, his follow'd it, to be,
 Joyn'd to his King i'th *Hieromonarchy*.

XXX. To his Mistress lodging in a room where the
Skie was painted.

1642.

When (my Diviner soul) I did of late,
In thy fair chamber, for thy presence wair,
Looking aloft, (Thou know'st my look is high,
Else I'd ne'r dare to court Thee) I did spy.
Sun, moon, and Stars, by th' painters art appear
At once all *Culm'nant* in one *Hemisphere* :
My small *Astrology* made me suppose,
Those *Symptoms* made the room prodigious.
Old time, (I thought) was crampt, and night and day
Both *monosyllabled*, to make me stay ;
He'd broke his steps of daies and hours that he
Might rowle himself into *Eternity*.
The Sun, as tyred, with the course he ran,
Center'd himself in the *Meridian* :
And 'cause 'twas there, I could not think it night,
Nor durst I call it day, 'cause 't gave no light :
I found the cause, and ceased to admire ;
The eyes had stoln his light, my heart his fire :
And that's the cause why *Sun* and *Moon* look'd dim,
Thy brighter face outluster'd her and him :
But (which increas'd my wonder) I could see,
No *Meteor* portend this prodigy ;
Comets all wink'd at this, nor could I spy
One *Blazing star*, but my portentive eye :
But as I mus'd, what *Omen* this should be,
They all stood still, as much amaz'd at me ;
The wandring *Planets* had forgot to vary ;
Gazing on me, because all *stationary* :
Envyng thy beauty, they're together gon,
To make a perfect *constellation* .

And

And their *conjunctions* t' imitate our lips,
 Was but a loving kiss, not an *Eclipse* :
Sol draws a Regiment of stars, to be
 Tapers to light thee into bed to me :
 Yet could not shine, until they were inspir'd
 By the same *flames*, by which my heart was fir'd.
 Come then lye down, do thou withdraw thy light,
 They'l be, to please us, a perpetual *Night* :
Sol shall be *Cupid*, blind, and thou his mother,
 And as we've marr'd one Sun, we'l get another,

XXXI. *A New-years gift.*

THe *season* now requires a Man should send
 Some worthy *present* to his worthier Friend :
 And I (though poor in *purse*) do wear a heart,
 That is *ambitious* to perform a part
 In *celebration* of this new-born day ;
 And having nothing to present, I'll pray,
 This year may be to me, as well as you,
 So much more *blest* then t'other, as more *new*.
 And in it so much happiness abound,
 To turn us all to good, yet not turn round.
 And may the Sun, that now begins t'appear
 I'th *Horizon* to usher in the year,
 Melt all those fatuous *Vapours*, whose false light
 Purblinds the *World*, and leads them from the *right*;
 And may our *Sol* like that rise once again,
 Mounted triumphant in a prosperous reign :
 May all those *Phaetons* that spite o'ch crown,
 Would guide his *Chariot*, tumble head-long down :
 So shall the Land with happiness be crown'd,
 when men turn *right*, and only years turn round.

XXXII. *On the Queens going beyond Sea.*

When on the watry world, our glorious Queen
 'Gan to be *toss'd* as on the land sh' had been,
 The joyful waters did begin t'aspire,
 And would *trans-element* themselves to fire:
 And ever since it has been hard to swear,
 Whether the *Earth*, or *Water* highest were.
 The late scorn'd *Sea* will now it self prefer,
 Bearing the best that earth could boast of; *Her*,
 When first she lanch'd, th' ambitious *waves* no more
 Would kiss the lips of their oft washed shore,
 But with united motion all did rise
 To bear the ship; that her, to kiss the skies.
 The ship, like *Noah's ark*, did float about,
 And kept the *waters* that would enter, out;
 For were the world *redrown'd*, what good has been
 In it, in her *Epitomiz'd* is seen.
 The sturdy *billows*, if they did arise,
 Were check'd by th' power of her *Majestick eyes*:
 When ever any to *rebel* appears,
 For grief it did dissolve it self to tears;
 The moving compass had forgot to stir,
 Instead o' th' *North-pole*, pointed still at her;
 At which the *Pilot* wondring, he espies
 Two *North-Poles* culminant at once, her eyes:
 No marvel then, the compass pointed thither,
 For her *magnetick* soul draws all things with her.
 The *Ocean* scorn'd *Neptune's* tridentine sway,
 And would no more a *King* but *Queen* obey:
 Nay *Neptune* thought she had a *Venus* been,
 Sprung from the frothy *Sea* to be his *Queen*;

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And whispering *Zephyrus*, if he did stir,
 'Twas not to blow, but to suck breath from her;
 The *Mariners*, when e'r she breathed, thought
 That precious *Amber* 'bout the ship did float.
 Widdow *Arabia* did begin to grieve,
 To see a *Phoenix* on the waters live.
 The *Semi-lunar Dolphin* having seen
 Her face, would straight salute her as the *Queen*.
 The amorous *Syrens* did altogether throng,
 Hoping t' entice her to them by a song.
 Her brow (as though commands were written there)
 Did more sway them, then all their voyces her.
 The little *fishes* met and did rejoyce,
 Dancing to th' musick of the *Syrens* voyce:
 All in their several postures strove t' express
 How much her presence would their *mansions* bless:
 All praying her to stay, but all in vain,
 At length (though loth) they landed her again.
 The shoar's a *Paradise*, where she was driven,
 And (but her *Charles* lack'd her) it had been
 (Heaven.

XXXIII. Upon his Mare stolne by a Trooper

In 1644.

W Hy let her go, I'll vex my self no more,
 Lest my heart break, as did my Stable door.
 'Twas but a Mare; if she be gone, she's gone;
 'Tis not a Mare that I do stand upon.
 Now by this Cross I am so temperate grown,
 I'll bridle nature, since my mare is gone.
 I have a little learning, and less wit;
 That wealth is sure, no thief can pilfer it.
 Riches they say have wings, my Mare had so;
 For though she had legs, yet she could hardly go:
 But

But thieves and fate have such a strong command,
 To make those go, which have no feet to stand.
 She was well skill'd in writing Elegies,
 And every mile writes, *Here my Rider lies.*
 Now since I've ne'r a beast to ride upon,
 Wou'd I might never go, my verse shall run.
 I'll mount on *Pegasus*, for he's so poor,
 From thief or true-man, one may ride secure.
 I would not rack invention for a curse,
 To plague the *Thief*, for fear I make him worse.
 I would not have him hang'd, for that would be
 Sufficient for the *law*, but not for me.
 In charity I wish him no more pain,
 But to restore me home my *Mare* again.
 And 'cause I would not have good customes alter,
 I wish who has the *Mare* may have the *Halter*.

XXXIV. *Upon riding on a tyred Horse.*

T Was hot, and our *Olympick* Charioter,
 Limbeck'd the body of the Traveller;
 Which to prevent, I like the *Sun* did go:
 He was on horse-back, I on horse-back too:
 So on we go to view the desolation
 Of that *half-plague* to our distressed Nation:
 But my Horse was so *superstitious* grown,
 He would fall down and worship every stone:
 Nay he in *reverence* to each holy place,
 Was often seen to fall upon his face.
 And had I been inclin'd to *Popishness*,
 I needed have no other *cross* but this:
 Within a mile or two, without command,
 Do what I could, this *Fade* would make a stand:

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I prais'd him, thinking glory were a spur
 To prick him on, all would not make him stir.
 All worldly things do pass away we know,
 But yet my *Horse* would neither run nor go.
 What everlasting *Creature* should this be,
 That all things are less permanent than he!
 So long I kick'd the people did suppose,
 The arm-less man had beat a drum with'stoes:
 But though a *march* or an *alarm* I bear,
 The senseless *Horse* took all for a retreat:
 The peoples jeers mov'd me to no remorse,
 No more than all my kicks did move my *Horse*:
 Had *Phaetons* *Horses* been as mine is, They
 Needed no reins, they'd never run away.
 I wish'd for old *Copernicus* to prove, (move.
 That while we both stood still, the *Earth* would,
 Oh for an *Earthquake*, that the hills might meet,
 To bring us home, though we mov'd not our feet
 All would not do, I was constrain'd to be,
 The bringer up of a *Foot Company*.
 But now in what a woful case were I,
 If like our *Troopers* I were put to flee.
 I wish all cowards (if that be too much)
 Half of our *Horsemen*, which I'll swear are such;
 In the next fight when they began to flee,
 They may be plagu'd with a tyr'd *Horse* like me.

 XXXV, To his Friend I. B.

Thou thinkst that I to thee am fully known;
 Yet thou'lt not think how powerful I am grown:
 I can work miracles, and when I do
 Think on thy worth, think thee a wonder too:

Thy

Thy constant *love* and *lines* in verse and prose,
 Makes me think thee and them *miraculous*.
 My self am from my self, both here and there I
 Suppose my self grown an *Ubiquitary*.
 We are a *miracle*, and 'tis with us
 As with *John Baptist* and his *Lazarus* :
 I thou, and thou art I, and 'tis a wonder,
 That we both live, and yet both live asunder :
 Come then, let's meet agen : for until we
 Unite, the times can't be at unity.
 But if this distance must still interpose
 Between my eye and thee, yet let us close
 In *mind* and though our necks *by-forked* grown,
 Spread-Eagle like, yet let our *Breasts* be one.

XXXVI. *Translated out of Perlius.*

I Don't remember I did dip,
 In the *Caballine* spring my lip :
 Nor on two-top'd *Pernassus* sleep,
 That thence I should a Poet creep.
 The pale *Pyrene* and *Helicon*,
 I for those men will let alone,
 T'whose brows the rambling *Ivy*es cling ;
 Yet I a *clown* my verses bring
 To th' *Muses* altars. Who did shew
 The *Parrat Xaige* who the *Crow*
 Of old with hollow voyce to prate ?
 Or *Pies* our words to imitate ?
 Arts Master, *Need*, which wit bestows :
 This artist makes us come to those
 Words which our *Nature* us denies,
 Make *Crowes* turn *Poets*, and the *Pies*
 Turn *Poetresses* that can sing,
 Sweet verses from the *Pegasean* spring.

XXVII. Upon the miscarrier of Letters betwixt his
Friend and him;

An Execration.

AND why to me? dull scanner of the ground,
Was there no other pack-horse to be found,
To bear the weight of such a grand abuse
But only I? I'll wake my sleeping *Muse*;
And send her post to th' black abyss of Hell,
To fetch me *curfes*, curses dire and fell.
I'll mount on *Pegasus*, and make him go
From Friend to Friend, as *swift* as thou art *slow*.
Perfidious *Traitor*! could thine impious hands
Dare to miscarry, what true *love* commands?
Had it been *news*, or pamphlets, or the rude
Inventions of the cock-brain'd multitude;
New models of *Religion*, or the false,
Ly-legends which we here call *Diurnals*;
Had there been *treason* against the King or State,
They deserv'd thine, and thou hadst scap'd my hate:
But these were *embassies* of souls that be
So pure, they dare dispute with purity;
That will not club with treason, nor betroth,
Their souls to *schisms*, but are estrang'd from both:
Had they been *complements*, or th' adulterate froth
Of *ink-horn wits*, t' had ne'r incens'd my wroth.
For 'tis but reason such vain *toyes* as they are,
Should be dissolv'd to their first matter, *Air*.
Had they been meerly issues of the *brain*,
And had been lost, that might to work again.
But when the *heart's* engag'd, what pity 'tis
A child of that should ever fare amiss?

Hadst

Hadst thou but known how sweet those accents were,
How full of love thou wouldst have took more
(care,

Why didst thou go to stop that blessed *Trine*,
That was to be 'twixt their aspects and mine?
Do'st thou not know what good, what blest effects
The Land will have from such *benign* aspects?
Alas when *Mercury* doth meet with *Jove*;
Lilly can tell thee their portents are love:
I'm loth to study for some new found *curse*,
For fear I should be heard, and thou be worse.
First for thy *Horses*, would their teeth may be
Greased at each Inn, which none may help but me.
May all their old diseases never fail;
Their feet have *scabs* doubled for every nail,
That thou mayst like *Tom Long* for ever go,
And ne'r come where thou art assign'd unto,
And so may't ne'r be trusted with a pack,
Unless of plagues, and may those break thy back.
May't thou ne'r carry loyal letters more?
But *Pockie-song*, betwixt a *Pimp* and's *whore*.
But when th' sweat and travel'd all the day,
May't thou have neither *meat*, *drink*, *bread* nor *pay*.
May all the way be strew'd with *Downs* his men;
And thou escaping one, may't meet with ten.
And may they take thy horses and thy store,
And bang thy sides because thou hast no more.
May all these *plagues* unite that they may be
As great a *plague* to thee, as thou to me.

XXXVIII. To his Mistress.

YOur pardon *Lady*; by my troth I erre,
I thought each face a painted *Sepulchre*,

That

ere, that wore but beauty on't; I did suppose,
 more that outward beauty had been ominous.
 are, And that t' had been so opposite to wit,
 As it ne'r *wisdom* mer, nor vertue it.
 ects Your face confutes me, and I do begin
 To know my *error*, and repent my sin:
 For on those *Rose* cheeks I plainly see,
 And read my former thoughts deformity.
 I could believe *Hyperboles*, and think
 That praise too low that flows from pen and ink:
 That you're all *Angel*; when I look on you,
 I'm forc'd to think the *Rampant* fictions true:
 me, Nay I dare swear (though once I did abhor it)
 That *Men* love *Women*, and have reason for it,
 The *Lapidaries* now shall learn to set
 Their *Diamonds* in *Gold*, and not in *Jet*.
 The *Proverb's* cross'd, for now a man may find
 A *beauteous* face i'th' *Index* of a *mind*.
 How I could praise you, and your worth display,
 But that my ravish'd pen is forc'd to stay:
 And when I think t'express your purer fashion,
 My expressions turn to stupid *Admiration*.
 pay, Natures perfection! She by forming thee?
 ; Proves she has now *infallibility*:
 You're an *Enchiridion*, whom Heav'n did print;
 To copy by, with no *Errata* in't.
 You're my *Urania*, nay within you be
 The *Muses* met in their *Ter-trinity*:
 Else how could I turn *Poet*, and retain
 My banish'd *Muse* into my thoughts again!
 See what your *wit*, see what your beauty can;
 T' make a *Poet's* more then t' make a *Man*;
 I've wit b' infusion, nay I've beauty too,
 I think I'm comely, if you think me so

That

Add

Add to your vertues *love*, and you may be
A wife for *Jove*; pray let that *Jove* be me.

XXXIX. To his Mistress married to another.

MArried! and I not dead! it cannot be;
Is nothing certain but *uncertainty*?
Can *truth* it self prove false? I should as soon
Have thought the *Sun* vary'd into a *Moon*;
And that the *Poles* that ne'r knew how to vary,
Turn'd *Planets* now, and grow *unstationary*.
But *Sol* has chang'd his course, and we all know,
Those we call *Poles*, are *Planetary* too,
You whom I thought a *Goddeſs*, now I see,
Are but a woman, by inconstancy.
See what the covetous love of wealth can do,
It makes fair *Ladies* false and foolish too.
I could be sorry now, or vext, or worse;
But *wrath* or sorrow, will enlarge my curse:
That *anger's* foolish, and that *sorrow's* vain,
That's us'd for that which can't be had agsin.
But what's this thing call'd *marriage*? must you be
Cloyster'd by that from all society?
Must only he enjoy you as a *Bride*?
And by his feast, famish th' whole *World* beside?
You only did proclaim, when you did wed,
That both together meant to go to bed:
What need all this ado? can't we (my honey)
Do the same thing without the *Ceremony*,
Or *proclamation*? where two hearts agree,
Marriage is but a *superfluity*.
Nature did ne'r intend (without all doubt)
T' hang such a *Jewel* only in his *snout*:
Nor were you made only for one *Mans* food;
Nor for the *private*, but the *common* good. You

You have my heart, and do but lend me thine,
I'll give the *Priest* the lye, and say th' art mine.

XL. *On the turn-coat Clergy.*

That *Clergy-men* are changeable, and teach
That now 'gainst which they will to morrow
Is an undoubted truth ; but that in this (preach
Their *variation* they do ought amiss,
I stedfastly deny ; The World we see,
Preserves it self by *mutability* :
And by an imitation each thing in it
Preserves it self by *changing* every minute ;
The Heavenly *Orbes* do move, and change, & there's
The much admired *musick* of the *spheres* :
The *Sun*, the *Moon*, the *Stars* do alwayes vary,
The times turn round still, nothing *stationary*.
Why then should we blame *Clergy-men* that do,
Because they're Heave'nly, like the *Heavens* go ?
Nay th' *Earth* it self, on which we tread (they say)
Turns round and's moving still ; then why not they ?
Our *bodies* still are changing from our birth,
Till they return to their first matter, *Earth*.
We draw in air and food, that air and food
Incorporates, and turns our *flesh* and *blood* :
Then we breath out our selves in sweat, and vent
Our flesh and blood by use, and *excrement*,
With such continual change that none can say,
He's the same man that he was *Yesterday*.
Besides, all *Creatures* cannot choose but be,
By much the worse for their *stability* :
For standing pools corrupt, while running springs
Yield sweet refreshment to all other things.

(know,

The highest *Church-things* ofteneſt change, we
 The *weather-cock* that ſtands o' th top does ſo :
 The *Bells* when rung in changes beſt do pleaſe,
 That *Nightingall*, that miniſtrel of the trees,
Varies her note; while the dull *Cucko* ſings
 Only one note, no *auditory* brings.
 Why then ſhould we admire our *Levites* change,
 Since 'tis their nat'ral motion? 'Tis not ſtrange
 To ſee a *Fish* to ſwim, or *Eagle* fly ;
 Nor is their *Protean* mutability,
 More worth our wonder, but 'tis ſo in faſhion,
 It merits our *applauſe*, and *imitation*.
 But I conclude, leſt while I ſpeak of change,
 I ſhall too far upon one ſubject range.

And ſo become *unchangeable*, and by
 My *practice*, give my *doctrine* here the lye,

XLI. To his Friend Mr. I. W. on his Tranſlation of a Romance.

FROM forain ſoyl He at the firſt did ſpring,
 Whom conqueſt crown'd, and cuſtome kept our
 (King;
 And from the ſame, this fancy, whom this pen
 Has of an *Alien* made a *Denizen*.
 Diſpute who dares: The iſſue of the brain
 Admits a *transplantation*, like the train
 That buds with Stars; and in this do hit,
 The two *ſec Totums*, *Monarchy* and wit,
 The induſtrious *Merchant* glutt'd with the things
 That are produced by our mother-ſprings,
 Ranſacks the *Ocean*, trafficking for more
 And rarer beauties from the *forain* ſhore ;

And.

And makes our happiness not only be
 In necessities, but variety.
 So thou with equal diligence hast gone,
 To fetch the merchandize of *Helicon* :
 Not but that wit and fancy here will be
 A *Native* and *Staple* commodity :
 Or that composing stories and *Romances*,
 Were only entayl'd to wits that live beyond Seas
 But as in *dearth*, we oft supply our store,
 From those that we perhaps reliev'd before.
 So now when rare *Inventions* and immense,
 Are parch'd and shrunk up into hardly *sense*,
 For want of due *rewards* that shou'd distil
 From these new *Tympanies*, and we call *hills*,
 You're fain to forrage what e'r must be,
 Beyond *Diurnals*, or a *Mercury*.
 Yet ben't discourag'd, for here's no *Excise*,
 Nor *custome* paid on these commodities ;
 And he that trades in wit by Sea or Land,
 Needs not a *convoy*, fears no *Rocks* nor *Sand*.
 This traffick is secure against the thump
 Of *Spain's* armado or the *Belgick Trump*,
 And the proceed on't, though in this mad Nation;
 Is free from *plunder*, and from *sequestration*.
 I do commend thy choice too, for of all
 The Sciences, this is most cordial ;
 Presenting notions to the curious mind,
 Of what below we never see nor find.
 Herein to differ *History*, and this ;
 This shews what ought to be, that shews what is ;
 Ungrateful we, if that we should receive
 This precious *Jewel*, and should nothing give
 To Thee, or to its *Author* ; therefore I
 Offer these *lines* to both your memory,

To testify my *thanks*, though not my *skill* :
 What's so *well* done, must not be praised ill :
 But I *nick-name* my duty, when I say
 I give, or offer, when I only pay.

XLII. *A Satyre on the Rebellion.*

U Rge me no more to sing, I am not able
 To raise a Note; *Songs* are abominable :
 Yea *David's* *Psalms* do now begin to be
 Turn'd out of Church, by *hymns extempore*.
 No accents are so pleasant now as those
 That are *Casura'd* through the *Pastors* nose,
 I'll only weep our misery and ruth,
 I am no *Poet*, for I speak the truth.
 Behold a self against it self doth fight,
 And the *left* hand prevails above the *right*.
 The grumbling *guts*, 'tch belly of the State,
 Unthankful for the wholesome food they ate;
 Belch at their head, and do begin to slight
 The *Cater*, to which they had an *appetite* :
 They long for *kickshaws*, and new fangled dishes;
 Not which all love, but which each fancy wishes.
 Behold a glorious *Phœbus* tumbling down,
 While the rebellious Bears usurp the Crown.
 Behold a *Team* of *Phaetons* aspire
 To guide the *Sun*, and set the World on fire :
 All goes to wrack, and it must needs be so,
 When those would *run*, that know not how to go.
 Behold, a lawful *Sovereign*, to whose minde
 D'shonesty's a stranger, now confin'd.
 To the *Anarchick* pow'r of those whose reason
 Is flat *Rebellion*, and their truth is *Treason*.

Behold

Behold the loyal Subjects pill'd and poll'd,
 And from *Algier* to *Tunis* bought and sold :
 Their Goods *sequestred* by a legal stealth,
 The *private* robb'd t'uphold the *Common-wealth*.
 And those the only plunderers are grown
 Of others *States*, that had none of their own.
Robbers no more by night in secret go,
 They have a *Licence* now for what they do :
 If any to the Rulers do complain,
 They know no other *godliness* but gain :
 Nor give us any *plaster* for the sore
 Of paying much, but only paying more.
 What e'r we do or speak, how e'r we live,
 All is acquitted if we will but *Give* ;
 They sit in *Bulwarks*, and do make the lawes
 But fair pretences to a fouler *cause*,
 And Horse-leech-like cry *give*, what e'r they say,
 Or sing, the burden of their song is *Pay*.
 How wretched is that State ! how full of wo,
 When those that should preserve, do overthrow !
 When they rule us, and o'r them *money* raigns,
 Who still cry *Give*, and alwaies gape for gains !
 But on those *Judges* lies a heavy curse,
 That measure crimes by the *Delinquents* purse
 The time will come when they do cease to l'ive,
 Some will cry *Take*, as fast as they cry'd *Give*.

 XLIII. *On a pair of Virginals.*

Death, that ties up the tongues of Man & Beast,
 And to each thing gives a *Quietus est* ;
 Gives me a tongue ; and I that could nor be
 Blest with a voyce, now boast variety.

The tale of *Amphion*, which could make each tree
 Dance to his musick, is fulfill'd in me.
 For to the livelless *Jack lavaltoes* take,
 At that sweet *musick* which themselves do make :
 The various-sounding *strings* in consort come,
 To make my narrow bulk *Elizium* ;
 Just *Emblem* of the State ; for in this wise,
 He just now *falls*, that but just now did *rise*.
 O would the *Subjects* in this *Realm* agree.
 And meet like strings to make one *harmony* ?

XLIV. On a Comedy called The Passionate Lover.

THough I ne'r saw this Play, nor e'r did know
 The Author well, nor love with *passion* so,
 To be a name for *Terence Comædie*, *Heauton-*
 But do suppose who e'r the *lover* be, *timorumeos*,
 That's really such as the Poet writ,
 He'd have less *love*, if he had had more *wit*.
 Yet as th' old *Topers*, when their drinking's gone,
 Do love to sit, and see the *work* go on :
 And as old men when their *performance* fails,
 Can clap their wings with telling *smutty* tales :
 So though we've lost the life of playes the *stage*,
 If we can be *Remembrancers* to th' age.
 And now and then let glow a *spark* in print,
 To tell the World there's *fire* still lodg'd i' th' flint,
 We may agen b' enlightned once and warm'd,
Men can't be civil till they be inform'd.
 Walk wisely on : *Time's* changeable, and what
 Was once *thrown* down, is now again *reacht* at.
 And we may see *pleasure* and *honour* crown
 The *Stage*, when inconsistent *Tubs* kick down.

XLV. To the High-Sheriff of S.

Sir,

YOU have giv'n us *Poets* entertainment,
 Good cheer and wine; we give you *Poets* pay-
 (ment,

Good words and *Rhythme*; but you out-do us here,
 You match our *Rhythme*; but we can't match your
 (cheer.

And here's the reason, which our *Muses* grieves,
Sheriffs are made *Poets*, but ne'r *Poets* *Sheriffs*.

XLVI. To G. B. Esquire

I Promis'd to come to you Sir, 'tis true,
 And I intended what I promis'd you.
 But *Heaven* (that all things orders) thought not fit
 We two should meet, and therefore hinder'd it:

Not that our *meeting* had offensive been
 To God or Man, for we had fail'd between
 The dangerous *rocks* of company, with *wits*
 And no *wits* dash against, when in their fits,
 They scoff at *sacred* matters, and blaspheme,
 Or make *States-men* or *businesses* their theame.
 But such a World of *Heavenly* drink came down,
 The floods did rise and all the *Country* drown;
 Men that had souls *unswimmable* like mine,
 Float as drown'd *Flies* do in a glass of *Wine*.
 Horses and boots were useless, and you know,
 I have no hanging look; and being so
 Fat, have the art of *sinking*, I was ne'r
 Bred 'mong the *fish*, nor e'r at *Westminster*,
 Saw any drown'd, though you and I both know,
 Some have been us'd as badly there, and though

I use the *feather* 'tis the *rother* end,
 Not that which me from drowning can defend;
 This work's for *Saylors*, not a land *Attourney*,
 For 'tis become a *voyage*, not a *journey*.
 And he that goes to *Ex'ter* now from hence,
 From that exploit, may very well commence
 A *Navigator*; which t' attempt I fear,
 And thought it safer to stay drinking here:
 And send you this from him that's far more willing
 To write *ten* verses, then to pay *one* shilling.

XLVII. To his reverend Friend Dr. S. on
 his pious and learned Book.

THe times are chang'd, and the misguided rout,
 Now tug to pull in, what they tumbled out:
 And with like eagerness, the *factious* crew,
 Who *ruin'd* all, are now expos'd to view:
 Their *vizer's* off, and now we plainly see
 Both what they are, and what they aim'd to be,
 And what they meant to do to us and ours,
 If either ours or we were in their *pow'rs*.
 That *vip'rous* brood of *Levi* who gnaw'd through
 Their *mothers* bowels, and their *Fathers* too,
 To break a passage to their lewd designs,
 Have found th' effects of all their *under-mines*;
 And see themselves *out-acted* in their show,
 By sucking *Sprouts*, that out of them did grow.
 They're now *out-wink'd*, *out-fasted*, and *out-tongu'd*,
 Their Pupils reap those *fields* which they had *dung'd*;
 Who split the *Church* into so many *Schisms*,
 The zeal of these eats others *Patriarchisms*:
 And Vermin-like they do that *Corps* devour,
 Whose *putrefaction* gave them *life* and *pow'r*:

Now

Now they *repent* (though late) and turn to you,
Of the *Old Church* that's *constant, pure, and true*.
- Thanks to such *lights* as you are, you have stay'd
In that firm *truth*, from which they *fondly* stray'd,
Endur'd *reproach*, and *want*, all violent shocks,
Which rowl'd like *Billows*, while you stood like

(Rocks,

Unmov'd by all their fury, kept your ground,
Fix't as the *Poles*, while they kept twirling round :
Submitted to all *rage*, and lost your *all*,
Yet ne'r comply'd with, or bow'd knee to *Baal*.
You preach'd for love of *preaching*, with desire
T' *instruct*, and to *reform*, while *pay* and *hire*,
Which made them *preach*, were ta'n away from you;
You still strove on, and led the people through
That *Wilderness* of *error*, into which
Those *Ignes fatui*, tempted by the itch
Of *Pride* and *change* had led them, when the *Times*
Envyng your worth, *voted* your *Sermons* crimes;
And made it *Treason* to relieve or hear you ;
And constituted to affront and jeer you ;
Those *Patentees* of *graces* and good *livings*,
Grown rich with *fees*, and fat with full *thanksgivings*;
Who rowl'd a *stone* upon your mouths for fear
Truth would find out a *resurrection* there :
Then from the *press* you piously did shew
What, why, and how, we should believe and know ;
And pray and practice ; made it out to us,
Why our *Church-Institutes* were these and thus ;
And how we ought t' observe them, so that we
May finde them that, which of themselves they be,
Commands and *comforts* : This *Sir* we do find
Perform'd by this rare *issue* of your mind :

Your

Your pious and your profitable lines,
Which can't be *prais'd* by such a pen as mine's,
But must b' *admir'd* and *lov'd*, and you must be
For ever thank'd and honour'd too by me,
And all that know or read you ; since you do
Supply the *pious* and the *learned* too.

So well, that both must say, to you they ow
What good they *practise*, and what good they
(*know*.)

XLVIII. To Colonel Lovelace on his Poems.

SO through the *Chaos* crept the first-born ray,
That was not yet grown up to be a day,
(*rhythmes*,

And form'd the *World* ; as do your powerful
Through the thick darkness of these *Versless* times:
These *anti-genius* daies, this boystrous age,
Where there dwels nought of *Poetry* but rage:
Just so crept learning forth the ray'nous fire
Of the Schismatick *Goths* and *Vandals* ire :
As do in these more *barbarous* daies our times,
When what was meant for *ruine*, but refines.
Why may n't we hope for *Restoration*, when
As ancient *Poets* Towns, the new raise men ;
The tale of *Orpheus* and *Amphion* be
Both solid truths with this *Mythology* ?
For though you make not *stones* and *trees* to move ;
Yet men more senseless you provoke to *love*.
I can't but think, spite of the filth that's hurl'd
Over this small *Ench'ridion* of the *World*,
A day will break, when we again may see
Wits like themselves, club in an *Harmony* :
Though *Pulpiteers* can't do it, yet 'tis fit

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XLIX

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And

Poets have more *success*, because more *wit*:
 Their *Prose* unhling'd the State; why mayn't your
 (verse
 Polish those souls, that were fill'd rough by theirs?
 Go on, and prosper; though I want your skill,
In weighty matters 'tis enough to will.
 And now the *Reader* looks I should help rear
 Your glories *Trophy*, else what make I here?
 'Tis not to praise you; for one may as well
 Go tell *Committees* that there is an Hell;
 Or tell the World there is a *Sun*, as praise
 Your amorous fancy, which it self can't raise
 'Bove *Envies* reach or *flatteries*; Ladies love
 To kiss those accents; who dares disapprove
 What they stile *good*? our lines, our lives and all,
 By their *opinions* either rise or fall:
 Therefore the cause why these are fixed here,
 Is *livery-like* to shew some great man's near:
 Let them stand *bare*, and usher, not commend;
 They are not for *Encomiums*, but t' attend.

XLIX. To his Friend Thomas Stanley, Esq; on his
 Odes, Set and Published by Mr. John Gamble.

Stanley, the Darling of *Apollo*, thou
 That mak'st at once both *Verse* and *Musick* too;
 So sweet a *Master* of so sweet a *Muse*,
 Whom not to name with honour, were t' abuse.
 How thy words flow! How sweetly do they *Chyme*,
 When thy pure *Couplets* do imbrace in *Rhyme*!
 How quick, how lovely, and how full of *Sense*
 Thy *Fancy* is, and all that springs from thence!
 Which *Gamble* has enliv'ned by his Art,
 And breath an *Active Soul* through every part:

And

And so deduc'd thy Mind to us, that we
 May feast our Ears and Souls with rarity.
 How much to thee, how much to him we owe,
 We can conceive, but cannot make you know :
 Nor have we thanks proportion'd to your worth,
 Thou that didst make, and he that set them forth,
 In such a lively Dress too, We admire
 What we can't praise, what we can't do, *Desire* ;
 And therefore turn our praises into prayers, (*Ayes*,
 That Thou'lt make more such *Odes*, He more such

L. *On the famous Romance, called the
 innocent Impostor.*

'T Will be expected now that I should raise
 Some Monument unto the *Author's* praise,
 The *Works*, or the *Translators* ; else I fear,
 The Reader 'll wonder what I do make here :
 'Tis grown *Apocryphal*, and by the *Wits*
 Quite voted down ; Who hold it not befits
 A true-born *Fancy*, to be *Smith-field-wise*
 Put off with *Toll* and *Vouchers* ; this defies
 Such *Crutches* ; for 'tis of so clear a Nature,
 'Twill pass without the *Chaplains Imprimatur*,
 Or our *Certificates* : Besides I carry
 Such a dislike to all things *Customary*,
 I'll cheat all expectation, and will be
Thankful to them, but chiefly unto thee :
 In these *Self-ended* times we only do,
 Or *thank* or praise those we're beholding to :
 So call our *Justice Charity*, and say
 We do bestow, when we do only pay :
 For though the work be rare ; yet should it be
 Still in its dress what had it been to me ?

And

And though translated by his worthy pen,
 If not expos'd to the view of Men,
 I had ne'r seen't perhaps, but since all three
 Have clubb'd in this production, I must be
 Grateful to all, and to give all your right,
 Must praise, and love, and thank *Bellay, Dod, Wright.*

LI. On Dr. J. his divine Romance. •

How rare! how truly noble's this design,
 To make us fall in love with things *Divine*!
 And raise our passions with such pious flames,
 To court those truths, which lay disguis'd in names
 Perplex'd and crabbed, and did heretofore
 Lie undiscovered in their sullen Ore;
 And seem'd *unamiable* to the sense,
 'Cause *unattainable* but by th' expence
 Of undelightsome labour and much time.

This *new invention* exgiates the crime,
 Which did too much adhere to youthful love,
 Directs the soul to doar on things above;
 And consecrates th' *affections* to extend
 Their violent motion to their proper end.

The ravish'd Pulpit, which of late was made
 A place, not of *instruction* but of trade;
 Where *Higlers* in *Divinity* did sell
 Salvation to us, and made *heaven and hell*
 At their disposal, and the way to bliss,
 More hard and crabbed then it ought or is;
 And did *advance* the people, or condemn
 To this or that, just as we *humour'd* them:
 Made some those heavenly *dishes* to detest
 And loath, 'cause they so *nastily* were drest.

But

But this ingenuous *Author* makes that food
 Delightful to the taste as well as good ;
 And with such *flowers* the paths to vertue strews,
 That the dull soul to heav'n delighted goes.
 What love, what praise, what great reward is fit
 To his great worth, who with *Cæstial* wit,
 Informs and sanctifies our minds, and brings
 Our souls above these low *terrestrial* things !

A crown of *Stars* must deck his learned brow,
 The lawrel *Garland's* too unworthy now.

LII. On the loss of a *Garrison*.

A Nother *City* lost ! Alas poor *King* !
 Still future griefs from former griefs do spring.
 The *World's* a seat of change ; *Kingdoms* and *Kings* ;
 Though glorious, are but *sublunary* things :
Crosses and *blessings* kifs ; there's none that be
 So happy, but they meet with *misery*.
 He that ere while sat centred to his *Throne*,
 And all did *homage* unto him alone ;
 Who did the *Scepter* of his power display
 From pole to pole, while all this *rule* obey,
 From stair to stair now *tumbles*, *tumbles* down,
 And scarce one pillar doth support his *Crown*.
Town after *Town*, are lost, *Field* after *Field*,
 This turns, and that *perfidiously* doth yield :
 He's banded on the trayterous tongues of those
 That *Janus* like, look to him and his foes.
 In vain are *Bulmarks* and the strongest Hold,
 If the besiegers *bullets* are of gold :
 My soul be not *dejected* ; wouldst thou be
 From present *trouble*, or from *danger* free ?

Trust not in *rampires*, nor the strength of walls;
 The town that stands to day, to morrow falls:
 Trust not in *Souldiers*, though they seem so stout;
 Where *sin's* within, vain is *defence* without.
 Trust not in *wealth*, for in this lawless time
 Where *prey* is penalty, there *wealth* is crime:
 Trust not in *strength* or courage; we all see
 The weak'st oft-times do gain the *victory*:
 Trust not in *honour*, honour's but a blast,
 Quickly begun, and but a while doth last.
 They that to day to thee *Hosanna* cry,
 To morrow change their note for *Crucifie*: (thee;
 Trust not in *friends*, for friends will soon deceive
 They are in nothing sure, but sure to leave thee:
 Trust not in *wits*; who run from place to place
 Changing *Religion* as *chance* does her face,
 In spite of cunning, and their strength of *brain*,
 They're often catch'd and all their plots are vain:
 Trust not not in *Counsels*, *Potentates*, or *Kings*;
 All are but frail and transitory things.
 Since neither *Souldiers*, *Castles*, *wealth*, or *wit*,
 Can keep off *harm* from thee, or thee from it:
 Since neither strength nor honour, friends nor
 Nor *Princes*, peace or happiness affords, (Lords,
 Trust thou in God, ply him with prayers still,
 Be sure of *help*; for he both *can*, and *will*.

LIII. Upon the Kings Imprisonment.

Imprison me you *Traytors*? must I be
 Your fetter'd *slave*, while you're at liberty
 To usurp my *Scepter*, and to make my *power*
 Gnaw its own *bowels*, and it self devour?

Your

You glorious *villains*! *Treasures* that have been
 Done in all ages, are done o'r agen;
 Expert *proficients*, that have far out-done
 Your Tutors *Presidents*, and have out-run
 The practice of all times, whose acts will be
 Thought *Legendary* by Posterity.
 Was't not enough you made me bear the wrong
 Of a *rebellious* sword, and *vip'rous* tongue,
 To lose my *State*, my *Children*, *Crown*, and *Wife*;
 But must you take my *liberty* and *life*?
Subjects can find no fortrefs but their graves,
 When servants sway, and *Sovereigns* are slaves;
 'Cause I'll not sign, nor give consent unto
 Those *lawless* actions that you've done and do,
 Nor yet betray my *Subjects*, and so be
 As *treach'rous* to them, as are you to me:
 Is this the way to *mon'd* me to your wills,
 To expiate former crimes by greater ills?
 Mistaken *fools* to think my soul can be
 Grasp'd or infring'd by such low things as ye!
 Alas though I'm immur'd, my mind is free,
 I'll make your very *Goal* my liberty.
Plot, do your worst, I safely shall deride
 In my *Crown'd* soul, your base inferiour pride,
 And stand unmov'd, though all your *plagues* you
 I'll dye a *Martyr*, or I'll live a *King*. (bring,

LIV. On the Death of King CHARLES.

HOW! dead! nay murdered! not a *Comet* seen!
 Nor one strange prodigy to intervene!
 I'm satisfy'd; heaven had no light so rare;
 Nor so prodigious as his *murderers* are,
 Who at this instant had not drawn the air,
 Had they not been preserv'd b'his *Funeral* Pray'r.

And

And yet who looks aright, may plainly spy
 The *Kingdom's* to it self a prodigy;
 The scatter'd *Stars* have joyn'd themselves in one,
 And have thrown *Phœbus* headling from his throne.
 They'd be the *Sun* themselves, and shine, and so
 By their joynt blaze inflame the world below,
 Which b' imagination does t' a *Chaos* fall,
 And shake it self t' an *Earth-quake* general.
 And 'tis the height of miracle that we
 Live in these wonders, yet no wonders see:
 Nature groan'd out her last when he did fall,
 Whose influence gave quick'ning to us all:
 His soul was anthem'd out in prayers, and those
 Angel-like *Hallelujahs* sung in prose,
David the second, we no difference knew
 Between th' old *David's* spirit and the new:
 In him grave wisdom so with grace combines,
 As *Solomon* were still in *David's* loynes:
 And had he lived in K. *David's* time,
 It had equal'd him in all things but his crime.
 Now since you'r gone, great *P.* this care we'l have,
 Your books shall never find a death or grave.
 By whose diviner flame, the world must be
 Purg'd from its dross, and chang'd to purity;
 Which neither time nor treason can destroy;
 Nor ign'rant Error that's more fell than they.
 A piece like some rare picture, at remove,
 Shews one side *Eagle*, and the other *Dove*:
 Sometimes the Reason in it sores so high,
 It shews affliction, quells not majesty:
 Yet still Crown, dignity, and self, deny'd:
 It helps to bear up courage, though not pride;
 Trodden humility in robes of state,
 Meekly despising all the frowns of fate.

S

Your

Your *Grandfire* K. that shew'd what good did flow,
From the tall *Cedar* to the *shrub* below.

By violent flame to ashes though calcin'd,
His soul int' you we *transmigrated* find ;
Whose *leaves* shall like the *Sybils* be ador'd,
When time shall open each *prophetick* word :

And shall like *Scripture* be the *Rule* of good
To those that shall survive the flaming flood :
Whose syllables are *Libraries*, and can
Make a small volume turn a *Vatican*.
So th' hunted *Bezoar* when he's sure to dye,
Bequeaths his *cordials* to his enemy.

Rest *Royal dust*, and thank the storms that drove
Against their will you to your haven above.

They have but freed you from those waves that
(curst

Their bloody power to drown this *boistrous* world:
They've but chang'd *Throne* for throne, and *Crown*
You took a *glorious*, laid a *thorny* down. (for *Crown*
You sit among your *Peers* with *Saints* and *Kings*,
View how we plot for *sublunary* things;
And labour for our ruine; you did fall
Just like our *Saviour*, for the sins of all,
And for your own; for in this impious time,
Virtue's a vice, and piety's a crime.

The sum of all whose faults being understood,
Is this, We were too bad, and you too good.

LV. On the Kings Death.

What means this sadness? why does every eye
Wallow in tears? what makes the lowring sky
Look clouded thus with sighs? is it because
The great *Defender of the Faith and Laws*,

Is sacrificed to the barbarous rage,
 Of those prodigious Monsters of our age?
 A prey to the insatiate will of those
 That are the *Kings* and *Kingdoms* cursed foes!
 'Tis true, there's cause enough each eye should be
 A *Torrent*, and each man a *Niobe*,
 To see a *wise, just, valiant, temperate* man
 Should leave the *World*, who either will or can
 Abstain from grief? To see a *Father* dye,
 And his *half-self*, and *Orphans* weeping by:
 To see a *Master* dye, and leave a *State*
 Unsettled, and *Usurpers* gape to ha't.
 To see a *King* dissolve to's mother dust,
 And leave his headless *Kingdom* to the lust,
 And the ambitious wills of such a rout
 Which work its end, to bring their own about;
 'Tis cause of sorrow; but to see thee slain,
 Nay mured too, makes us grieve o'r again:
 Not to be kill'd by *Servants*, or by *Friends*;
 This will raise such a grief as never ends:
 And yet we find he that was all these things,
 And more, the best of *Christians* and of *Kings*,
 Suffer'd all this and more, whose sufferings stood
 So much more great then these, as he more good.
 Yet 'tis a vain thing to lament our loss;
 Continued *mourning* adds but crows to crows.
 What's past can't be recall'd; our sadness may
 Drive us to him, but can't bring him away;
 Nor can a *Kingdom's* cries re-state the *Crown*
 Upon his head, which their *sins* tumbled down.
 Rest then my soul, and be contented in
 Thy share of sufferings, as well as sin:
 I see no cause of wonder in all this,
 But still expect such fruits of wickedness.

*Kings are but Earth refin'd ; and he that wears
 A Crown, but loads himself with griefs and fears ;
 The World it self to its first nothing tends ;
 And things that had beginnings, must have ends.*
 Those glorious lamps of Heav'n, that give us light,
 Must at the last dissolve to darkness quite.
 If the *Cœlestial Architectures* go
 To dissolution, so must earthy too.
 If ruine seize on the vast frame of nature,
 The little Word must imitate the greater :
 I'll put no trust in *wealth*, for I do see
Fatē can take me from it, or it from me :
 Trust not in *honour*, 'tis but peoples cry, (high
 Who'll soon throw down what e'r they mounted
 Nor trust in *friends* ; he that's now hedg'd about,
 In time of need can hardly find one out :
 Nor yet in *strength* or *power* ; for sin will be
 The *desolation* of my strength and me :
 Nor yet in *Crowns* and *Kingdomes* ; who has all,
 's expos'd to a heavy though a *royal* fall.
 Nor yet in *wisdome*, *policy*, or *wit* ;
 It cannot keep me harmless, or I it :
 He that had all man could attain unto,
 He that did all that *wit* or *power* could do ;
 Or grace or virtue prompt, could not avoid
 That sad and heavy load our sins have laid
 Upon his innocent and sacred *Head*, but must
 Submit his person to bold *Rebels* lust ;
 And their insatiate *rage*, who did condemn
 And kill him, while he pray'd and dy'd for them.
 Our only trust is in the *King of Kings*,
 To wait with patience the event of things ;
 He that permits the *Father's* tumbling down,
 Can raise, and will, the *Son* up to the Crown :

He that permits those *traitors* impious hands,
 To murder his *anointed*, and his Lands
 To be usurp'd, can when he sees it fit,
 Destroy those *Monsters* which he did permit ;
 And by their head-long and unpitied fall,
 Make the Realms *Nuptial* of their *Funeral*;
 Mean time that Sainted Martyr from his throne,
 See's how these *laugh*, and his good subjects *groan* ;
 And hugs his blessed change whereby he is
 Rob'd int' a *Crown*, and *murther'd* into *bliss*.

LVI. *A Funeral Elegy.*

GON are those *Halcyon* daies, when men did dare
 Do good for *love*, undrawn by gain or fear ;
 Gon are our *Heroes* whose vast souls did hate
 Vice, though't were cloath'd in *sanctity* or *state* ;
 Gon is our *Ambrey* who did then take's time
 To dye, when *worthy* men thought life a crime ;
 One whose pure soul with nobleness was fill'd,
 And scorn'd to live when peace and truth were kill'd
 One, who was *worthy* by descent and *birth*,
 Yet would not live a burthen on the earth ;
 Nor draw his *honour* from his *Grandfres* name,
 Unless his progeny might do the same :
 No guilded *Mammon*, yet had enough to spend,
 To feed the poor, and entertain his friend :
 No gaping *Miser* whose desire was more
 T' enrich himself, by making's *neighbour* poor,
 Then to lay out himself, his *wealth* and *health*,
 To buy his *Countreys* good and *Common-wealth*.
Religion was his great delight and joy,
 Not as 'tis now to plunder and destroy ;
 He lean'd on those two pillars, *faith* and *reason* ;
 Not false *Hypocrisie*, nor headlong *Treason* :

His

His *piety* was with him bred and grown ;
 H^eld build ten *Churches*, e^r he^ld pull down one :
 Constant to's principles ; and though the times
 Made his worth sin, and his pure vertues crimes ;
 He stood unmov'd, spite of all troubles hurl'd,
 And durst support, but not turn with the *World*.

Call'd to the *Magistracy*, he appear'd
 One that desir'd more to be lov'd then fear'd :
Justice and *Mercy* in him mingled so,
 That this *flew* not too high, nor that too low :
 His *mind* could not be carved worse or better,
 By mean mens *flattery*, nor by great mens *letter* :
 Nor sway'd by *Bribes*, though profer'd in the dark,
 He scorn'd to be half *Justice*, and half *Clerk* ;
 But all his *distributions* ev'nly ran,
 Both to the *Peasant*, and the *Gentleman*:

He did what *nature* had design'd him to,
 In his due time, while he had strength to do :
 And when *decay* and *age* did 'once draw nigh,
 He'd nothing left to do but only *dye* :
 And when he felt his *strength* and *youth* decline,
 His bodies loss strength'ned his souls design :
 And as the one did by degrees decay,
 T'other ran swifter up the *milkie way*.

Freed from those sicknesses that are the *pages*
 Attending *Natures* sad decay and ages,
 His spotless soul did from his body fly,
 And hover in the heav'nly *Galaxy*,

Whence he looks down, and lets the living see,
 What he was once, and what we ought to be.

LVII. Upon the Death of that Reverend and
learned Divine Mr. Josias Shute.

Tush, tush ! he is not dead ; I lately spy'd (bride
One smile at's first-born Sons birth ; and a
Into her heart did entertain delight
At the approach of her wish'd wedded night :
All which delights (if he were dead) would turn
To grief ; yen mirth it self be forc'd to mourn :
Inspired Poets would forget to laugh,
And write at once his and Mirths Epitaph.
Sighs would engross our breath, there would appear
Anthems of joy, lymbeck'd into a tear :
Each face would be his death-bed ; in each eye,
'Twere easie then to read his Elegy ;
Each soul would be close-mourner, each tongue tell
Stories prick'd out to'th tune o'th Passing bell ;
The World re-drown'd in tears, each heart would be
A Marble-stone, each stone a Niobe.

But he alas is gone, nor do we know,
To pay for loss of him deserving wo ;
Like Bankrupts in our grief, because we may
Not half we owe him give, we'l nothing pay :
For should our tears like the Ocean issue forth,
They could not swell adæquate to his worth :
So far his worth's above our knowledge, that
We only know we've lost, we know not what.
The mourning Heaven, beholding such a dearth
Of tears, shows rain to liquifie the earth,
That we may see from its adulterate womb,
If it be possible, a second come :
Till then 'tis our unhappiness, we can't
Know what good dwelt in him, but by the want.

He was no *whirl-gig*, *Leit'ner* of the times,
 That from a *heel-block* to a *Pulpit* climbs;
 And there such stuff among their *Audients* break,
 They seem to have mouth, and words, yet cannot
 Nor such as into *Pasquil* Pulpits come (speak:
 With thundering non-sense, but to beat the *Drum*
 To *Civil Wars*; whose *Texts* and *Doctrines* run,
 As if they were o'th *separation*:
 And by their spiritual law have marry'd been
 Without a ring, because they were no kin:
Knowledge and *zeal*, in him so sweetly met,
 His *Pulpit* seem'd a second *Olivet*;
 Where from his lips he would deliver things,
 As though some *Seraphin* had clap'd his wings:
 His painful *Sermons* were so neatly dress'd,
 As if an *Anthem* were in prose express'd:
 Divinity and Art were so united,
 As if in him both were *Hermophradited*.
 Oh what an ex'sent *Surgeon* has he been,
 To set a conscience (out of joynt by sin;)
 He at one *blow* could wound and heal; we all
 Wondred to see a *purge*, a *cordial*:
 His *Manna-breathing* *Sermons* often have
 Given all our good thoughts life, our bad a *grave*.
Satan, and *Sin*, were never more put to't, (Shute:
 Then when they met with their still-conquering
 His *life* was the *use* of's doctrine; so 'twas known
 That *Shute*, and *Saint*, were convertible grown:
 He did live *Sermons*; the *Prophane* were vex'd
 To see his actions *comments* on his *Text*:
 So imitable his virtues did appear
 As if each place to him a *Pulpit* were:
 He was himself a *Synod*, ours had been
 Void (had he liv'd) or but an idle din:

His

his *presence* so divine, that Heaven might be
(If it were possible) more *Heavenly*.

And now we well perceive with what intent
Death made his soul become *non-resident* :
Twas to make him (such honours to him given)
Regius Professor to the King of Heaven :
By whom he's *prelated* above the skies,
And the whole World's his *See* & *Episcopize* :
So that (me think) one *Star* more doth appear
In our *Horizon*, since his being there ;
Death's grown *tyrannical* by imitation,
'Cause he was learned, by a *sequestration*
He took his living ; but for 's *Benefice*
He is rewarded with eternal bliss

Let 's all prepare to follow him, for hee's
But gone to *Glory's School*, to take *degrees*.

LVIII. To the memory of Doctor Hearn, who
died September, 15. 1644.

S Ad Spectacle of grief ! how frail is *Man* !
Whose self's a bubble, and his life a *span* !
Whose *breath*'s like a careering shade, whose sun
Begins to set, when it begins to run.
Lo ! this Mans Sun sets i'th *Meridian* ;
And this man's Sun, speaks him Son of *Man*.

Among the rest that come to Sacrifice
To's *memory* the *torrents* of their eyes ;
I though a stranger, and though none of those
That weep in *rhythme*, though I oft mourn in *prose* :
Sigh out some grief, and my big-belly'd eyes,
Long for *delivery* at his obsequies :
For he that writes but truth of him, will be,
Though without art, *slander'd* with *poesie* :
And they that praise him right in *prose* or *verse*,
Will by the most be thought *Idolaters* : Men

Men are incredulous ; and yet there's none
Can write his worth in *verse*, but in his own.
He needs no other monument of fame,
But his own actions, to blaze out his name.

He was a glory to the *Doctors Gown* ;
Help to his *Friends*, his *Countrey*, and his *Town* :
The *Atlas* of our health, who oft did groan
For others *sickness*, e'r he felt his own :

Hippocrates, and *Galen*, in his brain,
Met as in *Gemini* ; it did contain
A Library of skill, a *Panoply*,
A Magazine of ingenuity :
With every Art his brain so well was *mated*,
As if his fancy had been calculated
For that *Meridian* ; he none would follow,
But was in skill the *Britannish Apollo* :
His *Patients* grow impatient, and the fears
Of death, lymbeck'd their body into tears.

The widow'd *Muses* do lament his death ;
Those that wrote *mirth*, do now retract their breath,
And breath their souls in sighs : each strives to be
No more *Thalia*, but *Melpomene* :
He stood a Champion in defence of health,
And was a terrour to death's Common-wealth :
His *Æsculapian* art revok'd their breath,
And often gave a *non-suit* unto death.
Now we've a rout, death kills our *General*,
Our griefs break forth, grow *Epidemical*.
Now we must lay down arms, and *Captives* turn
To death ; man has no *rampire* but an *Urn* :

In him death gets an *University* ;
Happy the bodies that so neer him lye,
To hear his worth and wir, 'tis now no fear
To dye, because we meet a *Hearnee* there,

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Earth-quakes, and *Comets* usher great mens fall,
 At his we have an *Earth-quake* General;
 Th' ambitious *vallies* do begin t' aspire,
 And would confront the *Mountains*, nay be higher;
Inferior orbes aspire, and do disdain
 Our *Sol*; each *Bear* would ride in *Charles* his wain:
 Our *Moon's* eclips'd, and th' *Occidental Sun*
 Fights with old *Aries* for his *Horizon*:
 Each petty *Star* gets horses, and would be
 All *Sols*, and joyn to make a *prodigle*.
 All things are out of course, which could not be,
 But that we should some eminent *death* foresee.

Yet let's not think him *dead* who ne'r shall dye,
 Till time be gulf'd in vast *eternity*:

'Tis but his shadow that is past away;
 While he's eclips'd in earth, another day
 His better part shall pierce the skies, and shine
 In glory 'bove the Heavens *Chrystaline*.

We could not understand him, he's gone higher
 To read a *Lecture* to an *Angels Quire*:

He is advanced up a higher *Story*,
 To take's degrees i'th upper *Form* of glory:

He is our *Prodrome*, gone before us whither
 We all must go, though all go not together:

Dust will dissolve to dust, to earth; earth are
 (all men;

And must all dye, none knows how, where, nor
 (when;

LIX. *An Elegy on the death of his School-*
master, Mr. W. H.

Must he dye thus? has an eternal sleep
 Seiz'd on each muse, that it can't sing nor wrep?
 Had

Men are incredulous ; and yet there's none
Can write his worth in *verse*, but in his own.
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But his own actions, to blaze out his name.

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 Our *Sol*; each *Bear* would ride in *Charles* his wain:
 Our *Moon's* eclips'd, and th' *Occidental Sun*
 Fights with old *Aries* for his *Horizon*:
 Each petty *Star* gets horses, and would be
 All *Sols*, and joyn to make a *prodigle*.
 All things are out of course, which could not be,
 But that we should some eminent *death* foresee.

Yet let's not think him *dead* who ne'r shall dye,
 Till time be gulf'd in vast *eternity*:

'Tis but his shadow that is past away;
 While he's eclips'd in earth, another day
 His better part shall pierce the skies, and shine
 In glory 'bove the Heavens *Chrystaline*.

We could not understand him, he's gone higher
 To read a *Lecture* to an *Angels Quire*:

He is advanced up a higher *Story*,
 To take's degrees i'th upper *Form* of glory:

He is our *Prodrome*, gone before us whither
 We all must go, though all go not together:

Dust will dissolve to dust, to earth; earth are
 (all men;

And must all dye, none knows how, where, nor
 (when.

LIX. *An Elegy on the death of his School-
 master, Mr. W. H.*

Must he dye thus? has an eternal sleep
 Seiz'd on each muse, that it can't sing nor wrep?
 Had

Had he no friends? no merits? or no purse
To purchase mourning? or had he that curse
Which has the scraping worldling still frequented,
To live unlov'd and perish unlamented?

No, none of these; but in this *Atlas* fall,
Learning for present found its funeral:
Nor was't for want of grief, but scope and vent;
Not sullenness, but deep astonishment;
Small griefs are soon wept out; but great ones come
With bulk, and strike the straight lamenters dumb.

This was the School-master that did derive
From parts and piety's prerogative,
The glory of that good, but painful art;
Who had high learning yet an humble heart.
The *Drake* of Grammer learning, whose great pain,
Circled that globe, and made that voyage plain.

Time was, when th' artless *pedagogue* did stand
With his *vimineous* Scepter in his hand,
Raging like *Bajazet* o'r the tugging fry;
Who though unhors'd were not of th' infantry;
Applying, like a glister, *hic hac hoc*,
Till the poor Lad's beat to a whipping-block:
And school'd so long to know a *Verb* and *Noun*,
Till each had *Propria maribus* of his own;
As if not fit to learn *As in prasenti*;
But legally, when they were one and twenty.
Those few that went to th' *Univers*' ties then,
Went with deliberation, and were men;
Nor were our *Academies* in those daies
Fill'd with chuck-farthing *Batchelors* and boyes,
But Scholars with more beard and age went hence,
Then our new *Lapwing-Lect'rers* skip from thence.

By his industrious labour, now we see
Boy'es coated born to th' *University*;

Who

Who suck'd in *Latine*, and did scorn to seek
 Their *scourge* and top in *English* but in *Greek* :
Hebrew, the general puzler of old heads,
 Which the gray dunce with pricks and comments reads,
 And dubs himself a *Scholar* by it, grew
 As natural to him as if he'd been a *Jew*.

But above all, he timely did inspire
 His *Scholars* breasts with an ætherial fire :
 And sanctify'd their early learning so,
 That they in grace, as they in wit did grow :
 Yet neither's grace nor learning could defend him
 From that mortality that did attend him;
 Nor can there now be any difference known,
 Between his learned bones, and those with none.
 For that grand Lev'ler death hurles to one place,
 Rich, poor wise, foolish, noble, and the base.

This only is our comfort and defence,
 He was not immaturly ravish'd hence :
 But to our benefit, and to his own,
 Undying fame and honour, let alone,
 Till he had finish'd what he was to do,
 Then naturally split himself in two.

And that's one cause he had so few moist eyes,
 He made men learned, and that made them wise,
 And over-rule their passions, since they see
 Tears would but shew their own infirmity :
 And 'tis but loving madness to deplore
 The fate of him, that shall be seen no more :
 But only I cropt in my tender years,
 Without a tongue, or wit, but sighs and tears ;
 And yet I come to offer what is mine,
 An immolation to his honour'd shrine ;
 And retribute what he confer'd on me,
 Either to's person, or his memory.

Rest

Rest pious soul, and let that happy grave
That is intrusted with the *Relicks* have
This just inscription, That it holds the dust
Of one that was *Wise, Learned, Pious, Just.*

LX. *An Epitaph.*

IF beauty, birth, or friends, or virtue cou'd
Preserve from *putrefaction* flesh and bloud,
This Lady had still liv'd; and had all those,
And all that *Nature, Art or Grace* bestows.
But death regards not bad or good;
All that's *mortal* is his food.
Only here our comfort lyes,
Though death does all sorts confound,
Her better part surmounts the *skies*,
While her *Body* sleeps i'th ground.
Her soul returns to *God*, from whom it came,
And her great virtues do *embalm* her name.

LXI. *An Epitaph upon Mrs. G.*

WHo ever knows or hears whose sacred bones
Rest here within these *monumental* stones;
How dear a *mother*, and how sweet a *wife*,
If he has *bowels*, cannot for his life,
But on her ashes must some tears distil,
For if *men* will not weep, this *marble* will.

EPIGRAMS.



EPIGRAMS

Translated.

I. On Rome.

TRav'ler, thou look'st for *old Rome* in the
 (new,
 And yet in *Rome*, thou nought of *Rome* canst
 Behold the frame of walls, dis-joynted stone, (view.
 And the vast Theatre, thats overthrow'n;
 Lo here's *Romes* carcass still; thou may'st behold
 How the *new Rome* is threatned by the old.
 Learn hence the power of fate, fix'd things decay,
 But that that's alwaies toss'd & mov'd, does stay.

II. On a Quarreller.

A Humorous fellow in a Tavern late,
 Being drunk and valiant, gets a broken pate;
 The Surgeon with his instruments and skill,
 Searches his skull deeper, and deeper still,
 To feel his brains, and tries if those were sound,
 And as he keeps ado about the wound,
 The fellow cries, Good Surgeon spare the pains;
 When I began this brawl, I had no brains.

III. On

III. On a Lover.

(grow)
WHas various griefs within my breast do
 I burn, yet from my flames my tears do flow,
 I'm Nile, and *Aetna* both together grown,
 For the same grief does both *enflame* and *drown*:
 O let my tears, make my strong flames expire,
 Or let my tears be drunk up by my fire.

IV. On Gold.

IN vain was *Danae* clos'd in brazen Tower,
 No brazen fort keeps out a golden showre.

V. To a Friend.

THou sent'st me *Wine*, I'd too much *Wine* before;
 Send *thirst*, if thou would'st send to please me
(more.)

VI. On Alexander.

GREAT *Alexander* thought the World too small,
 Which he with's *warlike* hand subdu'd and beat.
 But did not he himself most little call?
 He in a little World could not be great.

VII. On a Bankrupt.

A *Bankrupt* heard a *Thief* enter by stealth
 His house by night, and search about for's
(wealth.)
 In vain (quoth he) thou look'st for goods by night,
 For I my self can see none when 'tis light.

VIII. On

VIII. *On a Priest and a Thief.*

A Priest did with a thief together come,
 To th' place where he was to receive his dooms;
 Said; be not sad, do but believe, and thou
 Shalt be a *guest*, to feast with *Angels* now.
 He sigh'd, and said; if you'll true comfort shew,
 Go then and take my place, I'll stay below.
 No, quoth the *Priest*, this day I keep a *fast*,
 And cannot eat until this day be past.

IX. *On Love and Death.*

Love once, and *Death* chang'd weapons, and *Death* (took
 Loves fiery dart, while *Cupid* got *Death's* hook:
 Love at the body, *Death* at th' mind lets fly,
 This makes *old* men to love, and *young* men dye.

X. *On Women.*

Women are pleasant evils, and they have
 Two proper seasons, when in *bed* or *grave*.

XI. *On the Wolf Sentenc'd.*

THe Countrey people once a *Wolf* did take,
 That of their *Sheep* & *Lambs* did havock make;
 Some voted that he should be crucifi'd;
 Others would have him in the fire be fry'd:
 Some, to be hew'd in pieces with a sword,
 And to be thrown to *dogs* to be devour'd:
 Amongst the rest, one whom unlucky fate
 Had doom'd to th' troubles of a married State,

T

The

(The common lot of men) oh? Friends (sayes he)
Lay by your forks, and ropes, that knotty be;
The sword, the fire, the guns, the cross, the whips,
Are but slight tortures, I have one out-strips,
All those, if you would punish him to th' life,
Fit for his crimes, then *let him wed a wife.*

XII. *On one more learned then others.*

THou mak'st thy self more learned then thy be-
And brag'st thou know'st *Greek, Hebrew, La-*
(ters,
They
tine letters.
Thou hast them in thy fore-head and thy hand,
As if th' hadst all the tongues at thy command;
For the Executioner has made thee more
Letter'd by far then thou wert e'r before.

XIII. *On Galla.*

BLame not fair *Galla* that she'd married be,
(Though she be fair) to one that could not see
For in that thing in which she took delight,
And which he lov'd, *there is no need of sight.*

XIV. *On one Lowfie and Poor.*

A Lowfie fellow once was ask'd, how he
Having so many cattel poor could be?
He answered, hence proceeds my poverty,
Though I'd sell all for nought, yet none would buy.

XV. A

XV. *A happy Death.*

Learn to live well, if thou'ldst dye happily;
And that thou may'st live happy, *learn to dye.*

XVI. *On Nero.*

When bloody *Nero* his own mother slew,
He did not hurt her face, or eyes, tis true;
But ripp'd her bowels up; 'twas justly done,
They'd guilt enough in breeding such a *Son.*

XVII. *On Love.*

Love is a Merchandize, and *Venus* drove
The first *Monopoly*: Rich only Love:
What cannot fortune hire alas for gold?
When *Gods* themselves for this are bought and sold?

XVIII. *Rules of Drinking.*

If the *Philosopher* sayes true, the first
Draught, is refreshment unto them that thirst;
The second, *mirth* and *wit* doth still afford;
But perfect *drunkenness* issues from the third.
If to these rigid rules you'l me confine,
Hence glasses; I'll in flagons dring my *Wine.*

XIX. *Avain Boaster.*

Thou need'st not boast, 'cause thou afore does
If that be honour, *my dog does so too.* (go,

XX. To Momus.

THOU call'st me beggar, *Momus*, and dost tell
I must not triumph so, nor so much swell,
Because I have but *little*; and yet that
Is not my own, but other Mens *Estate*:
VVhy shouldst thou thus upbraid me with my want?
Must I be blam'd because my *fortunes* scant?
I'm honest still; thou liv'st by *theft* alone;
Between us two the difference is none;
For both of us on others bread do dine;
Only thou *steal'st* thy meat, I beg for mine:

XXI. On Phillis Tears.

WHen *Phillis* comes t' her husband's grave, she (brings
No garlands, nor with *Odoriferous* things
Sprinkles the ground: only her tears doth shed
Upon the grave, wherein her joy was laid.
The flowers do straight spring up, as if she had pow'r
To ripen with her eyes, and *moisten* with her *showre*.

XXII. On a proud Fool.

THOU call'st me ignorant; 'tis true; but how,
If I know more then *Socrates* did know?
He knew one thing, that *he did nothing know*;
I know two things, that I know nought, nor thou.

XXIII. On Time.

Our joyful years do pass too soon away,
A minutes grief seems an eternal day.

XXIV. On

XXIV. *On a blind, and lame Beggar.*

HOW happily fate hath together joyn'd,
Two feeble men, one lame, and t'other blind!
The blind Man bears the lame, the lame supplies
By his direction, t' other's want of eyes.
See what the iron power of need can do,
It makes the blind to see, the lame to go.

XXV. *On a Spartan Lady.*

A *Spartan* Lady bravely slew her son,
Because she saw him from the battail run;
Thou canst not be (quoth she) a *Spartan* known,
Unless thy valiant mind declare thee one.

XXVI. *On Philip of Macedon:*

Jove, shut the gates of heav'n, for *Philip* says,
He'l enter it; since earth and sea obeys
His powerful scepter, there is left no room
On earth for him, he must to heaven come.

XXVII. *The Answer*

I Will not though I may, shut heaven gates,
Nor do I care for *Philip*, or his threats;
If Earth and Sea his scepter do obey,
The way to *Heaven's* too narrow, *Hell's* his way.

XXVIII. *Frugality.*

USe thy Estate, as if thou'ldst dye to day,
 Yet spare thy Estate as if thou'ldst live for ay:
 He's truly wise who whe'r he spend or spare,
 Observes the *mean*, and does *extreams* forbear.

XXIX. *On two Wives.*

I Blame him not, who having one wife had,
 Another seeks ; the last was good or bad ;
 If good, he hopes there are of such good store ;
 If bad, he hopes, he shall have such no more.

XXX. *On a Murtherer.*

A Flying *Murtherer* lay beneath a wall
 That was all ruinous, and like to fall :
 An *Angel* to him did in's sleep appear
 Bad him be gone, and lodge some other where :
 No sooner gone, but down the wall straight fell ;
 Then he thanks *God*, that he escap'd so well.
 The *Angel* said, Dost think I like thy deed.
 Because from this *destruction* I thee freed ?
 Sins of this nature never scape my curse,
 Thou'rt saued from this death, to meet a worse.

XXXI. *On a Fisherman.*

A Fisherman while he angled in brook,
 A dead mans *skull* by chance hung on his hook ;
 The pious man in pity did it take,
 To bury it, a Grave with's hand did make ;
 And as he digg'd, found *gold* : Thus to good men,
 Good *turns* with good *turns* are repay'd agen.

XXXII. *On*

XXXII. *On a burnt Ship.*

U Nhappy Ship, that must by flames expire,
And having scap'd by *waters*, fall by *fire*!
The *Step-dame* Sea hath safely landed Thee;
Thy mother *Earth's* more treacherous then she.

XXXIII. *Aliter.*

I That ere while, of waters was afraid,
For lack of waters, am by *fire* destroy'd:
You waves, whom late I curst, I now implore,
Then I'd *too much*, and now I long for *more*.

XXXIV. *On a Covetous Man.*

T Hou that art counted rich, I count thee poor;
Use only shews our *wealth*; we have no more
Then what we use; what we keep for our *heirs*,
We cannot say 'tis our goods, for 'tis theirs.

XXXV. *On Hermocrates.*

H *Hermocrates* made's will, when sickness came,
And made himself Exec'tor of the same:
Then he began to count, how much 't would cost
To th' *Doctor* and himself, for the health he'd lost;
But when he saw to how much it did come,
He'd rather *dye*, then give so great sum:
So to keep's wealth, and to save charges, dies;
His *Heirs* do mourn in *Sack*, and *braveries*.

XXXVI. *On a poor and sick Man.*

VVhen age and sickness did upon me seize,
Of age none could, of want none would me
(ease.

With palsy'd limbs, I to my grave did go,
And there did end my want and sickness too:
The lawes of fate preposterously were plac'd;
I found my *grave* at first, my *death* at last.

XXXVII. *On a Hare.*

A Hare unsafe by land, leap'd into th' *main*,
Flying land-dogs, was by a sea-dog slain.
Poor worm! flies she to *Earth*, to *Sea*, to *Skie*,
Each hath a *dog*, and she by *dogs* must dye.

XXXVIII. *On Balaams Assc.*

THe Prophet *Balaam* wondred heretofore
An *Assc* could speak, and now there's none
(speak more.

XXXIX. *Upon Democritus and Heraclitus.*

WEep *Heraclitus*; it fits the age wherein
Nothing but filth, nothing but sorrow's seen:
And laugh *Democritus*, laugh while thou list,
Nothing but folly, nought but vain thou seest:
This alwaies *weeps*, that still remains in *gladness*;
Yet both endure one labour, both on *sadness*.
Now need requires (since all the *World* is mad)
A thousand laughing, and a thousand sad:
'Tis time the *World* turn'd (madness is so fore).
T Anticora, the grass to *Hellebore*.

XL. *One*

XL. *Out of Catullus.*

MY Mistriss saith she'l marry none but me,
 Though *Jove* himself should force her unto
 But *Womens* words unto their lovers be (it:
 So firm, they may in wind or waves be writ.

XLI. *On an Astronomer that tryed by rules of Art
 to find whether he were a Cuckold.*

STar-gazing fool! thou from the *signs* would'st see,
 And *Planets* face what thy wives dealings be.
 She does her works below, where Sun ne'r pries,
 And though she's light, she mounts not to the skies,
 Cause she's kept down by men; if in the sphear
 Thou *Venus* see, thou think'st thy wife is there:
 And if the Bull or Aries thou dost see.
 Thou think'st they are reflection: of thee.
 Fool, keep at home: when thou abroad dost go,
 In imitation her legs do so too:
 And when thou gazest in the skies to know
 Her works, she does even what she please below.

On Genevah's Arms.

Geneva bears the Eagle and the Key;
 The Empire's this, and that the Papacy:
 If th' Emperour's Eagle, and the Pope agen
 Resume his Key, where is thy Empire then?

XLIII. *To a sad Widow.*

(band thou
WHile widdow'd wife, for thy drown'd hus-
 Dost with perpetual tears thy cheeks bedew,
 Eter-

Eterniz'd in three graves his happy shade,
In water twice, and once in Earth is laid.

XLIV. *On a bribed Judge.*

TWO parties had a difference, and the cause
Did come to be decided by the Laws :
The bribing *Plaintiff* did the *Judge* present
With a new *Coach* ; T' other with same intent,
Gives him two *Horses* ; each with like design,
To make the *Judge* to his own side incline.
The cause being try'd, the *Plaintiffs* overthrown ;
O *Coach* (quoth he) thou art the wrong way gone ;
The *Judge* reply'd, It cannot but be so ;
For where his *Horses* draw, your *Coach* must go.

XLV. *To a jealous Husband.*

IN vain thou shutt'st thy doors by day, in vain
Windows by night, thy wives lust to refrain ;
For if a *Woman* only chaste will be
In watch and ward, she has no *chastity*.

XLVI. *On proud Rome.*

SHUT up (ye Gods) the gates of Heaven above,
And do thou keep thy heavenly Castle *close* :
Now Sea and Land are subject unto *Rome* ;
Only to *Heaven* they've yet a path to come.

XLVII. *Against Mourning.*

MEN justly praise the *Thracians* who do mourn
When Children from their Mothers Womb
(are born ;
But

But dead, they think they every way are blest,
 Because the fates have laid them to their rest,
 For they well know, all men are born to ill,
 But being dead, they've peace and quiet still.

XLVIII. Epigramma in Juliam.

ME nive candenti petiit modo Julia, rebar.
 Igne carere nivem, nix tamen ignis erat.
 Quid nive frigidius? nostrum tamen urere pectus
 Nix potuit manibus, Julia, missa tuis.
 Quis locus insidiis dabitur, mihi tutus amoris,
 Frigore concreta si latet ignis aqua?
 Julia sola potes nostras extinguere flammæ,
 Non nive, non glacie, sed potes igne pari.

XLIX. Translated.

Julia once strook me with a ball of snow;
 I thought snow was not fire, yet that was so,
 Then snow what's colder? yet 't had pow'r to inflame
 My breast, when from my Julia's hand it came?
 What place have lovers free from treacheries,
 When fire within congealed water lies?
 Julia alone can make my flames expire,
 Yet not with ice, or snow, but equal fire.

L. *An Essay of the Contempt of Greatness: being
 a Dialogue of Lucian made English.*

Lucian,

(trim'd,

With a long beard and broad, with hair un-
 Coatless, and shoo-less, almost naked limb'd;

A

A wandring life you lead, as *beasts* do do,
 No certain place are you confin'd unto :
 On the bare ground, and in the open *air*,
 You rest your bones ; the *mantle* which you wear,
 Your *only garment* both for night and day ;
 Though *rough* and *course*, had worn it self *away* ;
 But by the *dirt* that does thereon abide,
 Its gaping cranies daily are supply'd ;
 The *earth* and *air* both, you about you bear ;
 As *earth* 'tis dirty, and as thin as *air* :
 Grave sir, what may you be, pray ?

Cynicus Young-man, why
 Seems this so strange t'you? here you see live I
 Content with what I can with *ease* obtain,
 And without injury or danger gain :
 What costs no *grief*, nor *trouble*, I can feed
 And cloath my self withal, I nothing *need*,
 But unconcern'd can pass by and deride
 Al', but what serves to *nourish*, *warm*, and *hide* :
 Pray tell me, do you think, that vitiousness
 Lies in superfluous luxury ?

L. Surely yes.

C. And don't you judge *frugality* in men
 To be a virtue too ?

L. I do.

C. Why, then
 When you see me more *thriftilly* to live
 Than other men, and them their minds to give
 To *cost* and *dainties*, can it justice be
 To *wink* at those, and only censure me ?

L. Alas Sir, 'tis not *Thriftilly* you live,
 But *niggardly* and *basely*. God does give
 With liberal hand his gifts, and with the same
 We ought to take them, and we're much too blame

If

If we neglect them ; for we shall make void
Those *blessings* , which he sends to be enjoy'd.
You pine your self, make your *enjoyment* scant
By *wilful affectation* still to want,
And live in poverty.

C. Therefore I pray,
Since we are gone so forward in the way ;
Let's well consider, what by *wanton's* meant,
Or penury, and what's sufficient.

L. Please you, let it be so ;
C. Is that which can
Supply the just necessity of man,
Esteem'd *sufficient* ? or d'you judge or know
A thing to be desired beyond that ?

L. No.
C. May it be then call'd *indigence* or want,
Or poverty, when men sufficient han't ?

L. It may no doubt.
C. Then I've sufficient, for I am without
Nothing that should supply *necessity* :
More I nor *crave* nor *want* .

L. How can that be ?
C. Youll'd quickly know, if you do well pretend
And observe rightly, what's the proper end
Those things were made for, which you say *we need* .
Is not a house a shelter ?

L. Yes indeed.
C. And are not *garments* coverings ?

L. True, they be.
C. Both these *defend* and *cover* us, that we,
Whom these do *shelter* , and do *cover* so,
By their *defence* and *warmth* should better grow.

L. No question.

C. Do

C Do my *feet* now seem to you
The worse, because not cover'd from your view ?

L. I know not truly.

C. If you do not know,
Learn what's the office of the feet.

L. To go.

C. And do my feet go worse then others do.

L. Perhaps they don't.

C. Nay they do not, I know ;
And since their office they perform as well
Naked as clad, why should the clad excel ?
And for my body, why's not that as good
As other mens ? if it were not, it wou'd
Be more diseas'd, infirm and weak then theirs :
But no *infirmity* in mine appears ;
And therefore since that *health* and *strength* do show
A bodies excellence, why's not mine so ?
Does this appear diseased ?

L. Not to me.

C. Therefore my feet or body cannot be
In want of other covering ; for ne'r doubt it,
If they did want, they'd be the worse without it ;
For *want's* a real evil to mankind ;
What e'r we need, we *languish* till we finde.
I thrive in body, and look fresh you see,
And sound and strong ; my meat does nourish me ;
That fare that's counted course and vile by you,
Makes me both strong and healthful.

L. Very true.

C. Else how could aged I who've liv'd so long,
Remain so nimble, active, and so strong ?
Did I on *dainties* feed, and gayly go,
To pamper *appetite* as others do ;

Dwingle and pine I should, like them whose food,
Though twice more costly, is not half so good.

L. Perhaps you might.

C. What reason then is there,
Why you should pass a censure so severe
Upon my way of living, and esteem it
Wretched and miserable?

L. I so deem it,
Because great nature (whom we all adore)
And the great *Gods* this spacious world did store,
With such variety of *gifts*, and those so good,
So excellent both for our ease and food,
In such *abundance* too, that they supply
Our coy *delight as well's necessity*,
And made all *common* as the world is, that
All might of all alike participate :
These blessings then we may, nay ought t'enjoy,
And not to be so over-nice and coy,
To sleight them all, or all but very few,
As they're neglected by the beasts and you :
Water you drink as *beasts* do, and you eat
What you next find, as *dogs* do drink and meat ;
And lodging's all alike ; to rest or feast,
You have no better pattern then the beast :
The *grounds* your common bed, and for your cloaths,
They'r such as every beggar justly loaths.
You do content your self with things thus vile,
Thus poor, and thus contemptible ; the while
Our bounteous God spreads his unwearied hand,
And with variety gluts sea and land ;
Puts his fat cattle on our flowry plains,
And fructifies the teeming earth with rains ;
Who makes returns in *fruits* such various store,
Nature her self doth seem embroyder'd o'r.

The

The *tinging* Bee brings her mellifluous juyce,
 Extracted from all flowers for mans use :
 Oyl like a deluge over-whelms the ground :
 And *Amber* floating on the sea is found :
 Peoples the seas with fishes, and each field,
 Groans as o'r burden'd with the *corn* they yield ;
 With various rare productions of such things
 As our delight, and with't our wonder brings.
 But above all the amorous fruitful *Vine*,
 Hugs the tall trees, and the heart-cheering *Wine*,
 Blushes and swells in the plump grapes which be
Drunk with their own rare juyce, and why should we
 B'endow'd with these abilities which we find,
 Do fill the body, and adorn the mind ?
 Why have we strength, and art, and wit to frame
 Such stately fabricks, but t'enjoy the same ?
 And why does *Art* such various things produce,
 But for our ornament, delight, and use ?
 If you do well in slighting these things thus,
 God did not well in sending them to us :
 Should you by any other be debarr'd
 Th' enjoyment of these things, how ill and hard
 Would it appear t'you ? it would vex your mind,
 As much as if you're fetter'd and confin'd :
 Why then does your own self restrain,
 And limit from them thus ?

C. I should disdain

Indeed to be confin'd by other men,
 And kept from these enjoyments so ; but then
 Hear me a little ; let me ask you this ;
 Suppose a man that *rich* and *bounteous* is,
 Should make a sumptuous feast, and should invite
 Guests of all sorts, and please their appetite
 With *cheer* of all sorts too ; for *strong men* strong
 Dishes ; and for the *weaker* palats mix among Some

Some milder *delicates*, and fill his feast
 To the *degree* and *palat* of each *guest* ;
 Among the *guests* there should be one that wou'd
 snatch and devour all that on th' table stood,
 reaching from end to end : though *lusty* and *strong* ;
 Yet eats those meats that to the weak belong ;
 Out-fits all others and out-feeds 'um too,
 Would you think this man *temperate* ?

Surely no.

Nor *temperate*, nor good.

But then suppose
 Another person should neglect all those
delicious junkets, and that *costly fare*,
 And those inticing *delicates* that are
 superfluously invented to invite
 To new attempts the sated appetite,
 And placeth in one plain and wholsom dish,
 All that he needs, and all that others wish,
 And feeds but sparingly thereon, don't you
 think this a *temperate* man ?

Indeed I do
 And on just reason.

Do you apprehend
 By what I say, what 'tis I do intend ?
 Or shall I tell you ?

Pray explain your mind.

God's this feast-Master, who of every kinde
 With store of various blessings has supply'd
 Our various wants, and vast desires beside :
 For healthy men and strong he doth provide,
 Such diet as their health and strength can 'bide ;
 The sick and weak he doth with food supply
 For their sickness and infirmity :

Not that we *all* should upon all things feed ;
 But *all* have *all things* that they truly need :
 Yet so *enrag'd* our vast desires *still* be,
 And so *insatiate* is our mind, that we
Reach at, and gripe what e'r we meet withal ;
 And alwaies think what e'r we have too *small*
 T' appease our appetite that *still* aspires ;
 And new *enjoyments* breed but new *desires* :
 The *Land* and *Seas* both contribute their *store*
 To our fond *wills*, yet *still* we long for more.
 What nature scatters with her *lib'ral* hand
 O'r the wide earth, we ransack for ; no land,
 No Sea so dangerous, nor so far remote,
 But we invade to fill the craving throat,
 And oft neglect what's *wholsom*, and what's good,
 Because 'tis easie, or 'tis common food ;
 Preferring things bought *dearly*, and fetcht far,
 Before all such as in their nature are
 Useful and good ; as if their vertue were
 Not to be *good*, but *difficult* and *dear* :
 And therefore chooling rather to endure
 A *restless*, then a quiet life and pure.
 Consider all those *things*, which you provide
 To gratifie your *humour*, *lust*, or *pride* :
 Your *stately buildings*, costly furniture ;
 Imbroydred garments, made to tempt the *viewer* ;
 Your *gold* and *silver* jewels, and your *rings*,
 And such *unnneedful*, and *unuseful things* ;
 For which you *vainly* ransack every nation,
 Not for *necessity*, but *ostentation* :
 With how much *toyl*, and how much danger they
 Must be *procur'd* and *purchas'd* for you, nay
 With how much *blood* and *slaughter* of poor men,
 Whom your vain *luxury* does make so, when

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They for their livelyhood must plow the Seas,
 And traverse foreign land meerly to please
 Your pamp'ring appetites, and find their grave
 I'th bosom of an unrelenting wave;
 Or if they scape the seas, they meet by land
 Men crueller then waves, or rocks, or sand:
 And when they are through dangers, costs, and pains,
 Purchas'd and brought, disturb our hearts and brains,
 And cause dissensions, treacheries; and blows,
 Murders and thefts, frauds, rapines, make friends foes;
 Make brothers brawl with brothers, and inspires
 Sons with unnatural rage against their Sires;
 Husbands destroy their Spouses, and the wives
 Break of all bonds, and snatch their husbands lives.
 So did it make Euriphile of old,
 Basely betray her husband for his Gold.
 Yet when all's done, these costly garments can
 Nor Warm, defend or dignifie a man:
 No more then those which only serve for use:
 Nor do your stately fabricks more conduce
 Unto our shelter and protection, then
 Those humble Cottages, which old wise men
 Built for necessity, to guard, and warm's
 Against the rage of rapine or of storms:
 Those spacious dishes, and vast goblets too,
 Wherein you riot, not for need, but shew;
 Though beaten silver, or of massie gold,
 Can't make the liquor better, which they hold;
 Nor make the food more wholsom, nor more sweets;
 Nor make you see the poyson you may meet
 Subtly convey'd into them: Nor d'your heads
 Or bodies rest more on your downy beds;
 Nor sleep more soundly 'cause your bed-steads be
 (What ere you dream) of gold or Ivory:

Nay we do often find, those men enjoy
 More quiet and contented sleep, who lay
 Their wearied bodies on the humble ground,
 And with Heaven only *canopy'd* around,
 Then those can find, who roll their limbs in beds
 Of Down, or spread with *Persian* Cover-leds;
 Nor is the'r health, or strength the more, who eat
 The most delicious, and most costly *meat*,
 Then theirs whose *diet* is but mean and small,
 To nourish and refresh themselves withall:
 We see the pamper'd bodies often wax
 Tender, infirm, unfit for manly *Acts*:
 Consumptive, full of pains and maladies,
 Unknown by persons temperate and wise;
 For luxury and sloth, how e'r it pleases,
 Serves but to feed *Physicians* and *diseases*:
 Yet what a bustle do men make, what dust
 To gratifie their palat, pride, and lust?
 Nay which is more then this, so vile, so vain
 Mens hearts are grown, and so corrupt their brain,
 That they pervert the use of things, and bend
 The *Creatures* use against the *Creatures* end.

L. Pray Sir, who do so?

C. You wh' abuse poor men,
 Although you'r fellow *Creatures*, and have been
 Made of the self-same matter, and inspir'd
 With the same soul and form, and have acquir'd
 The same perfections too; and by their birth,
 Have as good interest in what's here on Earth,
 As the Great'st *He*; only by policy,
 By fraud, or force kept in a low degree,
 By those that *property* devis'd, and fram'd
 Bounds for those things which nature free pro-

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So brought degrees into the World, and so
 Masters and Servants made, and high and low,
 To gratifie mens *lazyness* and pride,
 Some must be serv'd, ador'd and deifi'd ;
 Mounted in state and triumph, borne along
 On others shoulders, through th' adoring throng,
 And the poor slaves, are harness'd for that toyl,
 And us'd like *beasts* ; do asses work the while,
 And those in highest honour with you stand,
 Who most poor slaves can tread on and command ;
 But you blame me because I do despise,
 And won't partake of such slight *vanities*,
 But live content with what I do enjoy ;
 Not grasping *superfluities* that cloy,
 And indispose the mind, and with them bring
Cares and *vexations*, which to them do cling :
 Nor are they only difficult to gain,
 But also in the enjoyment very vain :
 You don't consider how few things, how small
 A wise contented man may live withall ;
 With plenty and with comfort ; all those things
 We truly need are few and mean ; this brings
 Your scorn on me, to think or say at least
 Cause I live so, I live but like a *beast* :
 But by that rule the *Gods* themselves would be,
 ('Cause they want nothing) verier *beasts* then we.
 Consider rightly, and you'll clearly find,
 Which is the best way to dispose your mind :
 Or to want *much*, or *little*, 'tis the fate
 Of the inferiour, and the infirmèr *State*,
 To want more then the nobler and the strong ;
 Thus to weak *infants* do more wants belong
 Then to th' adult ; and thus *sick* persons do
 Want more then healthful ; and the *women* too
 V 3 want

Want more than men; and men want more than
(Gods,

For they want nothing: Therefore those, by odds,
Approach most nearly to the sacred chair,
Who want the *least*, and who the least desire.
Can you suppose great *Hercules*, that he
Whom noble acts proclaim'd a *Deity*,
Was in a wretched miserable case,
Because without a garment he did trace
Th' uneven *Earth*, and wandred up and down
Without a *purple robe*, or costly *gown*;
His body almost naked, only drest
In a rough skin tane from a slaughter'd beast;
Desiring none of all those trifles that
We vainly prize, and at so dear a rate?
Surely he could not miserable be,
Who others did *protect* from misery;
Nor was he poor; his power did extend
To sea and land; where ever he did bend
His force, he won the victory, and ne'r
Met with his conquerour, nor with his Peer:
D'you think he wanted garments or such things,
Who conquer'd and commanded *Lords* and *Kings*?
'Tis not to be imagin'd; no, he was
Content and sober in his mind; and as
He *valour* shew'd, he shew'd his *temprance* too,
And ne'r indulg'd himself (as now men do)
With vain delights. Or what say you to me
Of *Theseus* his disciple? was not he
King of the *Athenians*, and most valiant too
Of all his stout *contemporaries*, who
By his renowned actions, justly won
The reputation of great *Neptune's Son*?

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Yet was his body naked, his feet bare,
Nor did he shave his beard, or cut his hair.
His limbs were hard and hairy, and in that
He our bold *Ancestors* did imitate;
Who held a smooth and softly skin to be
An argument of mens *effem'nacy*:
And as their actions spoke them men, even so
Their plain and simple fashions shew'd them too;
They thought a beard mans natural ornament,
And Lyons too; and that the *Mare* was sent
For the same end to Horses; and there is
In both by nature plac'd a *Comelyness*,
A grace and ornament; these I propose
Unto my self to imitate, not those
Ridiculous men of this *deluded* age,
Whose undiscerning fancies do engage.
Their fond desires to doat on Lushious fare
And *gorgeous* vain attire, and only there
Place their imaginary happiness:
For my part I desire not, I profess,
My hough should differ from a Horse, but be
Like Houghs as *Chirens* were, alls one to me:
I am the nobler much and happier,
That no more garments then the *Lyons* wear;
And that my palat does no more require,
Or choycer delicats then *Doggs* desire;
No better Lodging then the Earth I crave;
And for my dwelling-house the world I have;
And for my diet I provide such meat,
As without cost or trouble I may eat:
That *Gold* and *Silver* bravely I despise,
From the desire whereof all ills arise,
That do befall Mankind; *Seditious jars*,
Slaughters and treacheries, Rebellion, Wars,

Things

Things that ne'r touch my heart, who little have
 Yet nothing want, nor more then little crave :
 Thus stands the *case* with me ; and now you know
 Both my profession and my practice too ;
 All which is different from Common strains,
 And from the opinion of *Vulgar* brains,
 From whom no wonder we in habit do
 Differ, since we in *Principles* do too :
 But I admire at you, who attribute
 T'all sorts of men their *habit* and their suit ;
 Toth' *Harper* his peculiar garb, and so
 To the *Tragedian* his ; and yet you do
 No habit of distinction yet devise,
 Or set a part for *vertuous* men or *wise* ;
 But vainly think it fit that they should go
 Apparel'd as the fools and vulgar do,
 A thing both ill and inconvenient too :
 And certainly if any habit is
 Proper for th' good and wise, 'tis such as this
 I wear, which the luxurious *Gallants* hate,
 And more then vice scorn and abominate :
 My garment's coarse, and rough and made of hair ;
 My hair's unshav'n, and both my feet are bare ;
 Yours are like *Pathicks*, spruce and finical,
Effeminate Courtiers that cannot at all
 Be from the rout distinguished or known ;
 Nor by your habits difference nor your own :
 Your garments soft like theirs, and gay like theirs,
 You wear as many as the *gallant* wears ;
 As various too in colour and in shapes,
 As *Protean* as *Jove* in all's escapes :
 So gay your coats, and cloaks, so neat your *shoes*,
 To trick and kemb your *hair*, such art you use,

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And so much *time* and *cost* thereon bestow,
To curl & powder't for the smell and show.
To tempt and cheat each other; you that wou'd
Have people think you're happy, wise and good,
Out-do the *Vulgar* in these vanities,
Those *Vulgar* which so proudly you despise:
Yet you must grant that they don't come behinde,
In parts of *body*, nor in gifts of *mind*,
The gay't of you, but are as strong to toy;
As stout to *fight* as you, whom *lust* can foy,
And wanton pleasures conquer and subdue
As soon as those are least esteemed by you:
You in your meat, drink, sleep, and your array,
Are as *luxurious* and vain as they;
You scorn forsooth to walk a foot, but will
By Beasts or by poor men, be carry'd still,
Whil'st I without relenting can abide
Both heats and colds, and what ere can betide
Us mortals and with equal mind I bear
All things that *God* sends down, what ere they are,
For which content you count me miserable;
Whereas you thriving worldlings are not able
So to compose your souls to be content
With your *conditon*, but do still relent,
Vex, and repine in every State; all that
Is present you *dislike*, still aiming at
Things absent with great longing; when you lye
Cold in the *Winter*, you for *Summer* cry;
And when the *Summers* heat you do obtain,
You *Summer* loath, and *Winter* court again:
Too hot still, or too cold, like *bodies* ill,
You are repining and complaining still:
The same effects diseases in them do
Produce, your *Customes* do beget in you:

Twixt

'Twixt both this only difference we find,
 They're in their bodies *sick*, you in your mind:
 Yet not content that your own selves are so
 Mised, you'd tempt and draw in others too
 To these absurdities and ill's with which
 You have perplext your lives, led by the itch
 Of blind desire and custome, not the laws
 Of *Reason* and of *Judgment*; your *lusts* draws
 And hurries you which way it will; you go
 By *violent* motion, whe'r you will or no:
 Like to light bodies swimming on a stream,
 Your *lusts* drive you, as does the *torrent* them;
 Just as a *Rider* on an untam'd horse,
 Is carry'd, not by's will, but th' horses force;
 Can not go where he please, nor get on's feet,
 Whom if one should in his fierce *hurry* meet,
 And ask him where he rides, if truth he sayes.
 His answer must be, *Where my Horse doth please*.
 To the same question you must answer too,
 Where your *affections* hurry you, you go:
Pleasure sometimes, sometimes *ambition* drives,
 And sometimes *avarice* does rule your lives;
 Contrary *passions* work contrary waies;
Fear this way, *anger* that way, all your daies
 You'r tof's'd like empty *ships* from this to that,
 Desiring still, but ne'r agreeing what:
 You are on many *Horses* mounted, true,
 All wild, and all untamable by you:
 You climb the craggy rocks, you cross the Seas,
 Stick at no hard or dang'rous passages;
 No *Countrey* so remote, no toyl so great;
 No danger so apparent, cold or heat,
 Or pains or hunger, frights or hinders you:
 If your *affections* bid you go you do:

While

While my contemned life keeps me at home
Safer, and quieter, than you that roam:
I can converse with whom I please, and do
What I (that is my reason) prompts me to;
The ignorant, though rich, I can contemn,
And with a free-born mind slight theirs, and them:
Th' intemperate, and effeminate from me fly,
Fearing my habit, and my gravity;
The wise, the modest, and the virtuous be
The sole companions and delight of me;
While I contemn the wanton Men and vain,
Whose glory's in their wealth, attire and train;
And bravely can their wealth and them deride,
And make my scorn, that which they make their
View but the Statues of the Gods, and see (pride:
If they're not simple-habited like me.
In the Barbarians Temples, or the Greeks,
Who e're the Gods attire and fashion seeks,
Shall find their habit, and their heads and hair.
Just as my hair, and beard, and habit are:
They are not painted, comb'd, nor trim'd like you;
No upper coat made to mislead our view;
But one loose simple vest like mine, they do
Wear both to cover and adorn them too:
Therefore henceforth do you slight me no more,
Nor yet upbraid me, as you've done before
For my plain habit, since the gods prefer
It before all the rest, and for their wear,
Make choice of this attire, and wisely do
Lead us by precept, and example too;
Which when thou'lt ponder'd well, thou'lt find it
Better to be like gods, then like vain men. (then,

LI. *A Paraphrase upon the first Chapter of Ecclesiastes.*

THus said the *Royal Preacher*, who did spring
 From holy *David*, *Israel's* blessed King ;
All things are vain, most vain, nay vanity,
Tea vanity of vanities they be.
 See how the industrious *mortals* toil and care !
 Look how they travel, how *turmoil'd* they are !
 When their *work's* ended, and their race is run,
 What profit gain they underneath the Sun :
 This *Generation* that appears to day,
 To morrow vanisheth and fleets away :
 In whose unstable mansion there comes
 The next, to fill their *Predecessors* rooms :
 And these but come and go ; but this vast frame
 Th' *Earth* still remains, though not the very same :
 The glorious Heavenly *Charioter* new drest,
 Riseth in burnish'd glory in the *East*,
 And circles this vast *Globe* with constant Race,
 Till it returns to its first rising place.
 Th' unconstant *wind* that now doth southward blow,
 Anon to th' *North* from whence it came, will go :
 It whirlleth still about, yet in its change,
 It still returns from whence it first did range :
 The posting *River*, though about it wanders,
 Curling it self in intricate *Meanders*,
 Yet with a greedy, and a head strong motion,
 It runs to its original the *Ocean* :
 Whose vast unsatiate *womb* it cannot fill ;
 For as its *taking*, so 'tis *giving* still ;
 And by alternate *gratitude* supplies
 The thirsty *Earth*, and makes new *streams* arise,

Which

Which by an ever active *imitation*
Return from whence they had *origination* :
Thus in this toilsom *fabrick* every thing
Is full of labour and doth trouble bring
To the still craving *Mortal*, whose false breast,
Vainly supposes this a place of *rest* ;
And while he toyles his *labours* to possess,
Endures more troubles then he can express :
The restless *Eye* is never satisfi'd
With viewing objects ; nor doth th' ear abide
Content with hearing ; But the senses all
Grow by fruition more *hydropical* ;
And every fresh *enjoyment* straight expires,
And's buried in the *flames* of new desires,
The thing which hath been in the daies of yore,
Shall be again, and what's now done no more,
Then what hereafter shall agein be done ;
And *there's no new thing underneath the Sun* ;
There's no *Invention* ; that which we style *wit*,
Is but *remembrance* ; and the fruits of it,
Are but old things reviv'd. In this round *World*,
All things are by a *revolution* hurl'd.
And though to us they variously appear,
There are no things but what already were :
What thing is there within this world that we
Can justly say is *new*, and cry *Come see* ?
We can't remember things that have been done
Ere *Nonage* of the world, when time begun ;
And there will come a time when those that shall
Succeed us, shan't remember us at all ;
When things that have been, or that shall be done,
Shall be entomb'd in vast *oblivion* :
That your *Preacher* am, was he that sway'd
A *Royal Scepter* and have been obey'd

By

By th³ *Israelites*, and in *Jerusalem*
 Did wear great *Judah's* Princely *Diadem*,
 And us'd my wealth, my power, and strength of mind
 To seek and search for wisdom, and to find
 Thereby the causes and effects of all
 Things done upon this *subsolary* ball;
 The works of our great *Architect* survey'd,
 The firm *foundation* which his hand had laid;
 The various *superstructures* small and great,
Mens labours how they strive to *Counterfeit*;
 And in their several *postures* how they strive
 To feed, and fence, and keep themselves alive;
 How they do love and hate, are foes and friends,
 Upon mistaken grounds, and false *self-ends*;
 How they do do, and undo, how they pant
 And tug to kill imaginary *want*;
 What they both do and suffer, how and why,
 Their self-created *troubles* I did spy:
 And in my Towing over-search I see
 Both what Men *are*, and what they ought to be:
 A sore and tedious *travel* to the mind,
 Which our great God in wisdom has design'd
 For us poor Sons of *mortals*, and thought fit
 That we therein should exercise our wit.
 All that hath been, and all that hath been done,
 All *Creatures* actions underneath the Sun;
 My searching soul hath been by contemplation,
 And Lo! all's *vanity*, and the souls *vexation*.
 All men, all things are crooked and perverse,
 Full of defects are it, and they, and theirs,
 All so *imperfect* that they're not at all;
 And (which we may the greatst *vexation* call)
 This *crookedness* can not be rectifi'd;
 Nor those *defects* (though numberless) supply'd:
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When I arriv'd the very top of all,
 That the mistaken *Mammonists* miscal,
 And think their chiefest blessings; *wealth* and *wit*,
 With all the additaments that cleave to it:
 Then did I to my heart communicate
 And said; *Lo! I've attain'd a vast estate*,
And do in wisdom far transcend all them
That reigned before me in Jerusalem;
 And to compleat the *wisdom* of my mind,
 To my large *knowledge* have experience joyn'd;
 I did apply my active mind to know
Wisdom and folly, nay and *madness* too:
 And from th' experience of all, I find
 All this is but vexation of the *mind*:
 For in much *wisdom* lies much grief; and those
 That increas *knowledge*, but increas their woes.

II. *A Speech made to the Lord General Monk, at Clothworkers-Hall in London the 13. of March, 1659. at which time he was there entertained by that worthy Company.*

NAY then let me come too with my *Address*,
 Why mayn't a *Rustick* promise, or profess
 His good affection t' you? Why not declare
 His wants? how many, and how great they are?
 And how you may supply them? Since you may
 See our *hearts* mourn, although our clothes be *gray*.
 Great *Hero* of three Nations! Whose blood springs
 From *pious* and from *powerful* *Grand-fire* *Kings*,
 With whose *blood-royal* you've enrich'd your *veyns*,
 And by continu'd *Policy* and *Pains*
 Have equall'd all their *Glory*; so that now
 Three *Kingle's* *Scepters* to your feet do bow,

And

And court Protection, and *Alliance* too;
 And what great men still reach'd at, *steeps* to you:
 But you're too truly *Noble* to aspire
 By *Fraud* or *Force* to *Greatness*, or t'acquire
Scepters and *Crowns* by robbery, or base
 And wilful breach of *Trusts*, and *Oaths*; nor place
 Your *happiness* in ravished *Dominion*,
 Whose *Glory's* only founded in opinion,
 Attended still with danger, fear, and doubt,
 And fears *within*, worse then all those *without*:
 You must still *watch*, and *fear*, and *think*, and must
 Lose all *content* to gratifie one *lust*;
 Should you invade the *Throne*, or aim at *Pelf*,
 Throw down three *Nations* to set up your self;
 "Kings are but *royal slaves*, and *Prisoners* too,
 "They alwaies *toyl*, and alwaies guarded go.

You are for making *Princes*, and can find
 No work proportion'd to your *pow'r*, and *mind*,
 But *Atlas*-like to bear the *World*, and be
 The great restorer of the *Liberty*
 Of three long captiv'd *Kingdoms*, who were throw
 By others strong delusions, and their own
Misguided zeal, to do and suffer what
 Their very Souls now *grieve* and *tremble* at;
Debauch'd by those they thought would *teach* and

(rule 'em)

Who now they find did *ruine* and *befoo*'um:
 Our *meanings* still were *honest*, for *alas*!
 VVe never *dream't* of what's since come to pass;
 'Twas never our *intent* to *violate*
 The settled *Orders* of the *Church* or *State*,
 To throw down *Rulers* from their lawful *Seat*,
 Merely to make ambitious *small things* great;

Or to *subvert* the *Laws* ; but we thought then
 The *Laws* were good, if manag'd by good men ;
 And so we do think still, and find it true ;
Old Laws did more good, and less harm than new :
 And 'twas the plague of Countreys and of Cities,
 When that great belly'd house did spawn *Committees*.

We fought not for *Religion*, for 'tis known,
 Poor Men have little, and some great ones none ;
 Those few that love it truly, do well know,
 None can take't from us, whe'r we will or no.

Nor did we fight for laws, nor had we need ;
 For if we had but gold enough to feed
 Our talking *Lawyers*, we had *Laws* enough,
 Without addresting to the sword or Buff.
 Nor yet for *Liberties* ; for those are things
 Have cost us more in *Keepers*, than in *Kings*.

Nor yet for *Peace* ; for if we had done so,
 The *Souldiers* would have beat us long ago :
 Yet we did fight, and now we see for what ;
 To shuffle mens *Estates* ; those owners that
 before these wars, could call *Estates* their own,
 Are beaten out by others that had none.

Both *Law* and *Gospel* overthrown together,
 By those who ne'r believ'd in, or lov'd either. (dom,
 Our truth, our trade, our peace, our wealth, our free-
 and our full *Parliaments*, that did get, and breed 'um
 are all devour'd, and by a *Monster* fell,
 Whom none, but you, could satisfie, or quell :

You're great, you're good, you're valiant, and you're
 You have *Briareus* hands, and *Argus* eyes ; (wise
 You are our *English* Champion, you're the true
 St. George for *England*, and for *Scotland* too :
 And though his story's question'd much by some,
 Whe'r true, or false, this *Age* and those to come,

Shall for the future find it so farr true,
That all was but a *Prophecy* of you ;
And all his great and high *Achievements* be
Explain'd by you in this *Mythology*.

Herein you've farr out done him ; he did fight
But with one single *Dragon* : but b^e your might,
A *Legion* have been tam'd, and made to serve
The *People*, whom they meant t^o undo and *starve* :
In this you may do higher, and make fame
Immortalize your celebrated name.

This ages glory, wonder of all after,
If you would free the *Son*, as he the *Daughter*.

LIII. *Leges Convivales quòd fœlix faustumque
convivis in Apolline sit.*

NEnso asymbolus, nisi umbra huc venito,
Idiotæ, insulsus, tristis, turpis abesto.

Eruditi, Urbani, Hilares, modesti adsciscuntur,

Nec lecta fœmina repudiantur:

In apparatus, quod convivis corruget nares, nil esto,

Epula delectu potius, quam sumptu parantur :

Obsonatur, & cœqui convivarum gula periti sunt ;

De discubitu non contenditur

Ministri à dapibus oculati, & muti,

Apoculis auriti, & celeres sunt.

Vina puris fontibus ministrantur, aut vapulet hospes,

Moderatis poculis provocare sodales fas esto,

At fabulis magis quàm vino velitatio fiat.

Conviva nec muti, nec loquaces sunt.

De seriis aut sacris poti & saturi ne differunt ;

Fidicen nisi accersitus non venito.

Admissoribus, tripudiis, choreis, cantu, salibus,

Omni gratiarum festivitate sacra celebrantur :

Foci sine felle sunt,
Inspidapoëmata nulla recitantur;
Versus scribere nullus cogitur;
Argumentationis totius strepitus abesto;
Amatoriis querelis ac suspiriis liber, angulus esto.
Lapisharum more, Scyphis pugnare, vitrea collidere,
Fenestras excutere, suppellectilem dilacerare ne fas esto
Qui foras dicta vel facta eliminet, eliminato,
Neminem remm pocula faciunt.

Focus perennis esto.

Ben. Johnsons sociable rules for Apollo.

L Et none but *Guests* or *Clubbers* hither come;
 Let *Dunces*, *Fools*, *sad*, *sordid* men keep home;
 Let *learned*, *civil*, *merry* men bⁱn^vited,
 And *modest* too; nor the choice *Ladies* sleighted;
 Let nothing in the *treat* offend the *Guests*,
 More for *delight* then *cost*, prepare the *feasts*:
 The *Cook* and *Parvey*'r must our *palats* know;
 And none contend who shall sit *high* or *low*:
 Our *waiters* must *quick-sighted* be and *dumb*,
 And let the *drawers* *quickly* hear and come:
 Let not our *wine* be *mixt*, but *brisk* and *neat*,
 Or else the *drinkers* may the *Vintners* beat.
 And let our only *emulation* be,
 Not *drinking* much, but *talking* wittily:
 Let it be voted *lawful* to *stir* up
 Each other with a *moderate chirping* cup;
 Let none of us be *mute*, or *talk* too much,
 On *serious* things or *sacred*, let's not touch
 VVith *sated* heads and *bellies*; Neither may
Fiddlers unask'd obtrude themselves to play:

With laughing, leaping, dancing, jells and songs,
 And what ere else to grateful mirth belongs ;
 Lets celebrate our feasts ; And let us see
 That all our jests without reflection be :
 Insipid *Poems* let no man rehearse,
 Not any be compel'd to write a verse :
 All noise of vain *disputes* must be forborn,
 And let the lover in a *corner* mourn :
 To fight and brawl (like *Hectors*) let none dare,
 Glasses or windows break, or hangings tare.
 Who ere shall publish what's here done or said,
 From our Society must be banished :
 Let none by drinking do or suffer harm,
 And while we stay, let us be alwaies warm.

LIV. *To his Friend C. S. Esq.*

NOW I'm return'd, my thanks shall be so too,
 First to your self, next to your half-self *Sm.*
 To *Tom.* that treated us so friendly, and
 So like one that a Treat do's understand ;
 Next to his lovely Lady, who appear'd,
 So like an Angel, and our Spirits chear'd ;
 I think she could my dying flames renew,
 And create such as never were in you.

If she can pardon what we did amiss,
 Her mercy signal as her beauty is ;
 First your impertinent frequent Rhythming, which
 Infested both our Chaplains with an Itch ;
 Who seeing Rhythmes so freely come from you,
 Did confidently venture at it too.
 But t'imitate's a servile thing ; and all
 Copies fall short of their Original.

There

There is a certain knack in what men do,
Which gives the relish, this they reach'd not to.

Verse by severe brows is conceiv'd a crime,
But never man yet durst excuse bald Rhythme.
It will require much time, and pains, and skill,
To finde whe'r Rhythme has done more good or ill;
Those that are for it, say that verses be
Pleasant to read, and helps to memory;
And while men hunt for Rhythme, they'r put in mind
Of things, which in dull prose they could not finde.

On t'other side, the Author who abuses,
In witty Rhythmes poor Poets and their muses,
Imputes it to you Poets as a crime;
That every other Verse is made for Rhythme:
And thinks if one half of all verses are
But tolerable sense, 'tis very fair:
So half of all the Paper, Pen and Ink,
Which Poets spoil, is to make Words cry Chink.
Go to her therefore straight and make your peace,
And henceforth let that sort of fooling cease;
Pray her forgive your folly, and with it,
That greater you made other men committ.
Tell her, 'tis your complexion sin, which you
Can no more leave, then she can to subdue
Or her eyes marthering, but yet you may
Divert the force of it some other way,
And by some lasting Poem make her fame,
As high and spreading, as she made my flame.

Hard drinking there, and late I can't conceive
A sin, 'cause 'tis my own which I can't leave;
Yet if her pardon shee'd extend so farr,
Then for her face and eyes I'll pardon her.
So wee'll be friends, and this agree upon,
For future I'll drink on, let her look on.

To the whole Church remember me, to all
VVhom we did feast, and did not feast withall.
For those that did not, had a minde to treat
Us likewise, but we drank too much to eat.

First to his Lordship, tell him I desire,
My self as high as he is, and him higher:
Not for wealth, rule, and honour (though those be
Things, which might tempt some holier men than
But for the Priviledges sake, for then (we.
Men durst not ask us high and holy men,
To drink a quart unto them, and I should so
Scape all those ills I'm now obnoxious to.

Now as I am, if any friend meets me,
Hoop! my friend *A. B.* (sayes he,)
Nay faith now we are mett thus, wee'll not part,
Till we've enjoy'd our selves and crack'd one Quart:
I like a young VVhore, do at first deny,
And begg his pardon, but so scurvily,
I do but tempt him to tempt me again,
He swears I shall, and all denyal's vain
And 'cause the Gentleman should swear agen,
I yield and go, then that one quart growes ten.

Thank the ingenious Chanter for his Treat,
And for himself who was both wine and meat;
His fate I pittie though, whose youth was spent
In an obscure retreat, and languishment,
When he was strong in body, and his minde
Fit to receive what then he could not finde,
Now in a glut, wealth and preferments come:
But age and sickness makes them troublesome.

Next your gentile Archdeacon thank from me,
For his obliging generositie.

And

And his school musick, which perhaps to those,
That understand it may seem precious :
But I good drinking Anthems more admire
Then all their unintelligible Quire
Words plainly sung by one or two good Fellows,
Please me more then *G. Sol Re Ut* an'th' Bellows.

The next in order to be handled are,
Our learned Chaplains, that religious Pair.
Though *Tom* be no deep Schollar, nor rank Wit,
Yet he's an admirable Hypocrit.

Frank has some wit and learning without doubt :
But does so negligently blunder't out
As if he said, I preach Divinity,
And if you will not minde it, what care I ?
They two might make one good Divine ; for one
Has head and heart, and t'other face and Tone.
And if one can convert the men oth' Town,
The rother will soon put the Women down.
Now *Charles* farewell, lets both bid so to Rythme,
T has taken up much of our precious time,
In hunting after syllables and words,
A trade which now nor wealth nor fame affords.
We might have better spent our time, if we
Had like the world employed it thrivingly.
If we much wealth and greatness had affected,
And stead of versifying had projected,
You might have been a Knight, and I a Squire,
Titles which now the World does much admire.
And o'r our betters rant and domineer,
If we could but have got so much a year :
When mens high Houses peep'd through tufts of
What veneration is ascribed to these ? (Trees,
They call us Sirrah while we call them Sirs ;
Parson and Poet at their heels like Currs ;

Come, sit ke up Parson, Poet gee's a verse,
 Then one must preach, and t'other must rehearse;
 While we with all our scribbling are content,
 With *A. B. Yeoman*, and with *C. S. Gent.*
 You think they'r fools, and they think we are so,
 But both perhaps are fools for ought we know,
 Now since all men are fools, who would be none,
 Let him think what he will, I think he's one.

LY. *A Dialogue between Alexander,
 Calisthenes, and Statyra.*

Alex. **B**Y Heav'n! I vow,
 I ever did believe till now,
 All sublunary pow'rs did to my Scepter bow,
 And Majesty did triumph only in my brow,
 But since I have this Captive view'd,
 A new dominion does intrude,
 And I conclude,

We Conquerours may by the Conquer'd be subdu'd.

Cal. What means this transportation? Sir is all
 The Gods and I have done for you too small
 To satisfy your appetite withall;

Alex. Oh! Love! I must resigne
 This inconsiderable rule of mine,

To that unbounded sway of thine!

Cal. Command this cowardly passion to leave
 for it will but deceive you. (you)
 Why should you dye a Martyr in amorous fire?

'Tis too much below man
 To doat on a Woman,
 And dye,
 Like a flye,
 In the flames of desire.

Alex. 'Tis not great courage or good parts,
 (Though you, *Calisthenes*, of both have store)
 Can shield our breasts against Love's Darts,
 The more our courage is and wit, our Love's so
 (much the more.

The Warriour must lay down his Armes,
 The Monarch must vail his Crown,
 Both being subject to Loves Armes,
 Must to Loves pow'r bow down.

Cal. Love is but a Wildfire got into the brain,
 That Prince that has power and yet will refrain,
 Is happy, and happy, and happy again.

Alex. Fair Conquerers of the World and me !

My Laurel I resigne,
 And am become a prisoner now to thee,
 Being captivated by those eyes,
 The gaudy wealth of *Persia* I despise,
 Ambitious only now to bee,
 Thy Captive as thou hast bin mine.

Stat. Victorious Monarch ! whose great name,
 Tires out the restless tongue of fame,
 Your unexampled actions to proclaim !

Who when you do but come and view,
 All other Princes can subdue ;
 And make them yield their Empires up to you !
 O let it ne'r be truly said ;

Great *Alexander* did upbraid,
 And triumph ore a wretched Captive maid !
 That were a cruelty below

Your great and generous soul to show
 And more then our frail Sex can undergo.

Alex. Can love be cruel ?

Stat. What is Love ?

Cal. 'Tis

Cal. 'Tis something men fancy to come from above,
Which over-rules their Reason.

'Tis of the same nature which *Fayries* and *Elves*,
A Deity Mortals have fain'd to themselves:
And though Poets bring him from Heav'n, we know
His generation is from below
The Girdle

Alex. Oh! forbear, forbear!
I can no longer endure to hear
This blasphemy and treason!

Cal. If it be so, 'tis as you make it,
What's done or said, is good or bad
As the beholders or the hearers take it.

Alex. Come, my *Satyra*, never minde
What old and surly Souldiers say,
Love must be deaf as well blinde,
To all that stops him in his way,
You'r happy if you are but kinde
And lay aside the customary Nay, (lay.
Next to denial nothing can torment more then de-

Stat. I have not art enough to know
What I should do;
If I deny,
I dye.
Being now wholly in your power,
'Tis an imprudence to deny,
When I nor can defend my self, nor fly.
And if my heart I cast
Upon your love, that's but a blast,

And your high flame's extinguish'd in an hour.

Alex. No (my *Satyra*) nere suspect,
I'll ever slight, where once I did affect,
The Sun, your *Persian* God, may cease to move,
But *Alexander* can ne'r cease to love.

Stat.

ve. Stat.

Spoke like your self, but oh! my merit
Is farr below so great a Spirit.

Alex.

I have you in my pow'r 'tis true,
And can command you whom I woe,
But oh! the Conquest of a heart
Transcends all Souldiers pow'r and
(Art.

ow

'Tis for that, for that I sue.
Your face and body's nothing without you.

Shee kneels, Alex. takes her up and Exeunt.

LVII. Cromwell's Panegyrick; upon his riding in
triumph over the baffled City of L.

S Hall Presbyterian Bells ring Cromwell's praise,
While we stand still and do no *Trophies* raise
Unto his lasting name? Then may we be
Hung up like bells for our malignity:
Well may his *Nose*, that is *Dominical*,
Take pepper in't, to see no Pen at all
Stirr to applaud his merits, who had lent
Such valour, to erect a *monument*
Of lasting praise; whose name shall never dye,
While *England* has a *Church*, or *Monarchy*.
He whom the laurell'd *Army* home did bring
Riding *Triumphant* o'r his conquer'd King,
He is the *Generals* Cypher now; and when
He's joynd to him, he makes that one a *Ten*.
The Kingdoms *Saint*; *England* no more shall stir
To cry *St. George*, but now *St. Oliver*:
He's the Realms *Ensign*; and who goes to wring
His *Nose*, is forc'd to cry, *God save the King*.

He

He that can rout an *Army* with his name,
 And take a *City*, ere he views the same :
 His *Souldiers* may want *bread*, but ne'r shall fear
 (While he's their *General*,) the want of *Beer* ;
 No Wonder they wore *Bayes*, his *Brewing-fat*
 (*Helicon* like) makes *Posts Laureat* ;
 When *Brains* in those *Castalian* liquors swim,
 We sing no *Heathenish Pean*, but an *Hymn* ;
 And that by th' *Spirit* too, for who can chuse
 But sing *Hosanna* to his King of *Jews* ?
 Tremble you *Scottish* zealots, you that han't
 Freed any *Conscience* from your *Covenant* :
 That for those *bald Appellatives* of *Cause*,
Religion, and the *Fundamental Laws*,
 Have pull'd the old *Episcopacy* down ;
 And as the *Miter*, so you'll serve the *Crown* :
 You that have made the *Cap* to th' *Bonnet* vail,
 And make the head a servant to the *Tail*. -
 And you curst spawn of *Publicans*, that sit
 In every *County* as a plague to it ;
 That with your *Yeomen Sequestrating* Knaves,
 Have made whole *Counties* beggarly, and slaves.
 You *Synod* that have fate so long to know
 Whether we must believe in *God*, or no ;
 You that have torn the *Church*, and fate'r impair
 The *Ten Commandments*, the *Creed*, the *L. Prayer* ;
 And made your *honours* pull down heavens glory,
 VVhile you set up that *Calf*, your *Directory* :
 VVe shall no wicked *Jews* ear'd *Elders* want,
 This *Army's* made of *Churches Militant* :
 These are new *Tribes* of *Levi* ; for they be
Clergy, yet of no *University*.
 Pull down your *Crests* ; for every bird shall gather,
 From your usurping backs a stolen feather :
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Your great *Lay-Levite P.* whose *Margent* tires
 The patient *Reader*, while he blots whole quires,
 Nay reams with *Treason*: and with *Nonsense* too,
 To justify what e'er you say or do:
 Whose *circumcised* ears are hardly grown
 Ripe for another *Persecution*:
 He must to *Scotland* for another pair:
 For he will lose these, if he tarry here;
Burges that Reverend *Presby-dean* of *Pauls*,
 Must (with his *Poundage*) leave his *Cure of Souls*,
 And into *Scotland* trot, that he may pick
 Out of the *Kirk*, a nick-nam'd *Bishoprick*,
 And *Will the Conquerour* in a *Scottish* dance,
 Must lead his running *Army* into *France*.
 And that still-gaping *Tophet Goldsmith-Hall*,
 With all its *Furies*, shall to ruine fall.
 We'll be no more gull'd by that *Popish* story,
 But shall reach heav'n, without that *Purgatory*:
 What honour does he merit, what renown
 By whom all these oppressions are pull'd down:
 And such a Government is like to be
 In *Church* and *State*, as eye did never see:
Magicians think he'll set up *Common-Prayer*;
 Looking in's face, they find the *Rubick* there:
 His *Name* shall never dye, by fire nor flood,
 But in *Church-windows* stand, where pictures stood:
 And if his soul loathing that house of clay,
 Shall to another *Kingdom* march away,
 Under some *Barns-floor* his bones shall lye,
 Who *Churches* did, and *Monuments* defie:
 Where the rude *Thraisher*, with much knocking on,
 Shall wake him at the *Resurrection*.

And on his *Grave*, since there must be no *Stone*,
 Shall stand this *Epitaph*; *That he has none*.

LIV. *A Record in Rhythme, being an Essay towards the Reformation of the Law, offer'd to the Consideration of the Committee appointed for that purpose. Written by some men of Law, at a time when they had little else to do.*

By A. B.

London, ff.

BE it remembered now that formerly,
To wit, last Term o'th' holy Trinity,
Before the *Keepers* of the liberty
Of England, by the full authority
Of the long *Parliament* at *Westminster*,
Priscilla Morecraue widow came, by her
Attorney *M. B.* and prefers,
I'th Court of upper Bench, a bill of hers,
Against one *Roger Pricklove*, who doth lye
A prisoner in the *Marshalls* Custody
Et cetera, and 'tis upon a plea
Of trespass on the *Case*, Pledges there be
To prosecute the suite, to wit, *John Doe*
And *Richard Roe*. And the said bill also
Doth follow in these very words, to wit
In legal manner, *London, Scilicet.*

Declaration. By M. B.

Priscilla Morecraue Widow, doth complain
Of *Roger Pricklove*, who doth now remain,
Prisoner to th' *Marshal* of the *Marshalls*,
Of the said *Keepers* of the *Liberty*.
Of England, by authority and power
Of *Parliament*, i'th' Bench superiour,

Before

before the same *Keepers* themselves that be,
For that (to wit) whereas the aforesaid *She*
Priscilla Morgrave, is a person just,
Honest, and faithful, one that never durst
Give the least cause for to be thought unchast,
But hath liv'd ever modest, and was grac'd,
With godly education, and demurely,
Behav'd herself and all her life most purely,
Hath with the zealous and precise comforted;
And free from all uncleanness was reported,
Who never was amongst the well affected,
Gain'd with a Crime, or in the least suspected;
But with the pious people of this Nation,
Hath had good fame, credit and reputation;
By which good reputation, she hath gain'd
Not only love, and favour, but obtain'd
A plentiful estate, by which most freely
She manag'd her Affairs; and that *Ralph Seely*,
One of the Assembly late at *Westminster*,
A godly-Gospel-preaching-Minister,
Was earnest suiter in the way of Marriage,
To have her for his yoke-fellow; his carriage,
And his most Saint-like loving humble speeches,
Had her consent to all that he beseeches.
And she agreed to give him all content,
To wed him by the Act of Parliament:
Three times the Contract publish'd, then their trust
That all should be compleated by the Justice: (is
But this said *Roger* all aforesaid knowing,
Maliciously intending her undoing,
To blast her reputation, and dishonour,
Her unstain'd Chastity, to cast upon Her
Infamous obloquy, to dis-repute Her;
And to deprive her of her foresaid Suiter;

By

By breaking of the marriage was intended ;
 To leave her to the world lost, and unfriended ;
 In month *September*, day of the same *Eleven*,
 One thousand six hundred fifty and seven,
 Of our Lords year, as by our computation,
 Our Common-wealth reckons from th' incarnation,
 At *London* in the parish of *St. Mary*
Bow, in the ward of *Cheap*, he then contrary
 To truth most falsely and maliciously
 In hearing of right worthy Company,
 And honourable persons, *Noble Lords*,
 Did speak these false, and most reproachful words,
 To and of her the *Plaintiff* ; that's to say,
You are a Pockie Whore, and at this day
You have three Bastards living, which do well,
Two in Pick-hatch, and one in Clarkenwel :
 By reason of which false malicious speaking
 Of the said *Roger*, to her great heart-breaking ;
 The *Godly Gospel-Minister*, her *Suiter*,
 Forbears his former suit, and for the future,
 Did make profession he would never take her
 To be his *Consort*, but did quite forsake her ;
 And all her friends with whom he had repute,
 Do now esteem her for a *Prostitute* ;
 Whereby she is the worse, and damnifi'd,
 One thousand and five hundred pounds, beside ;
 And thereupon she doth her suit produce,
 In th' Upper *Bench*, because of this abuse.

Imparlance. By A. B.

And now until this day, that is to say,
 On *Munday* three weeks after *Michaels day*,

In this same Term, which very day until
 Roger had leave t'empair unto that Bill,
 And then to answer it ; before the same
 Keepers, as well the said *Priscilla* came,
 I'th Court of Upper Bench, at *Westminster*
 By that Attourney nam'd before, for her,
 As the aforesaid Roger, who doth come
 By his Attourney *A. B.*
 And doth defend the force and injury,
 When, where, *et cetera*. And said that she,
 The said *Priscilla*, ought not maintain, nor
 Have thereupon her Suit against him, for
Protesting, not acknowledging that she
 Is half so honest as she'd seem to be :
 Nor is her body, or her life so clear,
 Nor so unspotted, as she would appear ;
 Nor is she of so chaste a reputation,
 As is pretended by her Declaration :
Protesting also that the said *Ralph Seely*
 (Though oft together did both he and she lye)
 Ne'r meant to marry her, but all his power,
 Of love was quench'd in less then half-an hour.
 Besides he'd quite undo her ; if he had,
 His learning was so small, his life so bad.

For Plea he saith that at the time, wherein
 She does suppose these slanderous words t'have bin
 Spoke by th'aforesaid Roger, she the said
Priscilla was nor Widow, Wife, nor Maid ;
 And though she pass'd for an unbroken Virgin,
 She catch'd th'aforesaid *Presbyter* in her gin ;
 And with his wall-ey'd *Saintship* plaid the sinner,
 Who b'ing inspir'd by a Thanksgiving dinner,
 Did carnally her body know, to wit
 The crime of *Fornication* did commit ;

In the same *Ward*, and *Parish*, to his Honour,
 He at one clap got three great boyes upon her.
 All which for privacy were put to feeding
 At *Bridewell* and *Pick-hatch*, to learn good breeding:
 And she in recompence clap't him so fore;
 With *Anglice* French-*P O X*, it made him rore ;
 And put his *Genitals* in such a pickle,
 That all his *Parish* women did article,
 And out him of his *Benefices* twain,
 And into *Scotland* made him trot again :
 Wherefore (as lawful 'twas) on this occasion,
 He spake the words laid in the *Declaration*,
 And this he *Justifies*, and judgement crave,
 If she this suit ought to maintain or have.

Replication. By I. H.

And she the said *Priscilla* doth maintain her
 Said *Action*, against all that's said to stain her ;
 And saith this *Court* nor will nor can forejudge her,
 For ought that's pleaded by the foresaid *Roger* ;
 But though by his said *Plea*, she's forc'd to tarry,
 Her suit against him, yet she ought to carry ;
 Protesting therefore she's not such a liver,
 Nor of such *Fame*, as the said *Plea* doth give her
 Out for to be, but that she hath not vary'd
 One jot in life from what she hath declared :
 And on the said *Ralphs* part protesting farther,
 That of the *Kirk* he was a *Godly* Father ;
 And of as pure and chaste a conversation,
 As any *Presbyter* within the *Nation* :
 And free from any lustful act committing,
 With her, or any other deed unfitting :

For *Replication* saith, she was not knowing
 Of the said *Ralph* but three years last foregoing :
 During which time, and till the said words spoke
 (were

By the said *Roger* (that almost have broke her)
 She liv'd a *Matrons* life, chaste, grave, and thrifty,
 And came unto the Age of *three and fifty*;
 And the said *Ralph* all the said time, by reason
 Of his much preaching in and out of season;
 And of his fasting long, and longer praying,
 And from his peoples not their duties paying,
 In the same *Ward* and *Parish*, grew so weakly,
 That of his life he did despair weekly:
 Which weakness had so very much out-worn him,
 That in his bed he was not able turn him;
 Till that a learned *Doctor* of the *Colledge*
 Who of his sickness had full perfect knowledge,
 For gaining of his health did much exhort him,
 To wed an honest *Matron* to Comfort him :
 Which the said *Ralph* well liking, and well knowing
 The honour to the said *Priscilla* owing,
 And thinking that delays might greatly worse him,
 With Zeal, did Court her for a Wife to nurse him :
 And she in pity to his weak *Condition*,
 Did condescend to be his she-*Physitian*,
 And for their joynt desires better carrying,
 A day by both appointed was for marrying :
 But on the sudden off the same was broken
 By the said *Roger's* words aforesaid spoken;
 By means whereof, he the said *Ralph*, endure
 Could not the said *Priscilla* for a Cure,
 But of relief his expectations failing,
 And his long sickness more and more prevailing;

In month *October*, day thereof that *first* is,
 In the *Lords* year that formerly exprest is;
 At the said *Ward*, the said *Ralph* much in trouble,
 Did dye, to's loss, possess'd of living double:
 And left the said *Priscilla* to bemoan her,
 For that no other man would after own her;
 And that she truly doth reply and don't lye,
 She prays may be inquired by the *Countrey*.

Rejoynder. By A. B.

And the aforesaid *Roger* saith the Plea
 By her the said *Priscilla* formerly
 Put in and pleaded by her *Replication*,
 In the aforesaid manner, form, and fashion,
 And the whole matter that's contained there,
 Are not sufficient in the *law*, for her
 The said *Priscilla*, to maintain her aforesaid
 Suit against him, and there need be no more said:
 Nor by the laws of *England* is it fit,
 That he should make answer unto it;
 This to averr he's ready. Whereupon
 For want of better *Replication*
 In this behalf, he doth a judgment pray,
 And that she from having her action may
 Be barr'd, for this against him; And for
 The causes why he doth in *Law demurr*
 Upon that *Replication*, he the said
Roger according to the Statute made,
 And in such case provided, doth declare
 And shew to th' Court of Upper Bench that's here,
 These causes following, to wit, that this
 Said *Replication* insufficient is,

Negative,

*Negative, pregnant, and uncertain, rude,
Double, wants form, and does not conclude
Rightly according to the legal way.*

Joyning in Demurrer.

By A. B.

And she the said *Priscilla* here doth say,
That the said *Plea* which by reply has been
Pleaded by her, and what's contain'd therein,
In point of *Law, good, and sufficient be,*
Her suit against him to maintain; and she
That *Plea* and matter, pleaded as above,
Is ready here both to maintain and prove,
As this *Court* shall consider and think fit,
And 'cause he does not answer it, nor yet
Deny the *Replication* any way,
The said *Priscilla* (as before) doth pray
Judgment, and dammages to be judg'd to her
For all this injury which he did do her;
But 'cause this *Court* here not advised is
Of giving judgment of the premises,
A day's giv'n to both parties to appear
I'th *Upper Bench*, before the *Keepers* here
At *Westminster*, till *Munday* after eight
Dayes of St. Hillary, for the receipt,
And hearing of their Judgment upon it,
For that the *Court* is not advis'd as yet.

LVIII. *On a Combat between a Roman Capon,
and a French Cock.*

Spectators, make a Ring, that you may see.
The fatal Battle which is like to be
Fought by two pow'rful Combatants : One's nam'd
Gallus, for Courage generally fam'd ;
Yet not so valiant as he'd have men think,
But has (what makes men Valiant) store of Chinck.

T'other is *Capo* call'd who doth supply
His want of Courage by his Policy ;
By plotting and contriving he subsists,
And does with Brains what t'other would with Fists;
Works under-hand, and goes to undermine;
Both in their several wayes in Battle joyn.

Gallus doth strut, and clap his wings and crow,
While *Capo* laughs at that vain noise and show ;
What the great Quarrel is, must not be known,
But is reserv'd till one be overthrown :
Both make great preparations for a Fight,
And he that Conquers, all believe has Right.

Capo has been well cram'd, and liv'd in State,
And was become a mighty Potentate ;
Two Keys to open and to shut he bears,
And on his head a Triple Crown he wears ;
And had a mind to Rule the World, as though
All men were govern'd by meer pomp and show.

Gallus repines at this ; Must I (sayes he)
Wear but one Crown, while he droops under three?

His

His Keys may make a noise, and keep a stir
 'Mong easie souls, but he has ne'r a Spur :
 I'll spoil his Pageantry, and make him know,
 That since he cannot Fight, he shall not Grow.

But now *Germanus* comes to interpose,
 Thinking the Quarrel would prove dangerous ;
 And while those two do to Contention fall,
 Their strife might prove the ruine of them all ;
 Both being so powerful, 'tis hardly known
 Which side may prove most safe for him to own.

Mean time the *Mahumetan* Cook stands by,
 With sharpened Cymiter, and watchful eye ;
 Let them fight on (sayes he) so both will be,
 By their intestine VVar a feast for me :
 This is my time to feed and thrive, when they
 Contend so fiercely which shall be my prey.

This makes good Gelly, t'other's tender meat ;
 VVhen both drop in one dish, who would not eat ?
 Their Quarrel is for Humour and Opinion,
 But my design is Riches and Dominion ;
 VVhile both to be Victorious do aspire,
 I use their sparks to set the world on fire.

The CONCLUSION.

When Peace and Plenty make men proud, and
 Aspire to Rule, whose part is to Obey : (they
 VVhen each man has a Heresie of's own,
 And most pretend Religion, but use none :
 VVhen Laws are boldly broke, and Love that binds
 Men more then Laws, is fled from peoples minds :

Then must destruction on that Nation come,
And *Mahomet* gives Laws to *Christendome*.

LIX. To the Kings most Sacred Majesty, on his
miraculous and glorious return, May 29. 1660.

(ground,
NOW our *Spring-Royal's* come, this cursed
Which for twelve years with Tyrants did a-
(bound,

Bears *Kings* again, a memorable Spring!
May first brought forth, *May* now brings home our
Auspicious Twenty ninth! this day of *Mirth* (*King*;
Now gives *Redemption*, which before gave *Birth*.

Hark, how th' admiring people cry, and shout,
See how they flock and leap for joy; the Rout,
Whose *Zeal* and *Ignorance*, for many years,
Devis'd those Goblins *Jealousies* and *Fears*,
And fighting blindfold in those puzzling Mists,
Rais'd by the conjuring of their *Exorcists*,
Wounded, and *chas'd* and *kill'd* each other while
Their Setters-on did share the prey, and smile,
Now the delusions o'r, do plainly see
what once they were, what now they ought to be.
Th' abused Trumpet that was only taught
To inspire Rebellion, now corrects its fault;
Tun'd by your *Fame*; and with more chearful voyce,
Contributes sounds, and helps us to rejoyce:
The Guns which roar'd for your best subjects blood,
Disown their cause now better understood;
The Bells that for sedition long chim'd in,
As if themselves too, Rebaptiz'd had been,

Con-

Convert their notes ecchoing with louder peal,
The harmony of Church and Common-weal :
Whiles in contiguous Bon-fires all the Nation
Paint their late tears, and sport with Conflagration ;
'Bout which rejoycing Neighbours friendly meet,
And with fresh wood the kind devourer greet,
Mean while, th' old Subjects, who so long have slept
In Caves, and been miraculouſly kept
From Rage and Famine ; while the only thing
That fed and cloath'd them, was the hope of King,
Do all New-plume themſelves to entertain
Your long'd-for Maſteſty, and welcome Train.

And (as in *Jeb's* time 'twas) thoſe *Spurious* things,
Who look like Subjects, but did ne'r love Kings,
Appear among your Subjects in array
That's undiſcernable, unleſs more gay.
All with loud halloes pierce the ſmiling ſkies,
While brandiſh'd Swords pleaſe and amaze your eyes

Why then ſhould only I ſtand ſtill ? and bear
No part of triumph in this Theatre ?

Though I'm not wiſe enough to ſpeak t'a King
What's worth his ear, nor rich enough to bring
Gifts worthy his acceptance ; though I do
Not ride in Buff and Feathers, in the ſhow ;
(Which *Pomp* I did induſtriouſly eſchew,
That *Coſt* being more to me, than th' ſhew to you)

Nor do I love a Souldiers garb to own,
When my own Conſcience tells me I am none.

Yet I'll do duty too, for I've a mind
Will not be idle, but will ſomething find
To bid my SOVERAIGN Welcome to his own
Long-widow'd Realm, his Scepter, Crown and Throne ;
And though too mean and empty it appear,
If he afford a well-pleas'd Eye and Ear,

His

His pow'r can't by my *Weakness* be withstood,
Bee't what it will, he'll *find*, or make it good.

Hail long-desired *Sovereign*! you that are
Now our sole joy and *hope*, as once our fear!
The Princely *Son* of a most pious Sire
VVhose *Precepts* and *Example* did inspire
Your tender years with *virtues*, that become
A *King* that's fit to rule all *Christendome*:
VVhich your great Soul hath so improved since,
Europe can't shew such an accomplish'd *Prince*:
VVhose whole life's so *exemplary*, that you
Convinc'd those foes, which we could not *subdue*;
And those that did t'your Court t'abuse you come,
Converted *Profelytes* returned home:
Such strong and *sympathetick* virtues lye
In your great name, it cures when you're not nigh,
Like VVeapon-falve; If fame can reach up to
This height of Cures, what will your person do?
Your *Subjects* high'st *Ambition*, and their *Cure*,
Bold *Rebels* terrour, you that did endure
what e'r the *Wit* or *Malice* of your foes
Could lay on you or yours, yet stoutly chose
To suffer on, rather than to requite
Their injuries, and grew *Victorious* by't;
And by your patient suffering did subdue
The *Traytors* fury, and the *Traytors* too.

The great King-makers favourite, a *Prince*
Born to a *Crown*, and kept for't ever since.
From *Open* force, from all the *Close* designs
Of all your *Foes*, and all our *Catilines*,
From all th'insatiate malice of that bold
Bloud-thirsty *Tyrant*, from his *sword*, and gold,
Which hurt you more; and from your own false
Whom he still kept in pay to serve his ends (*Friends*,

Yes

Yet you're deliver'd out of all these things,
 By your *Protector*, who's the *King of Kings*.
 No more that proud *Usurper* shall proclaim
 Those partial *Conquests* which but brand his name,
 To all posterity, no more remember,
 His *thrice auspicious third day of September*,
 Since he fought not for victories, but paid;
 Nor were you conquer'd by him, but *betray'd*:
 And now your *May*, by love, has gotten more,
 Than his *Septembers* did, by *blood*, before.

Thanks to that *Glory of the West*, that *Star*,
 By whose conducted influence you are
 Brought to enjoy your own, whose em'nent worth
 These *Islands* are too small to *Eccho* forth:
 Whose *courage* baffled *fear*, whose purer soul
 No *ribes* could e'r seduce, no *threats* controul,
 But strangely cross'd the proverb, and brought forth
 The best of *Goods* from th' once-pernicious *North*,
 To whose *Integrity*, your *Kingdoms* owe
 Their *restoration*, and what thence does flow,
 Your blest *arrival*; with such prudence still
 He manag'd these affairs, such *truth*, such *skill*,
 Such *valour* too, he led these *Nations* through
 Red Seas of *Blood*, and yet ne'r wet their shoe.
 Blest be the Heavenly pow'rs, that hither sent
 That noble *Hero*, as the instrument,
 To scourge away those *Furies*, and to bring
 To's longing *subjects* our long *absent King*. (been,
Welcom from foreign *Kingdoms*, where you've
 Driv'n by hard-hearted *Fate*, and where you've
 (seen,
 Strang men and manners; yet too truly known,
 No Land less *Hospitable* than your own:

From

From those that *would* not, those that *durst* not do
Right to themselves, by being kind to you;
 From profess'd foes, and from pretended friends,
 Whose feigned love promotes their cover'd Ends.
 "Kings treating Kings, springs not from love, but state,
 "Their love's to policy subordinate.
 From banishment, from dangers, and from want,
 From all those mischiefs that depend upon't,
 You're truly welcome, welcome to your throne,
 Your Crowns and Scepters, and what ere's your own,
 Nay to what's ours too, for we finde it true,
 Our wealth is gotten and preserv'd by you.
 Welcome t' your Subjects hearts, which long did burn
 With strong desires to see your bless'd Return.
 Welcome t' your friends, welcome t' your wisest foes,
 Whose bought Experience tell's them now, that those
 Riches they've got by plunder, fraud, and force,
 Do not increase, but make their fortunes worse,
 Like Robbers spoils, just as they come, they go,
 And leave the wretches poor and wicked too.
 They see their error, and that only you
 Can give them pardon, and protection too.
 Since you're come out o'th fire, twelve years refin'd,
 With hardned body, and Experienc'd mind.
 Only that crew of *Caitiffs*, who have been,
 So long, so deeply plung'd in so great sin,
 That they despair of pardon, and believe,
 You can't have so much mercy to forgive,
 As they had villany t' offend, and so
 They to get out, the further in do go.
 These never were, and never will be true
 (What e'r they say or swear) to God or you.

The

The scum and scorn of every sort of men;
That for abilities could scarce tell ten;
And of estates proportion'd to their parts;
Of mean enjoyments, and of worse deserts,
Whom want made bold, and impudence supply'd
Those gifts, which art and nature had deny'd;
And in their practice perfect Atheists too,
(For half-wit, and half-learning makes men so.)

These first contriv'd, and then promoted all
Those troubles, which upon your Realm did fall;
Inflam'd three populous Nations, that they might
Get better opportunity and light
To steal and plunder, and our goods might have,
By robbing those, whom they pretend to save,
Our new commotions new employments made,
And what was our affliction grew their trade:
And when they saw the plots, th' had laid did take,
Then they turn'd Gamesters, and put in their stake,
Ventured their All; their credit which was small,
And next their Conscience which was none at all,
Put on all forms, and all Religions own,
And all alike, for they were all of none:
A thousand of them han't one Christian Soul,
No Oaths oblige them, and no Laws controul
Their strong desires but pœnal ones; and those
Make them not innocent, but cautelous.
Crimes that are scandalous, and yield no gain,
Revenge, or pleasure, they perhaps refrain;
But where a crime was gainful to commit,
Or pleas'd their lust or malice, how they bit!
This did invade the Pulpit, and the Throne,
And first made them, then all that's ours, their own.
Depos'd the Ministers and Magistrates,
And in a godly way, seiz'd their estates;

Then

And vent their *Hieroglyphs*, and there inspire
The vulgar with *Sedition*, who desire
Still to be cheated, and do love to be
Misled by th' ears, with couz'ning *Sophistrie*,
These sold *Divinity*, as witches do
In *Lapland*, winds, to drive where e'r you go.
The *Sword* no action did, so dire and fell,
But that some *Pulpiters* pronounc'd it, *Well*.

With these ingredients, were the Countreys all
Poyson'd, and fool'd, and aw'd, while they did call
Themselves the *Cities*, or the *Counties*, and
Do in their names, what they ne'r understand
Or hear of. These did that old *Dry-bone* call
Up to the *Throne*, (if he were call'd at all)
And vow'd to live and dye with him; and then
Address'd to *Dick*, and vow'd the same agen.
And so to *Rump*; but these vowes were no more
Then what they vow'd to *Essex* long before,
And so perform'd; they dy'd alike with all,
Yet liv'd on unconcerned in their fall:
So as these *Corks* might swim at top, they ne'r
Car'd what the liquor was, that them did bear.

These taught the *easte* people, prone to sin,
And ready to *imibe* ill customes in,
To betray *trasts*, to break an *Oath*, and *Word*,
Things that th' old *English Protestants* abhor'd.

And lest these Kingdoms should hereafter be
Took for *enchanted Islands*, (where men see
Nothing but *Devils* haunt, as if God and
All virtuous people had forsook the land,
And left it to these *Monsters*) these took care,
To make us match and mix our blond with their
Polluted issue; and so do, as when
Gods sons did take the daughters once of men.

To

To fright men into this, they did begin
 To decimate them, for *Orig'nal Sin*.
 Children that were unborn, in those mad times,
 And unconcern'd in what they *Voted* crimes,
 If guilty of *Estates*, were forc'd to pay
 The *tenth* to those, who took *nine* parts away.

The *Law* was made a standing pool, and grew
 Corrupt, for want of current; thence a crew
 Of monstrous *Animals* out daily crawl'd,
 Who little knew, but impudently ball'd,
 And made the *Law* the *Eccho* of the *Sword*,
 With such Jew'd *Cattel* were the *Benches* stor'd.
 That made the *Gown* ridiculous, Now and then
 The *Malefactors* were the wiser men,
 Most times the honefter; these did dispence,
 And rack the *Laws*, 'gainst equity and sence,
 Which way the *Buff* would have them turn; by
 They long continued *powerful* and *Rich*. (which

Now they'd all wheel about, and be for you,
 For (like *Camelions*) they still change their hue,
 And look like that that's next them; they will vow,
 Their hearts were alwaies for you, and are now.
 'Tis no new *Wir*, 'tis in a *Play* we know,
Who would not wish you King, now you are so?

Yet you can pardon all, for you have more
Mercy and *love*, than they have *crimes*, in store.
 And you can love, or pity them, which none
 But you could do; you can their persons own,
 And with unconquer'd patience look on them,
 Because your Nature knows not to condemn.
 You'll let them live, and by your grace convince
 Their treach'rous hearts, that they have wrong'd a
 (Prince,

From those that *would* not, those that *durst* not do
Right to themselves, by being kind to you;
From *profess'd* foes, and from *pretended* friends,
Whose feigned *love* promotes their cover'd *Ends*.
" *Kings treating Kings, springs not from love, but state,*
" *Their love's to policy subordinate.*

From *banishment*, from *dangers*, and from *want*,
From all those *mischiefs* that depend upon't,
You're truly *welcome*, *welcome* to your *throne*,
Your *Crowns* and *Scepters*, and what ere's your *own*,
Nay to what's *ours* too, for we finde it true,
Our wealth is gotten and preserv'd by you.

Welcome t' your Subjects hearts, which long did burn
With strong desires to see your blest'd *Return*.

Welcme t' your friends, *welcome* t' your wisest foes,
Whose bought *Experience* tell's them now, that those
Riches they've got by *plunder*, *fraud*, and *force*,
Do not *increase*, but make their *fortunes* worle,
Like *Robbers* spoils, just as they come, they go,
And leave the *wretches* poor and *wicked* too.

They see their error, and that only you
Can give them pardon, and protection too.
Since you're come out o'th fire, twelve years refin'd,
With *hardned* body, and *Experienc'd* mind.

Only that crew of *Caitiffs*, who have been,
So long, so deeply plung'd in so great sin,
That they despair of *pardon*, and believe,
You can't have so much *mercy* to forgive,
As they had *villany* t' offend, and so
They to get *out*, the further in do go.

These never were, and never will be true
(What e'r they say or swear) to God or you.

The

The scum and scorn of every sort of men;
That for abilities could scarce tell ten;
And of estates proportion'd to their parts;
Of mean enjoyments, and of worse deserts,
Whom *want* made bold, and *impudence* supply'd
Those gifts, which *art* and nature had deny'd;
And in their practice perfect Atheists too,
(For half-wit, and half-learning makes men so.)

These first *contriv'd*, and then *promoted* all
Those troubles, which upon your Realm did fall;
Inflam'd three populous Nations, that they might
Get better opportunity and light
To steal and *plunder*, and our goods might have,
By robbing those, whom they pretend to save,
Our new *commotions* new *employments* made,
And what was our *affliction* grew their trade:
And when they saw the *plots*, th' had laid did take,
Then they turn'd *Gamesters*, and put in their stake,
Ventured their *All*; their credit which was small,
And next their *Conscience* which was none at all,
Put on all *forms*, and all *Religions* own,
And all alike, for they were all of none:
A thousand of them han't one *Christian* Soul,
No *Oaths* oblige them, and no *Laws* controul
Their strong desires but *penal* ones; and those
Make them not *innocent*, but *cantelous*.
Crimes that are scandalous, and yield no *gain*,
Revenge, or *pleasure*, they perhaps refrain;
But where a crime was *gainful* to commit,
Or pleas'd their *lust* or *malice*, how they bit!
This did invade the *Pulpit*, and the *Throne*,
And first made them, then all that's ours, their own.
Depos'd the *Ministers* and *Magistrates*,
And in a godly way, seiz'd their estates;

Then

Then did the *Gentry* follow, and the *Rich*,
 Those neutral sinners, by omission, which
 Had good estates, for it was not a sin
 To plunder, but t'have ought worth plundring.
 And by religious forms, and shews and paints,
 They're call'd the godly party, and the *Saints*.
 By crafty artless Oratory, they
 Ventring to make Orations, preach, and pray,
 Drew in too silly souls, that were
 Caught with vain shews, drawn on by hope and fear,
 Poor undiscerning, all believing Elves,
 Fit but to be the ruine of themselves;
 Born to be conzen'd, trod on, and abus'd;
 Lov'd to be fool'd and easily seduc'd:
 These beasts they make with courage fight and dye,
 Like *Andabates*, not knowing how, nor why,
 Till they destroy'd King, Kingdom, Church, and
 (Laws,

And sacrificed all to *Molochs Cause*:
 While those possess the fruit of all the toils
 Of these blind slaves, and flourish with their spoils,
 Plum'd with gay feathers stoln, (like *Aesops Crow*)
 They seem gay birds, but it was only show.

Now publick lands and private too, they share
 Among themselves, whose mawes did never spare
 Ought they could grasp; to get the *Royal* lands,
 They in *Blood Royal* bath'd their ray'nous hands.
 With which they shortly pamper'd grew, and rich,
 Then was their blood infected with the itch
 Of *Pomp*, and *Power*, and now they must be *Squires*,
 And *Knights* and *Lords*, to please their wives desires,
 And *Madams* them. A broken tradesman now,
 Piec'd with *Church-Lands*, makes all the vulgar bow

Unto

Into his honour, and their Bonnets vail
 To's worChip, that sold Petticoats, or Ale:
 In pomp, attire, and every thing they did
 Look like true Gentry, but the Soul, and Head,
 By which they were discern'd; for they were rude,
 With harsh and ill-bred natures still endu'd;
 Proud, and penurious. What Nobility
 Sprung in an instant, from all trades had we!
 Such & other things, crept into & other House,
 Whose Sires heel'd stockings, and whose Dams
 (sold lowse,

These were *Protectors*, but of such a crew,
 As people *Newgate*, not good men and true:
 These were *Lord Keepers*, but of Cows and Swine,
 Lord Coblers, and Lord Drawers, not of Wine.
 Fine Cockney-pageant Lords, and Lords Gee-hoo,
 Lords Butchers, and Lords Butlers, Dray-Lords too.

And to transact with these was hatch'd a brood,
 Of *Justices* and *Squires*, nor great, nor good,
 Rays'd out of plunder, and of *sequestration*,
 Like *Frogs* of *Nilus*, from an inundation;
 A foundred *Warrier*, when the wars did cease,
 As nat'rally turn'd *Justice* of the *Peace*,
 And did with boldness th' office undertake,
 As a blinde *Coach-horse* does a *Stallion* make.

These fill'd all Countreys, and in every Town
 Dwelt one or more to tread your Subjects down,
 And to compleat this *Stratagem* of theirs,
 They use *Auxiliary* Lecturers;
 Illiterate *Dolls*, pickt out of every Trade,
 Of the same metal, as *Jeroboams*, made,
 That ne'r took Orders, nor did any keep,
 But boldly into others *Pulpits* creep,

And

And vent their *Heresies*, and there inspire
The vulgar with *Sedition*, who desire
Still to be cheated, and do love to be
Mistled by th' ears, with conz'ning *Sophistrie*,
These sold *Divinity*, as witches do
In *Lapland*, winds, to drive where e'r you go.
The *Sword* no action did, so dire and fell,
But that some *Pulpiters* pronounc'd it, *Well*.

With these ingredients, were the Countreys all
Poyson'd, and fool'd, and aw'd, while they did call
Themselves the *Cities*, or the *Counties*, and
Do in their names, what they ne'r understand
Or hear of. These did that old *Dry-bone* call
Up to the *Throne*, (if he were call'd at all)
And vow'd to live and dye with him; and then
Address'd to *Dick*, and vow'd the same agen.
And so to *Rump*; but these vōwes were no more
Then what they vow'd to *Essex* long before,
And so perform'd; they dy'd alike with all,
Yet liv'd on unconcerned in their fall:
So as these *Corks* might swim at top, they ne'r
Car'd what the liquor was, that them did bear.

These taught the *east* people, prone to sin,
And ready to imbibe ill customes in,
To betray trusts, to break an *Oath*, and *VVord*,
Things that th' old *English Protestants* abhor'd.

And lest these Kingdoms should hereafter be
Took for *enchanted Islands*, (where men see
Nothing but *Devils* haunt, as if God and
All virtuous people had forsook the land,
And left it to these *Monsters*) these took care,
To make us match and mix our blond with their
Polluted issue; and so do, as when
Gods sons did take the daughters once of men.

To

To fright men into this, they did begin
 To decimate them, for *Orig'nal Sin*.
 Children that were unborn, in those mad times,
 And unconcern'd in what they *Voted* crimes,
 If guilty of *Estates*, were forc'd to pay
 The *tenth* to those, who took *nine* parts away.

The *Law* was made a standing pool, and grew
 Corrupt, for want of current ; thence a crew
 Of monstrous *Animals* out daily crawl'd,
 Who little knew, but impudently ball'd,
 And made the *Law* the *Eccho* of the *Sword*,
 With such Jew'd *Cattel* were the *Benches* stor'd.
 That made the *Gown* ridiculous, Now and then
 The *Malefactors* were the wiser men,
 Most times the *honestest* ; these did dispence,
 And rack the *Laws*, 'gainst equity and sence,
 Which way the *Buff* would have them turn ; by
 They long continued *powerful* and *Rich*. (which

Now they'd all wheel about, and be for you,
 For (like *Camelions*) they still change their hue,
 And look like that that's next them ; they will vow,
 Their hearts were alwaies for you, and are now.
 'Tis no new *Wir*, 'tis in a *Play* we know,
Who would not wish you King, now you are so?

Yet you can pardon all, for you have more
Mercy and *love*, than they have *crimes*, in store.
 And you can love, or pity them, which none
 But you could do ; you can their persons own,
 And with unconquer'd patience look on them,
 Because your *Nature* knows not to condemn.
 You'l let them live, and by your grace convince
 Their treach'rous hearts, that they have wrong'd a
 (Prince,

Whom God and Angels love and keep ; whose mind
Solely to love and mercy is inclin'd ;
Whom none but such as they would hurt, or grieve,
And none but such as you could e'r forgive
Such men and crimes. Those feathers ne'rtheless
Pluck'd from your Subjects backs, their own to
(dress,

Should be repluck'd, or else they should restore,
They'll still be left *Crows*, as they were before.
But if you trust them, —————

And now you are returned to your *Realm*,
May you sit long, and stedfastly at th' *Helm*,
And rule these head-strong people : may you be
The true *Protector* of our *Libertie*,
Your *wisdome* only answers th' expectation
Of this long injur'd, now reviving Nation.

May true Religion flourish and increase,
And we love virtue, as the ground of peace ;
May all pretences, outward forms, and shews
Whereby we have been gull'd, give way for those
True act of pure religious, and may we
Not only seem Religious, but be.

Of taking *Oaths*, may you and we be shy,
But being ta'en think no necessity
Or power can mak us break them ! may we ne'r
Make wilful breach of promises ! nor e'r
Basely betray our trusts ! but strive to be
Men both of honour, and of honestie !
And may those only that are just, and true,
Be alwaies honour'd, and imploy'd by you.

Next let our sacred *Laws* in which do stand
The *wealth*, the *peace*, and *safety* of our Land,
Be kept in *inviolable*, and never made
Nets to the small, while the great *Flies* evade !

May

May those that are intrusted with them be
Men of sound knowledge, and integrity,
And sober courage; such as dare, and will,
And can do Justice! We have felt what ill
Comes by such *Clarks* and *Judges* as have been,
For *favour*, *faction*, or *design* put in,
Without respect to *Merit*, who have made
The Law to *Tyrants* various lusts a *Bar'd*,
Perverted *Justice*, and our *Rights* have sold,
And *Rulers* have been over-rul'd by *Gold*:
Then are the people happy, and *Kings* too,
When, they that are in power, are good and do.

On these two *Bases* let our peace be built
So firm and lasting, that no blood be spilt,
No *Countrey* wasted, and no treasure spent
While you and yours do reign; no future rent
Disturb your happiness; but may we strive
Each in his sphere, to make this Nation thrive,
Grow *plentiful*, and *pow'rful*, and become
The *Joy* or *Terror* of all *Christendome*.
And those, who lately thought themselves above us,
May, spite of fate, or tremble at, or love us,
May no incroaching spirit break the hedge
Between *Prerogative*, and *Priviledge*.

And may your sacred *Majesty* enjoy
Delights of *Mind*, and *Body*, that ne'r cloy!
Nor only be obey'd, but lov'd at home,
Prais'd and *admir'd* by all that near you come!
And made your Royal fame be spread as far
As *valiant*, and as *virtuous* people are!

And when your *Majesty* shall be inclin'd,
To bless your Realms with heirs, oh may you find
A Spouse that may for *Beauty*, *Virtue*, *Wit*,
And royal *birth*, be for your person fit!

May you abound in hopeful heirs, that may
 Govern the Nations, and your Scepters sway,
 Till time shall be no more, and pledges be
 Both of your love, and our felicity.

May you live long and happily, and find
 No pains of body, and no griefs of mind :
 While we with loyal hearts Rejoyce, and Sing
 God blefs your Kingdoms , and

God save our King.

On a Parson and a Lawyer.

THe Parson much spent, and had kept a months
 In hopes of the feast comming on : (Lent
 But in stead of new wedding, the Lawyer by's trea-
 Had left him a butter'd Bun. (ding

But the woman was kinde, and yielded to's mind,
 She neither did struggle nor cry no,
 She did not despair, for or Parson or Lawyer
 Would get a Babe *jure Divino*.

Now the Law as we finde to the Gospel is joyn'd,
 There must be a good propagation,
 For the Boy that comes forth will be Doctor of
 And thats for the good of the Nation. (both

Now

Now the Tyths and the Fees will grow by degrees,
To belong to the self same Person ;
And he that both gets, by his learning and wits,
May fuddle while he has his Arse on.

And thus to conclude Their lives that are rude,
I should pray for the Queen and the King,
With the family Royal, and all that are Loyall,
But I'll drink to all that can sing.

THE END.

A Catalogue of some Books Printed
for HENRY BROME at
the Starr in Little Britain.

THe present state of the Ottoman Empire :
containing the Maxims of the Turkish
Politie, the most material Points of the Mahometan
Religion; their Sects and Heresies, their Convents
and Religious Votaries. Their Military Discipline,
with an exact computation of their Forces both
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proper places particularly expressed: The whole
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SONGS

And other

POEMS

By ALEX. BROME Gent.

*Dixero quid si forte jocosius, hoc mihi juris
Cum Venia dabis — Hor. I. Sat. 4.*

The Third Edition enlarged.



LONDON,
Printed for Henry Brome, at the Star
in Little Brittain, 1668.

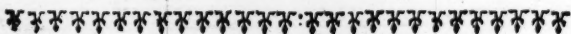


Fiat Editio altera

fo. Berkenhead


April 28.

1665.





To the Honourable,
S^R. JOHN ROBINSON
Knight and Baronet, His Majesties
Lieutenant of the Tower of
L O N D O N.

 *He many great obligations which your nobleness hath from time to time laid upon me, do merit a more serious acknowledgement then this rude and toyish address can pretend to; whose design*

The Epistle

design is only to beg pardon and protection, for that I being seduced to print these youthful vanities, have thus audaciously shelter'd them under your celebrated Name. I should not have done it, but that I well know the greatness of your soul, and the Kindness you have for me, are a sufficient screen to keep off any offence that I can commit against you: and I have considered also, that there are four great things committed to your custody; the Soldiers, the Lyons, the Guns, and (which is more powerful) the

Dedicatory.

the Money. So that if any should have an itch to snarle at me, they will not dare to open their mouths, least they should be thought to bark at you; In whose Regiment I desire to list this Volunteer, being encouraged by this consideration; that, together with those great and serious Emblems and instruments of Power, with which you are entrusted, the Apes, and Catamountains, and other properties of diversion, doe there find safety and subsistence; That those priviledges may extend to this
Brat

The Epistle, &c.

Brat of mine, which is no
less ridiculous, is the ambi-
tion of,

SIR,

Your grateful Servant

and great Honourer

ALEX. BROME.

To

To the Reader.



O the Collection of these Papers two accidents have concurr'd; a *lazier disease*, and a *long vacation*: the one inclining me to do nothing else, and the other affording me nothing else to do.

To their publication I might alledge several reasons; namely, *gratification of Friends importunity*, *prevention of spurious Impressions*. But these are in Print already in many grave Authors. with exact *formula's* to express the bashfulness of the Author, and the badness of the work, &c.

There are another sort of *reasons*, not express'd but impli'd; as, an *ambition* to be in Print, to have a *Face* cut in Copper, with a *Laurel* about my head, a *Motto* and *Verses* underneath, made by my self

To the Reader.

in my own commendation, and to be accounted a *Wit*, and call'd a *Poet*.

But to say the truth, none of all these prevailed with me; for I made few of my Friends acquainted with the design; and these few told me, I should expose my self to the censure of the new Generation of *JUDGE - WITS*; who, like *Committee-men*, or *black-Witches* in *Poetry*, are created only to doe mischief. Nor did I fear any *illegitimate Impression* hereof, conceiving that no body would be at the charge of it. And to gratifie friends this way, were instead of quitting old obligations, to create new.

Now as to the honour of being in print, with its priviledges, 'tis much like being a *Parliament-man*; those that deserve it, need not court it, but will be so, whether they desire it or not; those that merit it not, may come in by purchase; such *Authors*, like Men that beget *Daughters*, must give portions to be rid of their issue.

These

To the Reader.

These *reasons* being laid aside, as deficient, it will be expected that I should present you with better; but *indeed* I have them not about me; and for that reason, I am bold to affirm, that I am not bound in strictness, to give any man any reason for doing this. For why I made these *rambles*, I can give no other account then a poor man does, why he gets *Children*; that is his *pleasure*, and this mine. And as with him in his case, 'tis with me in mine; having brought our *Brats* into the World, 'tis our duty to provide for their preservation.

I dare not say these *Poems* are good, nor do I certainly know whether they be or not; for the *Wits* are not yet agreed of a *standard*: nor shall I declare them bad, least others out of respect to me, should be of the same opinion.

But this I assure you, that I have been told to my face, that they are good, and was such a fond fool to believe it; else

To the Reader.

you may be confident, they had ne're been expos'd to view; for upon my credit, I have no ambition to be laugh'd at. And 'twere a great *disingenuity* to offer that to my Friends which I my self should dislike.

All that is terrible in this case, is, that the *Author* may be laugh'd at, and the *Stationer* begger'd by the Books invendibility. It concerns him to look to the one, I am provided against the other. For 'tis as unkind and unmanly to abuse me for being a bad *Poet*, as it is to rail at a *Dwarf* for being little and weak; it being my desire to be as good as any that can jeer me; and if I come short by the Head, who can help it? yet I desire to be thus far *ingenuous*, to let the World know, though they may esteem or call me a *Poet*, by this they may see I am none, or at least so mean a one, that 'twere better I were none.

To beg acceptance of this, upon the
old

To the Reader.

old promise of never Writing more, were to make the publishing this a wilful *sin*, which I shan't commit. And though at present I resolve against *incumbering* my thoughts with such unprofitable meditations; yet I will ne're *abjure* them; being no more able to perform vov'es never to Write again, then *Widows* theirs never to Marry again.

And now, being taught by custome, to beg something of the Reader, it shall be this; that in *reading* and *judging* these *Poems*, he will consider his own frailty, and fallibility; and read with the same temper and apprehension, as if himself had *written*, and I were to *judge*: and if he cannot find matter here to please himself and love me, let him pity my disastrous fate, that threw me into this sad distemper of *rythming*.

But as to the men of a *severer brow*, who may be scandaliz'd at this free way

To the Reader.

of writing, I desire them to conceive those Odes which may seem wild and extravagant, not to be *Idea's* of my own mind, but *Characters* of divers humours set out in their own persons. And what reflected on the *Times*, to be but expressions of what was thought and designed by the persons represented; there being no safe way to reprove vices then raging among us, but to lash them smilingly.

Perhaps it may be expected I should have interlarded this address with ends of *Latine*, to declare my self a *Schollar*. But the reason why I do not, is, because by this late happy change I shall have occasion to employ that little *Latine* I have to a better use, and make it more advantageous to me.

Farewel.

To his honoured Friend Mr. ALEX.
BROME, on the publishing his Poems.

SIR,

Your ingenious Book you were pleased to trust with me, had before this time come to your hands, had I either sooner known of your return to London, or found an handsome opportunity of conveying it thither with safety. Though your modesty is pleased to invite Censure, I find it is more then your great felicity in this way of Poetry can be liable to: Nor should I have thought those two or three slight Animadversions here inclosed, to have been worth the mentioning, were it not that I would have you believe I use such freedom with you, as to have done more if I had found occasion: though I doubt not but you have or will communicate these Papers to some other friends of more refined judgment then I can pretend to. This I am sure, that by publishing of them you will oblige, not only all Men, but some of the Gods; especially your name sake Bacchus (called also Bromius) whose worth your wit hath so much advanced, that, though Excise should cease, we should in pure conscience think we could not purchase him at two dear a rate. Cupid himself, who hath hitherto exercised chief dominion in Poetry, now vails Bonnet to him; were it not, that, whilst you so handsomely magnifie the power of Wine, your Readers are forced to fall in Love with your Muse: and, amongst them, none more affectionately, then

SIR,

Your most obliged humble
Servant

R. B.

On my Friend,
Mr. ALEXANDER BROME.

WHEN a Republick looses in the Field
A Captain, who, whilst living, was their shield;
Or when, cut off by Age, within their walls
Some prudent Senator, some good Patriot falls;
The widdow'd State her mourning then puts on,
As all her Counsels, and Defence were gone,
And weeps, and mourns, as she foresees she must
Be subject to the first Invaders Lust,
Despising all her off-spring that remain,
That Citizen dead, and that old Souldier slain:
But to advance their Names, no cost is spar'd,
Medals are cast, and Obeliskes are rear'd;
The Marble Quarry is torn up, the Mine
Is search't, and rob'd to make their Triumphs shine.
But the neglected Poet when he dies,
Or with obscure, or with no Obsequies
Is lay'd aside; and though by living Verse,
Strew'd on this Hero's and that Statesman's Hearse
His Pen graves Characters, by which they live
A longer life, than Brass or Marble give;
Yet has this generous Poet no returne,
None to weep ore his Urne, nay scarce an Urne.
O undiscerning World! the Souldier's brave
Either for what he wants, or thirsts to have,
His breast opposing against fire, and flame
Either for Riches, or a glorious name:
Reward, and honour make the Souldiers trade,
And if he either win, the man's well pay'd.

The

The Statesman, on the other side, takes pains,
To smooth that *Warr* to Peace, and works his brains,
Or to appease an Enemy, or make
Such Friends, as may at need make good the stake,
Nor is his reverend care, when all is done,
More for his Countrey's safety, than his own;
And that which makes his Cities freedom dear,
Is that himself, and his inhabit there.
Whereas the Poet by more generous ways,
Distributes boughs of Oake, and shoots of Bayes.
According to due merit, nor does take,
Thought of Reward, but all for Vertues sake:
It were in vain to write on other score,
The Poet knows his lot is to be Poor:
For whatsoever's well Done, well Writ, well Said,
The Bard is ever the last man that's pay'd;
The wary World has wisely taken time,
Till the Greek Kalends do account for Rhythm.

Nor do I here intend the Gold that's hurld
Like flaming brands thorough the peaceful world,
To make whole Kingdoms into Faction split,
Should be suppos'd the recompence of wit:
The Poet scorns that sordid seed of Earth,
The World's alluring, but unhappy birth.
All he desires, all that he would demand,
Is only that some amicable hand,
Would but irrigate his fading bayes
With Due, and only with deserved Praise;
Yet even this so modest a request,
The Age denies. Alas! what interest,
Has vertue upon Earth, when Brome could dye,
And be lamented with no Elegie?
No friendly hand t'enforme the Passenger,
That gentle Brome, the Muses joy, lies here.

More

More had not needed to have been express't,
Himself has made provision for the rest.
Whilst Pindar's Bayes grows green amongst the dead,
Whilst Horace, or Anacreon are read,
My Brome shall live, and Travellers that come
From distant shores, transport his Verses home.
Nor needs he other, than his own great Name,
To recommend him to immortal Fame;
His merits lustre of it self will doo't,
Shine to the Pole's and put those sparklets out.

And yet we had our gratitude express't,
T'have given our Testimonies, at the least,
Of his great worth, and publish't our esteem,
That we all lov'd, and all lamented him:
But men were strook at his untimely Fate,
Which makes us pay our Fun'ral tears thus late.
And, as a tender Mother when she hears,
Her only Childe is lost, lets fall no tears,
But at the horror of the first sad sound,
Falls, as if strook with Thander in a swoon'd,
Till by the help of unkind remedies,
To ease her soul, she opes her weeping eyes;
So wit overcome, and cast into a trance,
At this so unexpected a mischance,
Must through that night of grief, and horror break,
Before it could get article to speak;
And this de ferr'd these honours to his Tomb,
They're little griefs that speak, deep sorrow's dumb.

CHARLES COTTON.

On the Death of Mr. ALEXANDER BROME,
who dyed the 30th. of June, 1666.

Pardon (dear Saint!) If (though so late) I mourn,
And drop some Tears o're thy neglected Urne;
For my sad Muse too long hath waiting been
To see some solemn, but yet pompous Scene.
Where those great wits, which thy Companions were,
Might like themselves Mourning for thee appear,
In Elegies worthy themselves and thee.
A noble Task for them, too great for Me.
I thought e're this I have seen whole Volumes writ,
In such a style as might become thy wit,
Acquainting the dull world, not what thou wert,
How much thou hadst Improv'd Poetick Art;
For that thy works (beyond Amendment) shew,
Ages to come, as well as he, will know
By them thy Lofty, yet familiar strain,
So highly learned, yet so humbly plain;
But how much thou wert by the Muses lov'd,
How much thy Death their wits and passions mov'd,
That unborn Poets might in times to come,
See how belov'd, and how bewail'd was Brome.

But finding none of these that could to do
Those friendly Rites to thee so justly due
My Muse impatient grows by their delay,
And Can't but must thus her last duty pay.
Which as she can, not would, she must express
Adores thy Tomb, but can't adorn thy Hearse.

RICH. NEWCOURT.

On Mr. ALEXANDER BROME's Poems.

I.

How long had Poetry a captive been
To such as basely made
Their Jaylor-ship a Trade,
That shew'd her with a cautious secrecy,
Through mysterious vails
Of dark Allegory,
And most prodigious tales?
(Which for the Layety to disbelieve was sin,)
Till thou Defender of the Faith cam'st in?

2.

The knots, that they so cunningly had ty'd
With superstitious Charms;
Like Alexander thou cam'st to divide
If not by Art, by Armes:
In vain oppos'd the Legions of the Dead,
The Roman Veterans,
Alas! they long had been misled,
Through politick Tradition;
Now, as their Gods, amaz'd they fled,
And left their riding Fanes
At the true Prophets mission.

3.

Thus freed, to thee, (as if to one
Who had unt'y'd her Virgin Zone;)
She most affectionately came,
Shew'd thee her purest excell'nce
Was not confin'd to words, but sence;
And that so naturally free,
As was the worlds first Infancy,

When

When she was thought a Deity,
Though now, she and her Art had lost a name.

4.

Her Rules exactly thou dost imitate
In every thing thou dost express;
Whether thou piously dost celebrate
The Birth or Martyrdom of Kings,
Or skew'st in subtle turns of State,
The strange Vicissitude of things,
How is it done without affectedness?
Thou labour'st for no far-fetch'd Metaphors,
Nor does thy judgment stray,
After Phantastick Meteors,
Made to misguide the way;
But by a certain calculation knows
Wits-lowest Elbs and highest flows.

5.

Anacreon be thy Judge whose heats Divine,
Thou dost not starve but feed,
And as inspir'd with his own wine
Aptly giv'st fuel when is need,
Horace, Apoll's truest Son
Shall vouch his Odes as sweetly run,
As if they had been made all, at Blandisium:
Thou never make'st his shortnesses obscure
Nor cool'st the rigor of his Ire,
But let'st his Satyrs fly with their own flame and fire:
For which thy name shall as Mecænas's indure.
Lucretius should have witness'd to, how he
Admir'd his Father Epicures's Philosophy.
Explained by thy new Organum of Poetry:
But jealous Heav'n did grutch
Th' ungrateful Earth should know too much;

Leaß

Least being so by thee displaid,
Men might new Gods and other worlds have made.

6.

Alas! Why sillily do I pretend,
Thus to describe the History
That's better annaliz'd by thee.
And shall outdare Eternity; to discommend
Thy Book, now (Cæsar like) thou'rt gone
Into a Constellation;
Like Cæsar's shall be ever read,
Till Earth and Seas gives up their Dead.
Thy name, like his shall worship'd be; (although
Thou hadst no Brutus here below.)
Absolute Prince, thou kept'st competitors in Aw,
In time of War, by Wit, in Peace, by Law.

R.Th. Jun.

To the Ingenious Author Mr. A. Brome.

Praise is the shade of Vertue, and ne're fell
Into contempt, till Men ceas'd to do well.
'Twas profit spoyl'd the world, Till then (we know it,)
The Usurer strook sayles unto the Poet.
Kings Envied them their bayes; for though the Crowns
Had more of lustre, it had less renown.

Then be thou (Brome) my Subject; Thou whose mind
Large as the bounds of Nature, hath calcin'd
Things high and low, and drawn conceptions thence,
Which Adam scarcely knew in's Innocence,
T' adorn thy style, and feed Poetick fire,
And make thy high-flown Raptures to fly higher:
What can be thought or said to set thee forth?
Or what Embellishment can guild thy worth?
Great Merits (like good Claret) need no sign
(Who ere proclaimed that the Sun did shine?)
'Tis easie to begin, and hard to end;
When but to speak thy Name, is to commend.

But leave I thee the Fountain; for the stream,
Thy Book, is now my more peculiar Theme,
The Scene of Wine and Women. Thy smart pen
Refines our Loves, and liquors o're agen,
And teaches us new lessons. Shall I whine
To a coy Mistress, swear, and lye, and pine,
And dye, and live again, and change more shapes,
Then Proteus did, or four and forty Apes,
To win my loss of Liberty, when I,
Enthron'd by fancy in true Sovereignty,
Can out of nothing, whensoever I please,
Create a million of such Mistresses?
And write a Sonnet, to my Aiery she,
Or steal a better Sonnet (Brome) from Thee?
No, No, for know my loves best bill of Dyet
Is first free thoughts, the next is to be quiet.

B

Hence

Hence too I'll quit the Taverns, for I find
No Wine is like the Nectar of the Mind.
Conceit is a good Cellar; Here we may
Drink without sin, and spend without Decay,
And frolick and be merry; Or else we
May read thy Book, and tippie Poetry;
And sing the praises of the nobler Vine,
And send a health to the great God of Wine.
This, This, is pleasure, and cheap too, that's better,
For know the Muse is apt to be a debtor.

All this we learn from thee; go on, and be
A miracle in future Historie.
Thou shew'st us mirth, and nobler ways to woe;
And Vindicatest thy profession too.
If Law and Business can produce such strains,
We'll owe no Wit to leisure, but to Brains.

W. Paulet E medio Templo.

To the Ingenious Author Mr. A. B.

HOW! how! what Miracles in print?
A Poem with the Politicks in't?
'Tis strange, but I will not rehearse
All the Probatums of thy verse.
This only; when the Nose and Bum
Had frighted all our miseries dumb,
When force hag-rid our Land and Seas,
Had made laws truths Antipodes;
When Treason, (like the bloud) was found
To circulate all England round;
Thou (Brome) to cure the Kingdoms wrong
Didst hatch new loyalty with a song.
Musick (as once Saul's eldest Devil)
Fetter'd Rebellious rampant evil;
Rhime oft-times over-reaches reason;
A verse will counter-charm a Treaso-:

Had

*Had Cromwel learn't the grace to sing,
H' had fled to Heaven for his King.*

Rob. Napier E medio Templo.

To my ingenious Friend Mr. Brome, on his various
and excellent Poems; An humble Eglog. *Writ-*
ten the 29. of May, 1660.

Daman and Dorus.

Daman.

Hail happy day! Dorus sit down:
Now let no sigh, nor let a frown
Lodge near thy heart, or on thy brow.
The King! the King's return'd! and now
Let's banish all sad thoughts and sing
We have our Laws, and have our King.

Dorus.

'Tis true, and I would sing, but oh!
These wars have sunk my heart so low
'Twill not be rais'd.

Daman.

What not this day?

*Why 'tis the twenty ninth of May:
Let Rebels spirits sink; let those
That like the Goths and Vandals rose
To ruine families, and bring
Contempt upon our Church, our King,
And all that's dear to us, be sad;
But be not thou, let us be glad.*

*And Dorus, to invite thee, look,
Here's a Collection in this Book,
Of all those chearful Songs, that we
Have sung so oft and and merilie
As we have march'd to fight the cause
Of Gods Anointed, and our Laws:
Such Songs as make not the least odds
Betwixt us mortals and the Gods:*

Such songs as *Virgins* need not fear
To sing, or a grave *Matron* hear.
Here's love drest neat, and chaste, and gay
As gardens in the month of *May*;
Here's harmony, and *Wit*, and *Art*,
To raise thy thoughts, and chear thy heart.

Dorus.

Written by whom?

Damas.

A friend of mine,
And one that's worthy to be thine:
A Civil *swain*, that know his times
For business, and that done makes Rhymes;
But not till then: my Friends a man
Lov'd by the Muses; dear to *Pan*:
He blest him with a chearful heart:
And they with this sharp wit and *Art*,
Which he so tempers, as no *Swain*,
That's loyal, does or should complain.

Dorus.

I wou'd fain see him:

Damas.

Go with me

Dorus, to yonder broad Beech-tree,
There we shall meet him and *Phillis*,
Perrigor, and *Amaryllis*,
Tityrus, and his dear *Clora*,
Tom and Will, and their *Pastora*:
There wee'l dance, shake hands and sing,
We have our Laws,

God bless the King.

Iz. Walton.

To my worthy Friend Mr. A. Brome.

Wine ne're to run more clear through quill was
Then through thine is the praise of it convey'd;
And

And as by Xeuxis grapes so painted were,
That even birds to peck at them drew near;
So, who thy lively Poems see, will think
That as they read of Grapes the juice, they drink:
Thou dost not treat us with short Epigrams,
Like Usurers glasses, only holding drams;
But in thy Songs thy wit is copious found,
As Wine in Conduits when a King is crown'd.
There strength of fancy, to it sweetness joynes,
Unmixt with water, nor stum'd with strong lines:
The lover who in many a frosty night,
Did Serenade, his Mistress out of sight,
And to his Gittar-songs most doleful howl
In consort with the Bell-man and the Owl,
Now takes his Brimmer off, and to her flies,
Singing thy Rhymes, and straight she is his prize.
She doth no more her Red-nos'd lover scorn,
But fairer thinks than blushes of the morn;
And would have Hymens torches lighted by
By th' nose, that's a Linck-boy compar'd by thee.
He tells her no part of a woman ought
Unto Starrs, Sun, Globes, Roses like be thought;
But that those names which raise so high a pride,
Are but to Taverns fit to be apply'd.
A Countrey Parson i'th' Rumps reign did we
His auditory Honestly to do,
And wear brave souls, which he enforc'd by those
Thy songs only reform'd by him to prose,
Which he had heard at market over night:
Thus do thy fancies profit and delight.
Carry the cause then for this man is black,
That he may have from Vintners Tithes of Sack;
Wherein he will not crave so much, as did
The Levite who some of his Parish bid;
That sail'd to Green-land that they should not fail
Thence of their prey to bring him the tenth Whale.

*But to reward him higher, let him get
Tithes of thy Muse, and so be out of's debt.
And now me thinks, while thou abroad dost shew
Thy self in print, to the Worlds open view,
From all that wear brave souls no voice doth stir;
But welcome Sir, y' are kindly welcome Sir.
Yet if the envious at thee do repine,
They shall be but like Elies drown'd in thy Wine.*

C. W.

To his dear friend Mr. A. Brome, upon the publishing his Poems.

M*Y kind Affections will shew forth thy wit,
Although't be by a simple opposite;
For thou preventest all Ingenuous Proems,
Ingrossing all the wit within thy Roems;
But yet there's something left for me to do,
Which would be folly if perform'd by you:
And that's to praise both thee, and them, whose glory
Shall reign with thy loyal Congratulatory
And daring Speech, made in Clothworkers-Hall,
Which overcame, and made the General,
Who made us all, by making all his men,
Rank as they were, to bring our Kings agen,
By being subject to our Lawful Prince,
Whose damned Exile, made us Slaves e're since:
And so confin'd thy fancy, that thy Fame
(Till his return was) kept without a Name.
Though thou hast been Libellish all these times,
Against the changing Powers; yet some Crimes
Thou didst conceal, which did thy prudence shew,
To keep their vices for their overthrow;
Reserving still some strength as a redoubt,
Fearing the Rumpish rear might face about;
And made our Kings de facto, and of right
In Charles the Second justly to unite;*

Who

*Who soon enlarg'd thy Muse, which free,
Hath bound us to our Laws for liberty:
To whom I do subscribe, (since our Commander,
In nam:^s as good as is Great Alexander).*

Cha. Steynings.

To his Ingenious Friend Mr. A. B. upon his most
excellent Poems.

I*N our late Chaos, when the giddy world
Was to th' Abyſſe of curs'd Rebellion hurl'd:
And its distemper'd Pilots did advance
Nothing but dull and sordid Ignorance;
When to be either learn'd, or witty, gave
Occaſion to make this or t' other slave:
Then Atlas-like thou didst that world sustain,
Destin'd to thrive by thy Poetick-brain.*

*Divinity we there saw stifled, and
The Law was only practis'd under-hand:
The Glory of our School eclips'd; a shade,
No Life, nor Beauty gave; but Horrour had
All Modes and Methods Ravish'd from our eye,
To cancel Name of King and Loyalty;
For each of which, thou mad'st a fit supply,
As some instruct their Boyes by Poelie.*

*Nay Millions more had driven with that stream,
Had not thy sence and light diverted them,
Those who droop'd in despair, had drop'd away,
But Thy Prophetick Numbers made them stay;
And did re-animate their spirits here,
Fore-telling them their Sun would once appear.*

*Most of the younger Fry, that never saw
A Crown or Gospel flourish with the Law,
Had been deprav'd in soul, but that the Starre
(Thy Lines put forth) directed how and where*

*They ought to worship, so they were kept free
From the Times guilt, others Apostacie.*

*The puisne Law-wrights too may spare to look
On this grave Sirs Reports, or t'others Book
For what's Authentique, but (at will) from thee,
May freight their Skuls with Law's Epitomie:
And henceforth we shall have them cease to Bawl
Cook upon Littleton, but Brome on all.*

*The Brethren of the Crowd throughout the Town,
Who lost their time to keep't, were out of Tune
More than their Instruments; as if their Arts
Were meerly but to play, not play their parts,
Till furnish'd with a Song or two from you;
Then they grew proud upon't, and wealthy too;
Nor was't ill husbandry, or either's wrong,
To give, or get their money for a Song.*

*We find in every Science, Art, or Trade,
Ambition some Competitors has made;
But here THOU art particular, and like,
For Poesie, as Painting was Vandyke.*

*"Such reputation hast thou gain'd, that when
A piece of Wit, has by some other Men
Been richly cloath'd, and spoken; Hear their dooms,
Upon our lives, 'Tis Alexander Brome's,
But.*

*As Pictures by their soyles seems better drest,
I can but be, Thy Blackamore at Best.*

Valentine Oldis.

For his much honoured Friend Mr. A. Brome.

Honoured Sir,

Y*Our ingenious Letter which came to my hands
long after its date, had sooner received an Answer,
if my frequent absence, and many haxitations between
Wil-*

Willingness and Inability to serve you, had not caused this respite. And now let me tell you my opinion; that, though Elogies upon Authors are at no time necessary, yet I think them never more superfluous, than when Verses are commended with more Verses; which if they be better, disparage their Friend; if worse Themselves. We know it is against a Rule of Art to lay Metal upon Metal, and that Cook who besprinkles the borders of his dish with the same meat which it contains, will be thought rather to dawb than garnish it. I am sure it will be so here, with your curious entertainment, unto which the Reader must needs come with such an eager Appetite, as to reproach, or at least neglect, all that stands in his way. And I should much wonder why you would be such a Mezentius to your self, as to bind my dead Muse to your own living one; but that I suppose, being secure of immortality, you are proof against all contagion. Had you laid this command upon me, when you favoured me with the perusal of your Book, those brisk and frolick airs might have so volatiliz'd my thoughts, that it had been as easie for me to write, as for the beasts to dance when they heard Orpheus's Harp. But now you bid me be warm, when you have long since withdrawn the fire: and call me to a work unto which my pen is so much a stranger, that it is now many years since I made a verse in English. Believe it Sir, 'tis to me as great a Metamorphosis, as when a City was turn'd into a Bird, on a sudden, to lay by all that is solid and severe, and soar aloft in the airy wayes of Fancy, led only by the tinkling of Rhymes, as Bees by the noyse of a Candlestick: At present, I am sure, whilst business is much upon me, I am charm'd against such transmutations. You that are a wonder your self in this kind, would be less so, if any were like you; that can reconcile Poetry with Westminster-Hall, where nothing of a fine spinning (not so much as Cobwebs, they say)

can have a place: that can swallow down the rank phrases of our Law, like so many heads of Garlick, next your heart in a morning; and before night breath forth soft and Jovial airs, surpassing the most captivated votaries of Love or Wine: these are toss'd about like the Sibylls prophetick leaves, and at length you find them crowning every Feast, and dancing on the lips of every Lady. But for mine own part, if perhaps I have been found of late amongst our Academical Versifiers, it was but as Cleaveland's Presbyterian danced, only ——— in obedience to the Ordinance. For you must know, that Doctors appear in Verse, as old men sometimes have done in a Morris, not so much for ostentation of Ability, as for uncouthness of the sight, and to shew how ready they are to be laught at for his Majesties service. And I could tell some who would censure me for levity, should they see me play the Poet in such good company as yours, who yet call upon me to do the same here, where I am to be dull by my place. In short Sir, if it be necessary that such a Champion as you should not come forth into the field without your Dwarf, I heartily wish I were able to serve you in that condition: However, give me leave I pray you to remain in downright Prose

Sir,

Your assured Friend and most

humble Servant,

R. B.

P O E M S.

SONG I. *Plain Dealing.*

I.



Well, well, 'tis true,
 I am now fal'n in Love,
 And 'tis with You :
 And now I plainly see,
 While you're enthron'd by me above,
 You all your *arts* and *pow'rs* improve
 To Tyrant over me ;
 And make *my flames* th' Incentives of your *Scorn*,
 While you *rejoyce*, and *feast* your Eyes to see me thus
 (forlorn.

2.

But yet be wise,
 And don't believe, that I
 Did think your Eyes
 More bright than *Stars* can be ;
 Or that your *Face Angels* out-vies
 In their *Cæstial Liveries*
 'Twas all but *Poëtrie*.

I could have said as much by any *She*, (by me.)
 You are not *beauteous* of your *self*, but are made so

3.

Though *we* like Fools,
 Fathom the *Earth* and *Skie*,
 And drein the *Schools*
 For names t'express you by :
 Out-rant the lowd'st *Hyperboles*
 To dub the *Saints*, and *Deities*,
 By *Cupid's Heraldry* :

We

We know you're *Flesh* and *Blond* as well as *Men*,
And when we will can *mortalize*, and make you so
(*agen*.)

4.

Yet, since my *Fate*
Has drawn me to *this Sin*,
Which I did *hate*,
I'll not my labour lose :
But will *love on*, as I begin,
To th' purpose, now my hand is in,
'Spite of those *Arts* you use ;
And let you know, the *World* is not so bare,
There's Things enough to love, besides such *Teyes* as
(*Ladies* are.)

5.

I'll love *good Wine* ;
I'll love my *Book* and *Muse*,
Nay all the *Nine* ;
I'll Love my *real Friend* ;
I'll Love my *Horse* ; and, could I chuse,
One, that would not my *Love* abuse,
To *her* my Heart should bend.
I'll love all those, that *laugh*, and those, that *sing* ;
I'll love my *Cowntrey*, *Prince*, and *Laws* ; and those,
(that love the *King*.)

SONG II. *The Indifferent.*

1.

MIstake me not, I am not of that mind
To hate all *woman kind* ;
Nor can you so my *patience* vex ;
To make my *Muse* blaspheme your sex,
Nor with my *Satyr*s bite you ;

Though

Though there are some in your free-State,
 Some things in you, who're Candidate,
 That he who is, or loves himself, must hate;
 Yet I'll not therefore slight you;
 For I'm a Schismatick in Love,
 And what makes most abhor it,
 In me does more affection move,
 And I love the better for it.

2.

I vow, I am so far from loving none,
 That I love every one;
 If fair I must, if brown she be,
 She's lovely, and for Sympathy,
 'Cause we're alike, I love her;
 If tall, she's proper; and if short,
 She's humble, and I love her for't;
 Small's pretty, fat is pleasant, every sort
 Some graceful good discover;
 If young, she's pliant to the sport;
 And if her visage carry
 Gray hairs and wrinkles, yet I'll court,
 And so turn Antiquary.

3.

Be her hair red, be her lips gray or blew,
 Or any other hue,
 Or has she but the ruins of a nose,
 Or but eye-sockets, I'll love those;
 Though scales, not skin, does clothe her,
 Though from her lungs, the scent that comes
 Does Rouse her teeth out of her gums;
 I'll count all these for high Encomiums,
 Nor will I therefore loath her.
 There are no rules for beauty, but
 'Tis as our fancies make it:

Be you but *kind*, I'll think you *fair*,
And all for truth shall take it.

SONG. III. *The Resolv.*

Tell me not of a *face* that's *fair*,
Nor *lip* and *cheek* that's *red*,
Nor of the *tresses* of her *hair*,
Nor *curls* in order laid;
Nor of a rare *seraphick* *voice*,
That like an *Angel* sings;
Though if I were to take my *choice*,
I would have all these things:
But if thou wilt have me *love*,
And it must be a *she*,
The only *argument* can move
Is, that she will love me.
The glories of your *Ladies* be
But *Metaphors* of things;
And but resemble what we see
Each common *object* brings.
Roses out-red their *lips* and *cheeks*,
Lillies their *whiteness* stain:
What fool is he that *shadows* seeks
And may the *substance* gain?
Then if thou'lt have me love a *Lass*
Let it be one that's *kind*,
Else I'm a *servant* to the *glass*
That's with *Canary* lin'd.

P O E M S.

S O N G IV. *The Wary Woer.*

1.

FAith, you're mistaken, I'll not love
That face that *frowns* on me,
Though it be handsom, 't shall not move
My center'd soul that's far above
The *magick* of a paint,
That on a *Devil* writes a *Saint* :
— I hate your *Pictures* and *Imagery*.
I'm no love-*Sinner*, nor will tamely now
Lie *swaddled* in the trenches of your brow.

2.

Though you are *witty*, what care I?
My danger is the more ;
Nay should you boast of *honesty*,
Woman gives all those names the *Lie* :
In all you hardly can
Write after that fair copy, *Man* ;
And *dabble* in the steps we've gone before.
We you *admire*, as we do *Parrots* all
Not speaking well, but that they *speak* at all.

3.

That *Last* mine arms desire t'enfold,
Born in the *golden* age,
Guarded with *Angels*, but of *Gold*,
She that's in such a *showre* enroll'd
May tempt a *Jove* to be
Guilty of Loves *Idolatry*,
And make a pleasure of an *Hermitage* ;
Though their teeth are not, if their *necks* wear *Pearl*,
A *Kitchen-wench* is *Consort* for an *Earl*.

4. 'Tis